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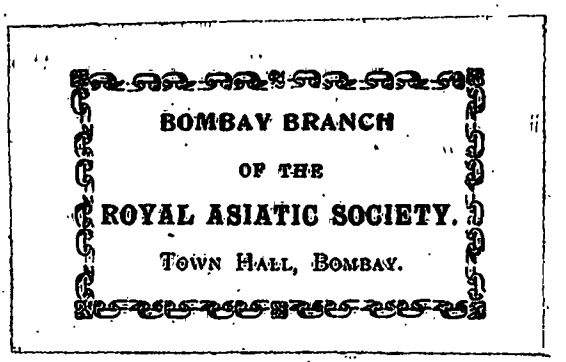


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# LIVES

OF THE

# QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

WITH

## ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

SECOND EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1841.

Sto /4
141858

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS C. SAVILL,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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QUEEN MARGARET AND THE ROBBER OF HEXHAM *Vignette.*

# PREFACE.

MANY apologies are due to an indulgent public for the tardy appearance of the third and concluding volume of the First Series of the "Lives of the Queens of England."

The cause of this delay will be best explained by a letter which I had the honour of receiving from his Excellency Monsieur Guizot in May last, and which I avail myself of his courteous permission to publish, as affording not only a cogent reason for the postponement of the present volume, but a testimonial of those preceding it, of which I can scarcely be too proud.

"*Londres, Mai* 17, 1840.

"MADEMOISELLE,

"Je réponds bien tard à la bonté que vous m'avez témoignée en m'envoyant vos 'Vies des Reines d'Angleterre.' Je n'ai pas voulu vous en parler sans les avoir lues, et jusqu'ici j'ai eu bien peu de tems disponible. J'ai lu enfin, Mademoiselle, et avec un bien vif plaisir. C'est un ouvrage charmant, plein d'un intérêt sérieux et doux. Vous avez étudié les sources, et vous savez présenter les faits simplement, bien que sans sécheresse. Ma lecture finie, j'ai envoyé votre livre à mes filles, qui

sont encore à Paris, et qui le lisent à leur tour avec le vif amusement de leur âge.

"Agréez, je vous prie, Mademoiselle, tous mes remerciemens et l'hommage de mon respect.

"GUIZOT."

P.S.—"J'ai écrit à Paris pour demander s'y existent quelques documens particuliers et inédits sur l'histoire de Marguerite d'Anjou. Si on m'en envoye, j'aurai l'honneur de vous les transmettre."

I had been so materially indebted, in the first and second volumes of the Lives of the Queens of England, to the invaluable documents which the research of this illustrious statesman-historian has been the means of rescuing from oblivion, that I was naturally anxious to avail myself of his friendly assistance in writing the memoir of Margaret of Anjou; and as Monsieur Michelet, the president of the Historical Society at Paris, M. Lefrevoit, M. Abel Hugo, Mademoiselle Fontaine, and several learned friends besides, were most kindly engaged in exploring the treasures of the Royal Archives of France, and the MS. collections of Normandy and Lorraine, with reference to the same object, I considered the delay of a few weeks in the publication of the present volume as a matter of duty.

The result will, I trust, sufficiently justify me for having ventured to depart from my original plan of presenting these volumes in monthly succession.

I have now to acknowledge my obligations to those courteous and learned gentlemen who have in various ways facilitated me in the arduous, yet delightful, task

of restoring to their proper positions in the *tableau* of history, the almost shadowy succession of our ancient Queens of England. Among those to whom I am peculiarly indebted I have the honour of naming that munificent collector, Sir Thomas Phillipps, who has kindly permitted me to enrich the present volume with interesting and precious extracts, from the curious manuscript wardrobe accounts of Joanna of Navarre, the queen of Henry IV.; Henry Howard, esq. of Corby, and his accomplished son, Philip H. Howard, esq., M.P. for Carlisle, both of whom have afforded me important information connected with the Queens of England, from authentic sources accessible only through the influence of private friendship. My grateful thanks are offered to Sir Harris Nicolas; J. Bruce, esq.; J. O. Halliwell, esq.; the Rev. J. Hunter; G. F. Beltz, esq., Lancaster Herald; C. G. Young, esq., York Herald; Mr. T. Saunders, the restorer of the Ladye Chapel, in St. Saviour's, Southwark; and most especially to that great historian, John Lingard, D.D., and to the Rev. George C. Tomlinson, Editor of the Breknoke Computus.

The First Series of the Lives of the Queens of England, containing the Anglo-Norman and Plantagenet queens, is now completed. The present volume presents the personal history of six queens—namely, Isabella of Valois, the second queen of Richard II., whose life has never before been written; Joanna of Navarre; Katherine of Valois; Margaret of Anjou; Elizabeth Woodville; and Anne Neville. These princesses were all more or less involved in the changeful events of that stormy era of our annals which is thus finely described by the masterly pen of Guizot:

"The history of England in the fifteenth century consists of two great epochs: the French wars without, those of the roses within—the wars abroad and the wars at home. Scarcely was the foreign war terminated when the civil war commenced, and was long and fatally continued while the houses of York and Lancaster contested the throne. When these sanguinary disputes were ended, the high English aristocracy found themselves ruined, decimated, and deprived of the power they had formerly exercised. The associated barons could no longer control the throne when it was ascended by the Tudors; and with Henry VII., in 1485, the era of political concentration and the triumph of royalty commenced."

The sovereign and the great body of the people from that time made common cause to prevent the re-establishment of an oligarchy, which had been found equally inimical to the rights of the Commons and to the dignity of the Crown. I have traced the history and influence of the Queens of England from the establishment of the feudal system to its close; commencing with the first Anglo-Norman queen, Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, and concluding with Anne of Warwick, the last Plantagenet queen, herself the sad representative of the mightiest of all the aristocratic dictators of the fifteenth century, the earl of Warwick, surnamed the King-maker.

The Second Series of the Lives of the Queens of England will commence with the Tudor queens-consort, and contain, in chronological succession, the queens-regnant as well as the queens consort from that era.

# ISABELLA OF VALOIS,

## SURNAMED THE LITTLE QUEEN,

## SECOND QUEEN OF RICHARD II.

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An infant queen-consort—Isabella, daughter to Charles VI.—English ambassadors—Their dialogue with the princess—Isabella given to Richard—Married at Calais—Young queen embarks—Enters London—Called the Little Queen—Educated at Windsor—King's visits—Her childish love for him—Conspiracy to imprison the king and queen—Young queen's tournament—Richard's farewell visit—The young queen's growth and beauty—Extravagance of her governess—Change in her household—Parting with Richard—Queen's passionate grief—Invasion—Queen sent to Wallingford—King's return—His poetical address to the queen—She is seized by Bolingbroke—Richard in the Tower—Dejection—Fierce burst of passion—Demands restoration of the queen—Deposed—Queen at Sunning Hill—Joins the revolt against Henry IV.—Richard's murder—Widowhood of Isabella—Offer of Henry Prince of Wales—Refusal—Deprived of jewels and dower—Returns to France—Tender farewell to the English—Restoration to her family—Renewed offers from Henry—Fixed aversion—Betrothed to the heir of Orleans—Murder of her father-in-law—Mournful procession of Isabella—Birth of Isabella's infant—Her death—Burial at Blois—Grief of her husband—Elegies written by him—Discovery of Isabella's corpse—Re-interment.

THE union of Isabella of Valois with Richard II. presented an anomaly to the people of England unprecedented in their annals. They saw with astonishment an infant, not nine summers old, sharing the throne as the chosen queen-consort of a monarch who had reached his thirtieth year.

Richard, whose principal error was attention to his own private feelings, in preference to the public good, considered, that by the time this little princess grew up, the lapse of years would have mellowed his grief for the loved and lost Anne of Bohemia; he could not divorce his heart from the memory of his late queen sufficiently to give her a successor nearer his own age.

Isabella of Valois was the daughter of Charles VI. of France and Isabeau of Bavaria, that queen of France afterwards so notorious for her wickedness; but at the time of the marriage of Richard II. with her little daughter, Queen Isabeau was only distinguished for great beauty, and luxurious taste in dress and festivals.

Charles VI. had already experienced two or three agonizing attacks of inflammation on the brain, which had yielded, however, to medical skill, and he was at this time a magnificent, prosperous, and popular sovereign. Isabella, the eldest child of this royal pair, first saw the light in the Louvre palace, at Paris, 1387, November 9th. She was the fairest of a numerous and lovely family, the females of which were remarkable for the beauty lavished on them by the hand of nature. The queen of France was the daughter of a German prince and an Italian princess; she was renowned for the splendour of her large dark eyes, and the clearness and brightness of her complexion, charms which were transmitted to her daughters in no common degree. Isabella had three brothers, who were successively dauphins, and four sisters—Joanna, duchess of Brittany; Marie, a nun; Michelle, the first duchess of Philip the Good of Burgundy; and Katherine the Fair, the queen of Henry V. of England. These royal ladies inherited their father's goodness without his malady, and their mother's beauty without her vices. The princess Isabella was precocious in intellect and stature, and was every way worthy of fulfilling a queenly destiny. Unlike her sisters, Michelle and Katherine, who were cruelly neglected in their infant years, she was the darling of her parents and the court of France. Isabella is no mute

on the biographical page; the words she uttered have been chronicled; and though so young, both as the wife and widow of an English king, research will shew that her actions were of some historical importance. The life of Richard's last consort is a curious portion of the biography of our queens of England, as an instance of a girl of tender age placed in unusual circumstances.

"The king," says Sir John de Grailly, a courtly informant of Froissart, "is advised to marry again, and has had researches made everywhere, but in vain, for a suitable lady. He has been told that the king of Navarre has sisters and daughters, but he will not hear of them. The duke of Gloucester has, likewise, a grown-up girl, who is marriageable, and well pleased would he be if his royal nephew would choose her; but the king says she is too nearly related, being his cousin-german. King Richard's thoughts are so bent on the eldest daughter of the king of France, he will not hear of any other; it causes great wonder in this country that he should be so eager to marry the daughter of his adversary, and he is not the better beloved for it.

"King Richard has been told that the lady was by far too young, and that even in five or six years she would not be the proper age for a wife. He replied pleasantly, 'that every day would remedy the deficiency of age, and her youth was one of his reasons for preferring her, because he should educate her and bring her up to his own mind, and to the manners and customs of the English; and that, as for himself, he was young enough to wait for her.'"

Froissart was staying at Eltham palace when the parliament met to debate the marriage in the beautiful gothic hall.[1] While they were walking on the terrace, Sir Richard Sturry, one of the king's household, gave him this information:—

"The king made the archbishop of Canterbury speak

[1] The refined taste of her Royal Highness the Princess Sophia Matilda led to the recent restoration of this noble relic.

of the business of his marriage. In the debate it was agreed that the archbishop of Dublin, the earl of Rutland, and the earl marshal, with twenty knights and forty squires of honour, should wait on the king of France, and propose a treaty of marriage between him and the Princess Isabella.[1]

"When the English embassy arrived at Paris, they were lodged near the Croix du Tiroir, and their attendants and horses, to the number of five hundred, in the adjoining streets. The king of France resided at the Louvre, and the queen and her children at the Hôtel de St. Pol, on the banks of the Seine; and to please the English lords, their request was granted to visit the queen and her family, and especially the little princess they were soliciting to be the wife of their king, as they were impatient to behold her. This had been at first refused, for the French council excused themselves by observing, 'that she was as yet but eight years; how could any one know how so young a child would conduct herself at such an interview?' She had, however, been carefully educated, as she proved when the English nobles waited upon her; for when the earl marshal dropped upon his knee, saying—

[1] The Sunday after the departure of the embassy, Richard II. was at leisure to receive the presentation copy of the poesies prepared for him by Sir John Froissart. "I presented it to him in his chamber, for I had it with me, and laid it on his bed." From this passage it would appear that the king received him before he had risen. "He took it, and looked into it with much pleasure. He ought to have been pleased, for it was handsomely written and illuminated, and bound in crimson velvet, with ten silver gilt studs, and roses of the same in the middle, with two large clasps of silver gilt, richly worked with roses in the centre. The king asked me 'of what the book treated?' I replied, 'Of love.' He was pleased with the answer, and dipped into several places, reading parts aloud remarkably well, for he read and spoke French in perfection. He then gave it to one of his knights, Sir Richard Credon, to carry it to his oratory, and made me many acknowledgments for it." This knight was probably the author of "Creton's Metrical Chronicle." The king did not confine his gratitude to empty thanks, for we find he afterwards presented the minstrel-historian with a fine chased silver goblet, containing one hundred nobles, a benefaction which, as Froissart adds, was of infinite use to him. The whole of this scene is a precious relic of the domestic history of English royalty, and carries the reader back four centuries, as if it were but yesterday.

"'Madam, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen,'

"She replied instantly, and without any one prompting her, 'Sir, if it please God and my lord and father that I be queen of England, I shall be well pleased thereat, for I have been told I shall then be a great lady.'

"She made the earl marshal rise, and, taking him by the hand, led him to Queen Isabeau her mother, who was much pleased at her answer, as were all who heard it. The appearance and manners of this young princess were very agreeable to the English ambassadors, and they thought among themselves she would be a lady of high honour and worth."[1]

Just before the young Isabella arrived in England, the duke of Lancaster thought fit to give his princely hand to Catherine Rouet, who had been governess to his daughters, and was already mother to those sons of the duke so celebrated in English history as the Beauforts. Serious were the feuds this mis-alliance raised in the royal family. When the marriage of the duke of Lancaster was announced to the ladies of royal descent in England, such as the duchess of Gloucester and the countess of Arundel, who was a Mortimer of the line of Clarence, they were greatly shocked, and said, "The duke had sadly disgraced himself by marrying a woman of light character, since she would take rank as second lady in the kingdom, and the young queen would be dishonourably accompanied by her; but, for their parts, they would leave her to do the honours of the court alone, for they would never enter any place where she was. They themselves would be disgraced if they permitted such a base-born duchess, who had been mistress to the duke both before and after his marriage with the princess Constance, to take precedence of them, and their hearts would burst with grief were it to happen. Those who were the most outrageous on the subject were the duke and duchess of Gloucester."[2] Thus was the

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

court of king Richard in a state of ferment with the discontents of the princesses of the house of Plantagenet, just at the time when he required them to assemble for the purpose of receiving his infant bride. While these ladies were settling their points of precedency, the princess Isabella was espoused in Paris by the earl marshal, as proxy for his royal master. "She was from that time," says Froissart, "styled the queen of England. And I was at the time told it was pretty to see her, young as she was, practising how to act the queen."

About this time the king of France sent to England the count St. Pol, who had married Richard's half-sister, Maud Holland, surnamed the Fair. King Richard promised his brother-in-law to come to Calais and have an interview with the king of France, when his bride was to be delivered to him; and if a peace could not be agreed upon, a truce for thirty or forty years was to be established. The duke and duchess of Gloucester, with their children, were asked by the king to be of the party, as were the dukes and duchesses of York and Lancaster. This last lady, despite of all the displeasure of the ladies of the blood royal against her, was staying with the king and her lord at Eltham, and had already been invited to the king's marriage.

With this royal company King Richard crossed the sea to Calais, while the king of France, his queen, and the young princess, advanced as far as St. Omer, where they remained till the treaty of peace assumed some hopeful form. It was, however, in vain that both French and English strove to soften the opposition of the duke of Gloucester by the flattering attentions paid him by the French lords, and the handsome presents they offered him. He accepted the presents; "but the same rancour remained in his breast, and in spite of everything, when the peace was mentioned, his answers were as crabbed and severe as ever. It was observed that he pointed out the rich plate of gold and silver to his friends, observing that France was still a very rich country, and that peace ought not to be made. The king of England at last

contrived to discover the means of allaying this bellicose disposition in his uncle; the bribe was enormous, considering the duke's constant exhortations in regard to economy in the government; the king was forced to promise his patriotic uncle fifty thousand nobles on his return home, and to make his only son, Humphrey, earl of Rochester, with a pension of two thousand nobles per annum. After the application of this unconscionable bribe, no impediments remained to the peace and marriage, which were concluded without the restoration of Calais being insisted on by France.

"On the vigil of the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, which fell on a Friday,[1] the 27th of October, 1396, the two kings left their lodgings on the point of ten o'clock, and, accompanied by a grand attendance, went to the tents that had been prepared for them. Thence they proceeded on foot to a certain space which had been fixed on for their meeting, and which was surrounded by four hundred French, and as many English, knights, brilliantly armed, who stood with drawn swords. These knights were so marshalled that the two kings passed between their ranks, conducted in the following order:—The dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester supported the king of France, while the dukes of Berri and Burgundy, uncles of the French king, conducted king Richard; and thus they advanced slowly through the ranks of the knights; and when the two kings were on the point of meeting, the eight hundred knights fell on their knees and wept for joy"—a unanimity of feeling very remarkable in eight hundred knights. "King Richard and king Charles met bare-headed, and having saluted, took each other by the hand, when the king of France led the king of England to his tent, which was handsome and richly adorned; the four dukes took each other by the hand, and followed them. The English and French knights, remained in their ranks, looking at each other with good humour, and never stirred till the whole ceremony was over.

[1] Froissart.

"When the two kings entered the tent, holding each other by the hand, the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, who had been left in the tent to welcome the monarchs, cast themselves on their knees before them; the kings stopped, and made them rise. The six dukes then assembled in front of the tent, and conversed together, when the kings went into the tent and conferred while the wine and spices were preparing. The duke of Berri served the king of France with the comfit-box, and the duke of Burgundy with the cup of wine. In like manner was the king of England served by the dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester. After the kings had been served, the knights of France and England took the wine and comfits, and served the prelates, dukes, princes, and counts; and, after them, the squires and other officers of the household did the same to all within the tents, until every one had partaken of the wine and spices; during which time the two monarchs conversed freely.

"At 11 o'clock of the Saturday morning, the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, the king of England, attended by his uncles and nobles, waited on the king of France in his tent. Dinner tables were laid out; that for the kings was very handsome, and the sideboard was covered with magnificent plate. The two kings were seated by themselves, the king of France at the top of the table, and the king of England below him, at a good distance from each other. They were served by the dukes of Berri, Burgundy, and Bourbon; the last entertained the two monarchs with many gay remarks, to make them laugh, and those about the royal table, for he had much drollery; and, addressing the king of England, said—

"'My lord king of England, you ought to make good cheer, for you have had all your wishes gratified. You have a wife, or shall have one, for she will speedily be delivered to you.'

"'Bourbonnois,' replied the king of France, 'we wish our daughter were as old as our cousin of St. Pol,'[1]

[1] This young lady was niece to king Richard, the daughter of Maud Holland, surnamed the Fair.

though we were to double her dower, for then she would love our son of England much more.'

"The king of England, who understood French well, noticed these words, and immediately bowing to the king of France, replied—

"'Good father-in-law, the age of our wife pleases us right well. We pay not great attention respecting age, as we value your love, for we shall now be so strongly united that no king in Christendom can in any way hurt us.'"

When dinner was over, which lasted not long, the cloth was removed, the tables carried away, and wine and spices brought. After this the young bride entered the tent, attended by a great number of ladies and damsels. King Charles led her by the hand, and gave her to the king of England, who immediately rose and took his leave. The little queen was placed in a very rich litter, which had been prepared for her; but of all the French ladies who were there, only the lady de Courcy went with her, for there were many of the principal ladies of England in presence, such as the duchesses of Lancaster, of York, of Gloucester, of Ireland;[1] the lady of Namur, the lady Poinings, and many others, who all received queen Isabella with great joy. When the ladies were ready, the king of England and his lords departed with the young princess, and, riding at a good pace, arrived at Calais.

On the Tuesday, which was All-Saints' day, the king of England was married by the archbishop of Canterbury in the church of St. Nicholas, of Calais, to the lady Isabella of France. Great was the feasting on the occasion, and the heralds and minstrels were so liberally paid that they were satisfied.

Richard renounced at this marriage (to the indignation

[1] The widow of Robert de Vere, mentioned in a former memoir of queen Anne. The lady de Courcy, who accompanied the little queen to England, was the sister to his lady; she was married to the count de Cilley, and was cousin-german to king Richard.

of the duke of Gloucester) all claims to the crown of France in right of Isabella or her descendants.[1]

On the ensuing Thursday the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon came to Calais to visit the king and queen of England; on the following day they went back to St. Omer, where the king and queen of France waited for them. This same morning king Richard and queen Isabella, having heard an early mass and drunk some wine, embarked on board the vessels that had been prepared for them. With a favourable wind, in less than three hours they arrived at Dover. The queen dined at the castle, and lay the next night at Rochester. Passing through Dartford, she arrived at the palace at Eltham, where the nobles and their ladies took leave of the king and queen, and went to their homes.

"On Nov. 13th, the young queen Isabella, commonly called the Little, for she was not eight years old, was conveyed from Kennington, near to Lambeth palace, through Southwark, to the Tower of London, when such a multitude of persons went out to see her, that on London Bridge nine persons were crushed to death, of whom the prior of Tiptree was one, and a matron of Cornhill another."[2] The queen slept one night at the Tower, and the next day was conducted in high pomp to Westminster, where king Richard was waiting in his palace to receive her. This day the Londoners made very rich presents to the queen, which were most graciously accepted.

The portion of Isabella was considerable; consisting of 800,000 francs in gold, to be paid in yearly instalments.

She brought with her a wardrobe of great richness. Among her garments was a robe and mantle, unequalled in England, made of red velvet embossed with birds of goldsmith's work perched upon branches of pearls and emeralds. The robe was trimmed down the sides with miniver, and had a cape and hood of the same fur, the mantle was lined with ermine. Another robe was of murray-mezereon and pearl roses. She had coronets,

[1] Froissart. [2] Stow.

rings, necklaces, and clasps amounting to 500,000 crowns. Her chamber-hangings were red and white satin, embroidered with figures of vintages and shepherdesses.

Several authors declare that young Isabella was crowned at Westminster with great magnificence, and there actually exists, in the Fœdera, a summons for her coronation on Epiphany Sunday, 1397.[1]

Windsor was the chief residence of the royal child, who was called queen-consort of England. Here her education proceeded under the superintendence of the second daughter of Ingelram de Courcy ; and here the king, whose feminine beauty of features and complexion somewhat qualified the disparity of years between a man of thirty and a girl of ten, behaved to his young wife with such winning attention, that she retained a tender remembrance of him long after he was hurried to prison and the grave. His visits occasioned her a cessation from the routine of education, and his gay temper, his musical accomplishments, his splendour of dress, and softness of manners to females, made her royal husband exceedingly beloved by the young heart of Isabella.

The king had expended prodigious sums on the royal progress to France, and on the marriage and pompous entry of the little queen. These debts had now to be liquidated; and a struggle soon commenced between the king and the popular party concerning the supplies, which ended in the destruction of the duke of Gloucester, and his more honest colleague, the earl of Arundel. A short but fierce despotism was established by Richard, which ultimately led to his deposition.

From the earliest period of her sojourn in England, there was more probability that Isabella would share a prison than a throne. Froissart thus details one of the duke of Gloucester's plots, the object of which was the lifelong incarceration of the harmless little queen.

[1] "The London Chronicle," p. 80, expressly says, the young queen was crowned January 8th. No particulars are cited of this coronation by any author.

" He invited the earl of March[1] to come and visit him at Pleshy. There he unbosomed to him all the secrets of his heart, telling him that certain influential persons had elected him as king of England, resolving that king Richard and his queen were to be deposed and forthwith confined in prison, where they were to be maintained with ample provision during their lives; and he besought his nephew to give due consideration to this project, which was supported by the earl of Arundel, the earl of Warwick, and many of the prelates and barons of England." The earl of March was thunderstruck at hearing this proposal from his uncle; but, young as he was, he concealed his emotion.

The duke of Gloucester observing the manner of his nephew, entreated that he would keep his discourse very secret. This Mortimer promised to do, and faithfully kept his word; but honourably resolving to flee from such strong temptation to his integrity and loyalty, he craved leave of king Richard to visit his Irish domains.[2]

The count de St. Pol had been sent into England by the king of France, in order to see his daughter, and learn how she was going on. The king consulted him and his uncles Lancaster and York on the danger that threatened him and his young consort. "My good uncles," said he, "for the love of God, advise me how to act. I am daily informed that your brother, the duke of Gloucester, is determined to seize and confine me for life in one of my castles, and that the Londoners mean to join him in this iniquity. Their plan is withal to separate my queen from me, who is but a child, and shut her up in some other place of confinement. Now, my dear uncles, such cruel acts as these must be prevented."

[1] It will be remembered this prince was the heir-presumptive to the throne, the grandson of Lionel of Clarence. A deep obscurity rests on the characters and conduct of the princes of the blood of the line of Mortimer in general history.

[2] He was made viceroy of Ireland.

The dukes of Lancaster and York saw that their nephew was in great anguish of heart, and they knew that what he said was strictly true, but they replied to this effect:—

"Have a little patience, my lord king. We know well that our brother Gloucester has the most passionate and wrong-headed temper of any man in England. He talks frequently of things he cannot execute, and neither he nor his abettors can break the peace that has been signed, nor succeed in imprisoning you in any castle. Depend on it, we will never suffer it, nor that you should be separated from the queen."

By these words the two dukes calmed king Richard's mind; but to avoid being called on by either party, they left the king's household with their families, and retired to their own castles, the duke of Lancaster taking with him his duchess, who had for some time been the companion of the young queen of England. This desertion was followed by Sir Thomas Percy's retirement from court, and surrender of his office of steward of the king's household, avowedly out of apprehension lest he should incur the fate of Sir Simon Burley. The king's remaining servants very frequently represented to him the danger of remaining in their offices, in such words as these:—

"Be assured, dear sir, that as long as the duke of Gloucester lives, there will never be any quiet for your court, nor for England. Besides, he publicly threatens to confine you and your queen. As for the queen, she need not care; she is young, and the beloved child of the king of France; the duke of Gloucester dare not hurt her, but many evils will he bring on you and in England." These representations sank deeply in the mind of king Richard, and soon after led to his uncle's violent death.

Whatever were the ill intentions of the duke of Gloucester against the king and his unoffending little queen, the treacherous manner in which king Richard lured his uncle to destruction must revolt all minds. Every tie of hospitality and social intercourse was violated by king

Richard. In his first act of wickedness was combined a tissue of crimes. This first step in guilt was followed by the illegal execution of the Earl of Arundel. Richard's conscience was not accustomed to cruelty; and after the death of Arundel his sleep was broken and his peace was gone. He used to awake in horror, exclaiming, "that his bed was covered with the blood of the earl."

The hollow peace of the court was soon broken by the quarrel between Henry of Bolingbroke, and the earl marshal, who had been created Duke of Norfolk. They mutually accused each other of treasonable conversation against the king. In the true spirit of the age, they appealed to wager of battle, and actually presented themselves in the lists at Coventry, when the king parted them by throwing down his warder, and finished the scene by sentencing Mowbray duke of Norfolk to banishment for life, and Henry to exile for seven years.

While Richard's affairs remained in this feverish and unsettled state, the English court was thrown into consternation by the death of the heir-presumptive of the kingdom, Roger Mortimer, who was at that time viceroy of Ireland. There was a strong attachment between Richard and his chivalric heir; the king passionately bewailed him, and resolved to make an expedition to Ireland, to quell the rebellion that ensued on the death of the viceroy.

Just before the departure of king Richard for his Irish campaign, he proclaimed throughout his realm that a grand tournament would be held at Windsor by forty knights and forty squires, all clad in green, bearing the young queen's device of a white falcon. They maintained the beauty of the virgin queen of England against all comers. Isabella herself, attended by the noblest ladies and damsels of the land, was present, and dispensed the prizes.

King Richard tarried some hours at Windsor Castle on his road to the western coast, in order to bid his young queen farewell before he departed for Ireland.

Although only eleven years of age, Isabella had grown tall and very lovely; she was rapidly assuming a womanly appearance. The king seemed greatly struck with the improvement in her person, and the progress she had made in her education. He treated her with the utmost deference, and if the chronicles[1] of her country are to be believed, he entirely won her young heart at this interview. Yet he had sent to dwell with Isabella witnesses whose deep grief and mournful habiliments for the loss of a husband and father could have told the young queen, even if their lips dared not speak, that the king had stained his hands with kindred blood. According to Froissart, Richard II. had sent the widowed duchess of Gloucester and her daughters to reside with Isabella at Windsor, apparently under some species of restraint.

Before king Richard left Windsor Castle, he discovered that considerable reforms were required in his consort's establishment. The lady de Courcy, his cousin-german, was her governess and principal lady of honour; but, on his arrival at Windsor, it was represented to him that this lady took as much state upon her as if she had been in the situation of her mother, the princess royal of England, or even the queen herself. The extravagance of the queen's governess knew no bounds. "For," said the king's informer, "she has eighteen horses at her command; but this does not suffice; she has a large train belonging to her husband, and in his livery, whenever she comes and goes. She keeps two or three goldsmiths, two or three cutlers, and two or three furriers, in constant employ, as much as you and your queen. She is also building a chapel that will cost 1400 nobles."

Exasperated at this extravagance, the king dismissed the lady de Courcy from her office in the queen's establishment; he paid all the debts she had incurred, and commanded her to leave the country forthwith—an order

[1] Monstrelet and the MS. of the Ambassades.

she certainly disobeyed, as will afterwards be seen. In the place of this lady, Richard appointed the widowed lady Mortimer,[1] his own niece Eleanor, to whom he gave the precious charge of his fair young consort.

The scene of Richard's parting from Isabella was Windsor church. He had previously assisted at a solemn mass, and indulged his musical tastes by chanting a collect; he likewise made a rich offering. On leaving the church, he partook of wine and comfits at the door with his little consort, then lifting her up in his arms he kissed her repeatedly, saying, "Adieu,—madame, adieu, till we meet again."

The king immediately commenced his march to Bristol, and embarked on his ill-timed expedition to Ireland.

The landing of Henry of Bolingbroke at Ravenspur, during Richard's absence, had an immediate effect on the destination of the little queen Isabella; the regent York hurried her from the castle of Windsor to the still stronger fortress of Wallingford, where she remained while England was lost by her royal lord, and won by his rival, Henry of Bolingbroke.

After landing at Milford Haven on his return from Ireland, king Richard took shelter among the Welsh castles still loyal to him. Here he might have found refuge till a re-action in his favour in England gave hopes of better times; but the king's luxurious habits made the rough living at these castles intolerable to him. Indeed De Marque declares, "they were totally unfurnished, and that Richard had to sleep on straw during his sojourn in Wales. He endured this inconvenience for five or six nights, but in truth a farthing's worth of victuals was not to be found at any of them. Certes, I cannot tell the misery of the king's train, even at Caernarvon. He then returned to Conway, where he thus bewailed his absence from his wife, of whom he was very fond." The following seems a little poem that the king composed in his tribulation:—

[1] The whole of this passage is drawn from the MS. of the Ambassades.

"My mistress and my consort! accursed be the man who thus separateth us; I am dying of grief because of it. My fair sister, my lady, and my sole desire! since I am robbed of the pleasure of beholding thee, such pain and affliction oppresseth my whole heart, that I am ofttimes near despair. Alas, Isabel! rightful daughter of France, you were wont to be my joy, my hope, my consolation. And I now plainly see, that through the violence of fortune, which hath slain many a man, I must be deprived of you; whereat I often endure so sincere a pang, that day and night I am in danger of bitter death. And it is no marvel, when I from such a height have fallen so low, and lose my joy, my solace, and my consort."[1]

Henry of Bolingbroke, it is said, gained possession by a coup-de-main of *700,000l.*, the treasury of the unfortunate Richard. With amazing celerity Henry traversed England, attended by sixty thousand Londoners and other malcontents, who had been disgusted with Richard's despotic government. With this disorderly militia, Henry presented himself before the gates of Flint Castle, where Richard and a few faithful knights remained on the defensive. Here he boldly demanded an audience with the king, who agreed to admit him and eleven others to pass the wicket of the castle.[2]

Henry spoke aloud, without paying any honour or reverence to the king, asking, "Have you broken your fast?"

The king answered, "No, it is yet early morn. Why do you ask?"

"It is time you should breakfast," replied Henry, "for you have a great way to ride." "What road?" asked the king. "You must wend to London," said Henry; "and I advise that you eat and drink heartily, that you may perform the journey more gaily." "Well," said the king, "if that is the case, let the tables be

[1] Archæologia, from the MS. of a French gentleman attendant on Richard, translated by the Rev. Mr. Webbe.

[2] Froissart.

covered." When this was done, the king washed his hands, seated himself at table, and was served. During the time the king was eating, which was not long, for his heart was much oppressed, the whole country, seen from the windows of the castle, was covered with men at arms and archers. The king, on rising from the table, perceived them, and asked his cousin who they were. "For most part Londoners," was the answer. "And what do they want?" asked the king. "They want to take *you*," said Henry, "and carry you prisoner to the tower; and there is no pacifying them, unless you yield yourself my prisoner."

The king was alarmed at this intimation, for he knew the Londoners hated him, and would kill him if he was ever in their power; he therefore yielded himself prisoner to his cousin, promising to do whatever he should advise. His knights and officers surrendered likewise to Henry, who, in the presence of the eleven that accompanied him, received the king and his attendants as prisoners. He then ordered the horses to be saddled instantly and brought into the court, and the gates of the castle to be flung open, whereupon many archers and men at arms crowded into the court-yard.

"I heard of a singular circumstance that happened just then, which I must mention. King Richard had a greyhound, named Math, beautiful beyond description, who would not notice or follow any one but the king. Whenever Richard rode abroad, the greyhound was loosed by the person who had the care of him, and that instant he ran to caress the king, by placing his two fore feet on his shoulders. It fell out that as the king and his cousin of Lancaster were conversing in the court-yard of Flint Castle, their horses being preparing for them to mount, the greyhound, Math, was untied, when, instead of running as usual to king Richard, he passed him, and leaped to the duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, the same as he used to his master, the king. The duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the king the meaning of his fondness?

"'Cousin,' replied the king, 'it means a great deal for you, and very little for me.'

"'How?' said the duke; 'pray explain it.'

"'I understand by it,' said the unfortunate king, 'that this my favourite greyhound, Math, fondles and pays his court to you this day as king of England, which you will be, and I shall be deposed, for that the natural instinct of the creature perceives. Keep him, therefore, by your side; for lo, he leaveth me, and will ever follow you!'

"The duke of Lancaster treasured up what king Richard had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, Math, who would no more follow Richard of Bourdeaux, but kept by the side of the duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men."[1]

The attendants of king Richard, who have chronicled the humiliations and sufferings of their royal master, on this pilgrimage of sorrow and degradation, with a more indignant pen than that of Froissart, declare, that to grieve and break the spirit of the royal captive, his fine spirited horses were taken from him, and he was compelled to perform every stage on sorry, miserable jades not worth ten shillings; a deep mortification, since among the king's luxuries an expensive taste for noble and costly steeds had been one of the greatest. Perhaps this was after the king's attempted escape at Lichfield, where he dropped from the window of his chamber, but was perceived and brought by force into the tower again. As far as Coventry, parties of the king's faithful Welshmen pursued the army, and harassed its rear, instigated and led by Richard's beloved squire and minstrel, Owen Glendower, who, from the hour when his royal patron became the prisoner of the aspiring Bolingbroke, vowed and maintained a lifelong enmity against the usurper.[2]

[1] Froissart.

[2] Among the most beautiful of the Welsh melodies still exists the well-known air, "Sweet Richard." Tradition declares this melody was composed by Glendower about this time, as a tribute of regret to his unfor-

The young queen found herself in the power of the usurper almost simultaneously with her unfortunate husband. Directly the news arrived that Richard had surrendered himself, the garrisons of the royal castles of Windsor and Wallingford yielded to Bolingbroke. Tradition declares that the young Isabella met her luckless husband on the road during his sad pilgrimage towards the metropolis as a captive to Bolingbroke, and that their meeting and parting was tender and heart-breaking; but the whole of Richard's progress has been minutely described by eye-witnesses, who would not have been silent on a circumstance so picturesque and touching. This interview must, therefore, be considered as a mere romance of history, though Shakspeare has made use of it with beautiful effect.

In the midst of these changes the young queen was hurried from place to place with little rest. From Wallingford she was carried by the popular party to Leeds Castle, in Kent, where she was placed under the care of the widowed duchess of Ireland, who, having been wronged by king Richard and his late queen, was not supposed to be extremely favourable to the cause of the imprisoned monarch. As lady de Courcy was sister to the duchess, she certainly obtained access to the queen again, notwithstanding her dismissal by king Richard, for she was at Leeds Castle when the insurgent Londoners took offence at her vicinity to the queen of Richard, and one of their leaders thus addressed her:—

"Lady, make instant preparations of departure, for we will not suffer you to remain longer here. Take care, on saying farewell to queen Isabel, that you shew not any tokens of anger at our dismissing you, but tell her that your husband and daughter[1] have sent to en-

tunate prince; it was afterwards sung and played in the many risings in favour of Richard, with the same powerful effect that the celebrated Jacobite airs had on the partisans of the house of Stuart.

[1] The Count de Cilley and Barbara de Courcy, afterwards empress to the brother of Anne of Bohemia, the great emperor Sigismund; she was heiress of de Courcy.—*Brookes.*

treat your return. This we advise you to do, if you regard your life. You must ask no questions, and make no remarks to the queen on anything that is going on. You will be escorted to Dover, and embarked in the passage-boat for Boulogne." The lady of Courcy, alarmed at these menaces, and knowing those who made them to be cruel and full of hatred, replied, "That in God's name she would do as they directed."

Palfreys and hackneys were furnished for herself and attendants, and all the French of both sexes were sent off.[1] The French household of the queen being thus broken up, none were left with her that were at all attached to king Richard. A new retinue was formed for her, of ladies, damsels, and varlets, who were strictly enjoined never to mention the name of king Richard to her, or to acquaint her with what was become of him.[2]

It is asserted by all authors of that day, that the heart of the young Isabella was devoted to Richard; the chroniclers of her own country especially declare, "that he had behaved so amiably to her that she loved him entirely." While by a cruel policy her youthful mind was torn with the pangs of suspense, and the pain of parting from her native attendants, Richard was conveyed from Shene by night, and lodged secretly in the Tower, with such of his friends and ministers as were peculiarly obnoxious to the Londoners.

After enduring many mortifications at the Tower, King Richard offered to resign the crown to Bolingbroke, who immediately replied, "It is necessary, that the three estates of the realm should hear this proposition; and in three days the parliaments will be collected and can debate on the subject." So far his rejoinder was made with moderation and propriey, tbut he added—

[1] Either Froissart is mistaken in this assertion, or the French servants of the young queen were replaced by Henry IV., for the Minutes of Council contain a long list of French persons who returned to France with Isabella as officials of her household.

[2] Froissart, and MSS. of the Ambassades.

"The people want to crown me; for the common report in the country is, that I have a better right to the crown than you. This was told our grandfather, king Edward, of happy memory, when he educated you, and had you acknowledged heir to the crown; but his love was so strong for his son, the prince of Wales, nothing could make him alter his purpose. If you had followed the example of the prince, you might still have been king; but you have always acted so contrary, as to occasion the rumour to be generally believed throughout England, that you were not the son of the prince of Wales, but of a priest or canon.

"I have heard several knights who were of the household of my uncle, the prince of Wales, declare that he was jealous of the conduct of the princess. She was cousin-german to king Edward, who began to dislike her for not having children by his son, for he knew that she had sons by her former marriage with Sir Thomas Holland, since he had himself stood godfather to two. The princess of Wales knew well how to keep my uncle in her chains, having through subtlety enticed him to marry her; but fearful of being divorced by the king his father for want of heirs, and that the prince would marry again, it is said she had you and another son who died in his infancy by some other person; and, from your modes of thinking and acting being so different to the gallantry and prowess of the prince, it is thought you were the son of a priest or canon, for at the time of your birth there were many young and handsome ones in the household of my uncle at Bourdeaux.

"Such is the report of this country, which your conduct has confirmed, for you have ever shewn a great affection to the French, and a desire to live at peace with them, to the loss of the honour of England. Because my uncle of Gloucester and the good earl of Arundel gave you good advice, and wished you to follow in the footsteps of your ancestors, you have treacherously put them to death. As for me, I will give you my protec-

tion, and will guard and preserve your life through compassion, as long as I shall be able."[1]

For two hours did the duke of Lancaster thus converse, continuing to reproach the king with all the wrong he had ever been guilty of in the whole course of his life. He then took leave, re-entered his barge, and returned to his house, and on the morrow renewed his orders for the assembling of parliament.

As an interlude to the narrative of Froissart, which details the deep submission of Richard, the accounts given by his faithful attendant, and the manuscript of the Ambassades, shew Richard with the lion-like despair of the Plantagenets awakened in his breast. The thoughts of his young wife a prisoner like himself, and perhaps in equal danger, gave rise to a tempest of rage, before whose sway the insolence of the usurper seems to have quailed for a time. The time of the interview here described must have been one day of the three which intervened between the conference concerning the abdication just detailed and the meeting of parliament.

The dukes of Lancaster, York, and Aumerle went to the Tower, and sent the young earl of Arundel[2] to bid the king come to them. When this message was delivered to Richard, he replied, "Tell Henry of Lancaster from me I shall do no such thing; if he wants to see me, let him come to me." On entering, none shewed any respect to the king but Lancaster, who took off his cap, and saluting him respectfully, said, "Here is our cousin the duke of Aumerle, and our uncle the duke of York, who wish to speak to you." Richard said, "Cousin, they are not fit to speak to me." "But have the goodness to hear them," said Lancaster. Upon which Richard uttered an oath, and said, turning to York,[3] "Thou villain! what wouldst thou say to me? and thou traitor of Rutland—thou art neither good nor

[1] Froissart.

[2] Whose father Richard had put to death.

[3] Richard had left him regent of England, which he had surrendered to Henry of Lancaster without a struggle.

worthy to speak to me, nor to bear the name of duke, earl, nor knight; thou, and the villain thy father, foully have ye betrayed me;[1] in a cursed hour were ye born; by your false counsel was my uncle Gloucester put to death!" Aumerle replied to the king, "that he lied," and threw down his bonnet at his feet; upon which the king said, "I am king and thy lord, and will continue king, and be greater lord than I ever was, in spite of all my enemies!" Upon this, Lancaster imposed silence on Aumerle. Richard, then turning with a fierce countenance to Henry, asked why he was in confinement, and why under a guard of armed men? "Am I your servant, or am I your king? What do you mean to do with me?" Lancaster replied, "You are my king and my lord, but the council of the realm have determined that you are to be kept in confinement till the decision of parliament." The king then swore a deep oath, and said, "Let me have my wife." "Excuse me," replied Lancaster; "it is forbidden by the council that you should see queen Isabel." Then the king in wrath walked about the room, breaking into passionate exclamations and appeals to Heaven, called them false traitors, offered to fight any four of them, threw down his bonnet as a gage, spoke "of his father's and his grandfather's fame, and his reign of twenty-two years." Lancaster fell on his knees, and besought him to be quiet till the meeting of parliament.

Before the meeting of parliament this burst of spirit had subsided in deep despondency, yet authors are not agreed whether the abdication of Richard took place in the hall of the Tower, or in Westminster-hall. Stow declares it was in Westminster-hall, and that by a singular coincidence, this ceremony was the first solemnized in that building since its new erection by Richard. The parliament, in fact, waited, sitting in Westminster-hall, the termination of the following scene. Henry rode to

[1] Aumerle had just surrendered the loyal city of Bristol, the last hope of the unfortunate king.

the tower with a selected number of prelates, dukes, earls, and knights, and dismounted in the court-yard; while king Richard, royally dressed, with the sceptre in his hand and the crown on his head, entered the hall in the tower, but without supporters on either side, which was his usual state.

He then addressed the company as follows: "I have reigned king of England, duke of Aquitaine, and lord of Ireland, about twenty-two years, which royalty, lordship, sceptre, and crown, I now freely and willingly resign to my cousin, Henry of Lancaster, and entreat of him in the presence of you all to accept of this sceptre." He then tendered the sceptre to the Duke of Lancaster, who took it and gave it to the archbishop of Canterbury. King Richard next raised up his crown with both his hands from his head, and placing it before him, said,—

"Henry, fair cousin, I present and give to you this crown, with which I was crowned king of England, and with it all the rights dependent on it." The Duke of Lancaster received the royal diadem, and delivered it over to the archbishop.

Thus was the resignation accepted, the duke of Lancaster calling in a public notary that an authentic act might be drawn up of this proceeding, which was witnessed by all present. Soon after the king was led back to the apartments in the Tower, from whence he had been conducted. The two jewels were safely packed up and given to proper guards, who placed them in the treasury of Westminster Abbey until they should be needed.[1]

The news of the restraint in which the young queen of England was held had been carried by some merchants of Bruges to the coast of France, together with the account of the deposition of her husband. But when the lady de Courcy arrived, who had been attached to the household of Isabella, the whole truth was known. Directly she alighted at the hotel of her lord at Paris,

[1] Froissart.

the king of France sent there to hear news of his daughter. The king of France was so much shocked at what he heard of Isabella and her husband, that though his health had been good for some time, his agitation on hearing of his daughter's reverse of fortune brought back his fits of frenzy.

The duke of Burgundy said, "The marriage of king Richard with Isabella was unadvised, and so I declared when it was proposed. Since the English have imprisoned king Richard, they will assuredly put him to death, for they always hated him because he preferred peace to war. They will as certainly crown the duke of Lancaster."

This prediction of the queen's uncle proved true. During the last days of September, Henry of Lancaster was recognised by the majority of the assembled parliament as king, and was magnificently crowned in October, without the slightest recognition of the prior claims of the orphan heirs of the earl of March.

While this revolution was effected, the young queen was removed to Sunning-hill, and there she was kept a state prisoner, and sedulously misinformed regarding the events that had befallen her husband. The last hopes of king Richard had ended in despair when his cousin Aumerle had yielded the city of Bristol, and his brother-in-law Huntingdon gave up Calais, and swore fealty to Henry IV. This fealty, however, only lasted six weeks. A plot was set on foot, headed by Aumerle, Huntingdon, and Salisbury, for killing Henry IV., at a tournament they were about to give at Windsor. Henry, whose health soon broke under the anxieties which beset the crown of thorns he had assumed, was sick at Windsor Castle. There was a spiked instrument concealed in his bed, which was meant to kill him on lying down to rest; its introduction, says the monk of Evesham, was attributed to one of the young queen's servants.

Richard's doom was now sealed. He was hurried from the Tower to Pontefract Castle, while the confederate

lords flew to arms, and, dressing up the chaplain Maudelain[1] in royal robes, proclaimed that the deposed king had escaped from his gaolers.

The young queen Isabella took an extraordinary part in this movement for the restoration of her husband.[2] When the earls of Kent and Salisbury came with their forces to Sunning-hill, where she was abiding, they told her "they had driven the usurper, Bolingbroke, from Windsor to the stronghold of the Tower, and that her husband had escaped, and was then in full march to meet her at the head of a hundred thousand men." Overjoyed at this news, the young queen put herself at their disposal. She likewise took great pleasure in ordering the badges of Henry IV. to be torn from her household, and replaced by those of her royal husband; in which "harmless spite," says Hayward, "the queen Isabel took the utmost satisfaction." A proclamation was likewise issued in her name, declaring that she did not recognise Henry as king. The queen then set out with her brother-in-law, the earl of Kent, and his allies, on their march to Wallingford and Abingdon. Full of joyful hope, the enthusiastic girl expected every hour to meet her king triumphant at the head of a loyal army. She was with the barons when they entered the fatal town of Cirencester; but amidst the mysterious darkness which shrouds the termination of this insurrection, we lose sight of the actual manner in which the young queen was recaptured by Henry IV. Let fortune have declared for whatever party it might, disappointment alone was in store for the heart of Isabella, since the Richard whom she hoped to meet was but a counterfeit in royal robes to deceive the common people. The chiefs of the insur-

[1] He was exceedingly like Richard, and supposed to be his relative; he was implicated in the illegal execution of the duke of Gloucester. He had adhered to Richard with the utmost fidelity, from his landing in Wales till his capture at Flint.

[2] Guthrie and Froissart. Sir John Hayward, p. 127, edition 1599. He says, the insurgent lords came to the queen from Colnebrook to Sunning, a place near Reading.

rection were betrayed by the mayor of Cirencester, and their summary and illegal execution followed in a few hours. Isabella was too young to be punished for her share in this rebellion, excepting by close restraint; she was sent, after quiet was restored, strictly guarded, to the palace of Havering atte Bower, and this appears to have been her place of residence during the tragical events that succeeded the insurrection in which she took a part so decided, considering her tender age.

These transactions took place at the end of January, and the beginning of February, 1400, when the insurrection was subdued; it became a favourite topic of conversation between the knights and lords of Henry's bedchamber, who always concluded by observing on the impossibility that Henry IV. should reign peaceably while Richard II. was suffered to exist. The wily king gave no intimation that he heard these colloquies. After an invasion by the count de St. Pol, Richard's brother-in-law, the king's flatterers and tempters beset him more than ever.

"Yet," says Froissart, emphatically, "the king of England made no reply, but, leaving them in conversation, went to his falconers, and placing a falcon on his wrist, forgot all in feeding him." Froissart is far too courtly to acknowledge that so accomplished a knight as Henry of Lancaster ordered so foul a murder, but other historians do not allow that Henry forgot all, while feeding his falcon.

There are so many circumstantial details in the narrative of old Fabian concerning the death of Richard II., that there is little doubt of its being the true history of the murder of the unhappy king. Froissart has given us the opening or prologue of the tragedy, but the following relation, gathered from Fabian and others, tells us the manner in which it was played out.

King Henry, sitting one day at table, in a sighing manner said, "Have I no faithful friend who will deliver me of one whose life will be my death, and whose death my life?" "Which speech being much noted of the hearers,

especially of one Sir Piers[1] of Exton, who left the court, and, with eight persons more, went suddenly to Pontefract Castle, whither being come, he called before him the squire that was accustomed to wait on Richard at table, giving him a charge that the king should eat as much as he would,[2] for that now he should not long eat. King Richard being set at dinner was served negligently, and without the usual ceremony of tasting the dishes before the king commenced his meal. Richard, marvelling at this sudden change, asked the reason, and was told that new orders had been given by king Henry to that effect.

"The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee together,"[3] exclaimed the king in a passion, striking the man with a carving knife. On that word in rushed Sir Piers, with eight tall men, every man having a weapon in his hand. Richard, perceiving them, put the table back from him, and stepping up to the man next him, wrung the weapon out of his hand, (a brownbill,) and therewith right valiantly defended himself, so that in conclusion four of them he slew outright. Sir Piers, amazed thereat, leaped upon the chair where king Richard usually sat, (some authorities say it was a curiously-carved stone chair;) while with the four surviving ruffians the king was fiercely striving for conquest, and chasing them round the chamber, he passed near to the chair whereon Sir Piers had gotten, who with a pole-axe smote

[1] There was a lord mayor, one of Richard's opposers, called Sir Thomas Exton.

[2] This observation shews that his food had been circumscribed.

[3] The very words of Shakspeare, who has merely cast Fabian's narrative into dialogue. Walsingham only mentions that Richard starved himself, and died on Valentine's day, 1400. This author is a thorough Lancastrian partisan, while alderman Fabian just wrote at that distance from the event in question when the truth has not passed from the memory of man, and yet he can speak fearlessly. Fabian wrote in the reign of Henry IV.'s grandson. As for gaining an actual exposure of a royal murder from an *immediate* contemporary, it is not to be expected. Let the reader notice the ominous silence of Froissart on this subject. His words point at murder strongly, but they speak it not.

him on the back of the head, and withal riddled him of his life in an instant."

Thus, battling like a champion of proof in the full exercise of mighty energies awakened at the call of despair, fell the son of the Black Prince, at the early age of thirty-two; he died instantly, in the triumphant flush of victory against fearful odds. The gallantry of his death seems, in the minds of his combative nobles, to have asperged the stain of illegitimacy with which his rival foully tainted him. We hear no more in chronicle of his being the son of a priest.

"Richard of Bourdeaux, when dead, was placed on a litter covered with black cloth, and a canopy of the same. Four black horses were harnessed to it, and four varlets in mourning conducted the litter, followed by four knights, dressed also in mourning," Sir Piers being doubtless one of them; the varlets were the worthy survivors of the eight assailants. They thus paraded the streets at a foot's pace till they came to the Chepe, which is the greatest thoroughfare in the city, and there they halted for upwards of two hours. More than twenty thousand persons came to see king Richard, who lay in the litter, his head on a black cushion,[1] and his face uncovered."

Thus was queen Isabella left a widow in her thirteenth year; the death of her royal lord was concealed from her a considerable time, but she learned the

[1] Froissart. The black cushion is mentioned by another witness; it was probably to conceal any accidental effusion of blood.

Sir John Hayward adds the remarkable circumstance. (p. 135,) "that Richard's body was not only embalmed and cered, but soldered entirely in lead, all but the face." Thus, although the body was exposed to the view of the populace in all the towns through which it passed, as well as in the metropolis, no one could possibly ascertain what wounds were on the head. These precautions plainly point out the peculiar manner of Richard's death. Traditional evidence may be gathered from the tour of three Norwich gentlemen, in 1643, before the royal castle of Pontefract was dilapidated by Cromwell. "We scaled that high, stately, and impregnable castle built by the Norman upon a rock, which for strength, situation, and largeness, may compare with any in the kingdom. In the circuit of this castle are seven famous towers; the highest of them is

murderous manner of it soon enough to reject with horror all offers of union with the heir of Lancaster. Young as she was, Isabella gave proofs of a resolute and decisive character; traits of firm and faithful affection were shewn by this youthful queen which captivated the minds of the English, and caused her to be made the heroine of many an historical ballad,—a species of literature that the people of the land much delighted in at that time.

The young widow remained in a state of captivity at Havering Bower, while her royal father in France was labouring under a long and dolorous fit of insanity, brought on by anxiety for his daughter's fate. The French council of regency demanded the immediate restoration of the young queen, but Henry IV. would not hear of it, answering, "that she should reside in England like other queen-dowagers, in great honour, on her dower; and that if she had unluckily lost a husband, she should be provided with another forthwith, who would be young, handsome, and every way deserving of her love. Richard of Bourdeaux was too old for her, but the person now offered was suitable in every respect, being no other than the prince of Wales."[1]

It seems strange that Isabella, who had expressed such infant pride in being queen of England, should give up voluntarily all prospect of enjoying that station with a youthful hero whose age was so suitable to her own; yet so it was. But she was inflexible in her rejection of the gallant Henry of Monmouth, and mourned her murdered husband in a manner exceedingly touch-

called the Round Tower, in which that unfortunate prince, Richard II., fled round a post till his barbarous butchers deprived him of life. *Upon that post the cruel hackings and fierce blows do still remain.* We viewed the spacious hall which the giants kept, the large fair kitchen with many wide chimneys in it; we went up and saw the chamber of presence, the king and queen's chambers, the chapel, and many other rooms, all fit and suitable for princes."—*Brayley's "Graphic Illustrator,"* p. 94. The Round Tower is by Weaver (Funeral Monuments) called "the *Bloody* Tower," he says, by tradition of the country people in its vicinity.

[1] Froissart.

ing, as all who approached her, French or English, bore witness."[1] Her refusal would have been of little avail, if her family and country had not seen the matter in the same light. In reply to Henry IV.'s proposition, the French regency declared that during the grievous illness of their lord king Charles, they could not give away his eldest daughter without his consent. Therefore, months passed away, and the maiden queen-dowager still continued a mourning widow in the bowers of Havering. It is recorded that king Henry and his gallant heir did, in that interval, all in their power to win her constant heart from the memory of Richard, but in vain. She was just of the age to captivate the fancy of an ardent young prince like Henry of Monmouth, nor can there exist a doubt, by the extreme pertinacity with which he wooed the widow of his cousin, that she was beloved by him. However this may be, the modern paradox of Richard II.'s escape from the bloody towers of Pontefract[2] is utterly annihilated by the continual efforts of Henry IV. to gain the hand of Isabella for his son. "Would Henry," asks an historical antiquarian, in the Archæologia, "have been so desirous for the marriage of his heir with the widow of Richard, had he not been certain beyond all doubt that her husband was dead?" He would not surely have promoted a marriage which would have illegitimated the heirs of Lancaster. This is one of the historical proofs of a disputed point which appeals directly to common sense.

When Charles VI. recovered his senses, he sent the count d'Albret to inquire into the situation of Isabella.

King Henry and his council were at Eltham, where

[1] Monstrelet.

[2] Too much stress has been laid (by those who have worked hard to prove this paradox) on the fact, that Richard's skull was found entire when his tomb was examined in Westminster Abbey. Let the antiquarians, however, consult medical authorities, and they will find that instant death may ensue from a concussion on the brain, without the bone of the head being broken, and how easy it was, if the king had indeed been only stunned, for his assassins to compress his mouth and nostrils, so that the return of respiration was prevented.

the French ambassador was splendidly entertained by him. He told Henry he had been sent by the king and queen of France to see the young queen their daughter. The king replied—

"We no way wish to prevent you from seeing her, but you must promise, on oath, that neither yourself nor any of your company speak to her anything concerning Richard of Bourdeaux. Should you do otherwise, you will greatly offend us and the whole country, and remain in peril of your lives while here."

Not long after this, the earl of Northumberland carried count d'Albret to Havering atte Bower, where Isabella then resided. She was attended by the duchess of Ireland, the duchess of Gloucester, her two daughters, and other ladies and damsels as companions. The earl introduced the French embassy to the young queen, who conversed some time with them, asking eagerly many questions after her royal parents. They kept the promise they had made, by never mentioning king Richard; they stayed no long time before they returned to London. At Eltham, on their way home, they dined with king Henry, who presented them with some rich jewels. When they took leave, he said amicably, "Tell those who sent you that the queen shall never suffer the smallest harm, or any disturbance, but shall keep up a state and dignity becoming her birth and rank, and enjoy all her rights; for young as she is, she ought not to be made acquainted with all the changes that happen in this world."[1]

The council of Henry IV. meantime anxiously deliberated on the destination of the young queen.[2] It came at last to the decision, that Isabella being of tender age had no right to claim revenue as queen-dowager of England; but that as no accommodation could be

[1] Froissart.

[2] For this information and the rest of the facts following, we are indebted to Sir Harris Nicolas's invaluable edition of the Minutes of the Privy Council, vol. i. pp. 118—134, 145.

effected by the marriage with the prince of Wales, she ought to be restored to her friends directly, with all the jewels and paraphernalia that she brought with her. But on this point a grand difficulty arose, for Henry IV. had seized the little queen's jewels, and divided them among his six children, the prince of Wales having the greatest share.[1] The king wrote to his council, declaring that he had commanded his son and other children to give up the jewels of their dear cousin queen Isabella, and that they were to be sent to London. But intention and performance are very different matters, for that the dear cousin's jewels were never returned we have the evidence of the queen's uncle, Orleans, and the French treaties between Henry V. and Charles VI.[2] Nor are they named with the property specified in her journey to Leulinghen; yet in the schedule, the queen's silver drinking-cup, a few silver saucers and dishes, with a little old tapestry, are pompously enumerated. It is worthy of remark, to shew the extreme parsimony of Henry; that an item demanding new clothes for the young queen and her maids of honour, with cloth for their charrettes, is sharply met by the answer, "that the king's wardrobe had given out all that he intended."

On the 27th of May, Isabella set out for London, accompanied by two ladies of the royal family, who had both received great injuries from Richard II.[3] The duchess of Ireland was one, and the countess of Hereford,[4] mother to the duchess of Gloucester, the widow of the slaughtered Thomas of Woodstock, the other. To these ladies was consigned the care, or rather the

[1] Afterwards Henry V., at that time and long after a suitor for the hand of Isabella.

[2] Rapin, vol. i. Henry V.'s reign.

[3] See preceding volume, Memoir of Anne of Bohemia.

[4] This lady, called countess of Hereford, was the mother of the coheiresses of Hereford, the duchesses of Gloucester and Hereford. The duchess of Gloucester, who had been in the family of Isabella, had lately lost her promising son, by the plague, and had died of grief. Her mother, the countess of Hereford, was the grandmother, by the maternal side, of Henry V.

custody, of Isabella's person. The sweetness of this angelic girl's disposition had certainly converted these natural enemies into loving friends, as will presently be shewn.[1] Next in rank to these great ladies in the train of Isabella was Eleanor Holland, the young widow of Roger earl of March, slain in Ireland, whose son was heir of England *de jure;* she had been appointed governess to the queen by Richard II., and still adhered to her, though merely classed now among her ladies of honour; these ladies were, lady Poinings, lady Mowbray, and Madame de Vache. Isabella had likewise seven maids of honour, and two French chambermaids, Simonette and Marianne. The French chamberlain was Monsieur de Vache. She had a confessor and a secretary. She was escorted by the bishops of Durham and Hereford, and by the earl of Somerset, Henry IV.'s half-brother, with four knights bannerets and six chevaliers.

With this train and escort the young queen set out from Havering.[2] At Tottenham, through which it seems her journey lay, she was met by the late lord chamberlain, the earl of Worcester, with a gallant company, who joined her train. The lord mayor and his viscounts, as the aldermen were then called, with other good people of the city, met her at Sandford-hill, and falling in with her procession, guarded her to London. At Hackney, prince Thomas, second son to Henry IV., met the young queen, and honourably accompanied her to London, assisted by the constable of England, the marshal, and other great officers.

[1] The mother-in-law of the duchess of Ireland became so warm a partisan for the impostor who personated Richard, that she got into great trouble by distributing the little silver harts which served for secret tokens to the partisans of the deposed king.—See *Speed.*

[2] Froissart mentions this dower palace of the English queens as her latest residence. It is possible that some political reason might have made Isabella's cortège travel through Waltham forest, and lodge at Waltham hunting palace; then she might cross the Lea to gain the north road instead of the east road, for her course was plainly by Tottenham-hill, and her entrance into London by Hackney.—See *Minutes of Privy Council,* vol. i. p. 145.

It is supposed Isabella tarried at the tower from the day of her London entry, for she did not sail for France till July 1st following, when three ballingers and two armed barges were appointed to receive her and her suite at Dover.

July was far advanced before the maiden widow of Richard II. was restored to her parents, during which time Henry IV. and his son tried every means in their power to shake her childish constancy to the memory of Richard. But her "steady aversion," as Monstrelet calls her refusal, remained the same; the situation of this child was extraordinary, and her virtuous firmness more probable in a royal heroine of twenty-eight, than in one who had seen little more than half as many summers. At last the usurper resolved to restore the young widow to France, but refused to return her dowry, saying, that as a great favour he would agree to deduct its amount from the sum total that France still owed England for the ransom of king John. The jewels of the young queen he likewise retained, although it was expressly stipulated by the will of king Richard that in case of his death the rich jewels his little wife had brought from France should be restored to her. Henry could not plead ignorance of his cousin's testament, since the poor king's will, while he was yet alive, had been broken open to furnish articles of accusation against him.[1]

The royal virgin was approaching her fifteenth year when thus plundered, and, wearing the deep weeds of widowhood, she embarked at Dover for Calais, escorted by the same Sir Thomas Percy[2] who had attended her as chamberlain during her espousals. Notwithstanding the fact that his family had been "the ladder wherewithal the mounting Bolingbroke ascended the throne of Richard," there is little doubt that Sir Thomas Percy's heart ever beat loyally towards his rightful master, for he

[1] See these articles in Rapin, who makes no comment on this monstrous proceeding, which is really without precedent for absurdity.

[2] Afterwards the Earl of Worcester, so famous in the Percy rebellion.

was bathed in tears during the time he thus conducted the young widow of Richard to her native shores.

> " My queen to France from whence set forth in pomp
> She came adorned hither like sweet May,
> Sent back like Hallowmas, or shortest day."—*Shakspeare.*

Leulinghen, a town between Boulogne and Calais, a sort of frontier ground of the English territory, was the spot appointed for the restoration of Isabella to her uncle of Burgundy. It was on the 26th of July, 1402, when Sir Thomas Percy with streaming tears took the young queen by the arm, and delivered her with good grace into the hands of Waleran count St. Pol, surnamed the Righteous,[1] and received certain letters of quittance for her from the French. In these the English commissioners declared that the young queen was just as she had been received, and Percy offered to fight *à l'outrance* any one who should assert the contrary. To do the French justice, they could not have welcomed back their young princess royal with more enthusiasm and loyalty if she had been dowered with all the wealth of England, instead of returning destitute, and plundered of all but her beauty and honour.

The virtues and sweet temper of the youthful queen had won the affections of her English ladies, for our manuscript pursues[2]—

"Know, before the parties separated, they all wept most piteously, and when they came to quit the chapel of our Lady at Leulinghen, queen Isabel, whose young heart is full of tenderness and kindliness, brought all her English ladies, who were making sore lamentations, unto the French tents, where she made them dine with her. And after dinner, queen Isabel took all the jewels she had remaining, and divided them among the lords and ladies of England who had accompanied her, who all, nevertheless, wept mightily with sorrow at parting

[1] He was brother-in-law to king Richard.

[2] This is from the MSS. of the Ambassades. Hall's Chronicle says, Percy took a regular receipt for the queen that she had been safely delivered, worded somewhat like a receipt for a bale of merchandise.

with their young queen. Yet still she sweetly bade them 'be of good cheer,' though weeping herself; nevertheless, at the moment of parting all renewed their lamentations."

The damsel of Montpensier, sister to the count de la Marche, the damsel of Luxemburgh, sister to the count de St. Pol, and many other noble ladies, were sent by the queen of France to wait upon her daughter.

Then the count St. Pol led her to the dukes of Burgundy and Bourbon, who, with a large company of armed men, were waiting, intending, if any demur had taken place regarding the restoration of their niece, to have charged the English party over hill and over valley, and taken her back by force to her fair sire the king of France.[1]

She was received by her countrymen with every honour, and thence escorted to Boulogne and to Abbeville, where the duke of Burgundy, to celebrate her return, made a grand banquet. She then proceeded through France to Paris, "where her coming caused many a tear and many a smile.[2] Most kindly was she received by the king and queen of France; but though it was pretended by king Henry that she was restored with every honour, yet there was not any revenue or dower assigned her from England as queen-dowager."

Louis duke of Orleans, who was anxious to obtain the maiden queen as a bride for his promising heir, undertook to championize her wrongs. He sent a challenge, soon after her arrival in France, to Henry IV., defying him, as the plunderer of the young queen and the murderer of her husband, and offering to fight him in the lists on this quarrel. Henry coldly replied, "he knew of no precedent which offered the example of a crowned king entering the lists to fight a duel with a subject, however high the rank of that subject might be."

"How could you suffer," replies Isabella's uncle,[3] in

[1] Monstrelet, and MSS. of the Ambassades. [2] Monstrelet.

[3] These letters are translated in the "Pictorial History of England;" likewise see Carte, Monstrelet, and Guthrie.

his letter of defiance, "my much redoubted lady, madame queen of England, to return to her country desolate by the loss of her lord, despoiled of her dower, and of all the property she carried hence on her marriage? He who seeks to gain honour must support her cause. Are not noble knights bound to defend the rights of widows and virgins of virtuous life, such as my niece was known to lead?" He concludes his epistle with bitter thanks for the superior care Henry took of the safety of the French knights by refusing the combat, to what he did of the health and life of his own royal lord king Richard.

This taunt roused Henry into the indignant denial of the murder of his "dear lord and cousin king Richard, (whom God absolve.)" He continues, "God knows how and by whom that death was done,[1] but if you mean to say his death was caused by our order or consent, we answer that you lie, and will lie foully oft as you say so."

The pertinacity of Henry IV. to gain the "sweet young queen" as a bride for his gallant son was not overcome even by this furious correspondence with her uncle. In the year 1406, according to Monstrelet, he made a most extraordinary proposal, declaring that if the hand of Isabella (now in her eighteenth year) were bestowed on the prince of Wales, he would abdicate the English crown in favour of the young prince.[2] The royal council of France sat in debate on this offer for a long time; but the king's brother, Louis duke of Orleans, contended that he had the promise of the hand of Isabella for his son Charles of Angoulême; he represented the frauds of the king of England, and called to their memory the "steady aversion" of his niece to ally herself with the assassin of the husband she still loved.

[1] Here is an evident admission that Richard died by violence,—but Henry asserts without his orders; thus corroborating the account of the murder as connected with Sir Piers Exton. Had Richard been starved, Henry would have declared his blood was not shed.

[2] No English historian can believe this assertion, yet Gifford in his History of France does not dispute it.

An unfavourable answer was therefore given to the English ambassadors, who departed malcontent.

The betrothment of Isabella to her youthful cousin took place at Compiegne, where her mother, queen Isabeau, met the duke of Orleans and his son. Magnificent fêtes took place at the ceremony, consisting of "banquets, dancings, jousts, and other jollities." But the bride wept bitterly while her hand was pledged to a bridegroom so much younger than herself; the court charitably declared that her tears flowed on account of her losing the title of queen of England; but the heart of the fair young widow had been too severely schooled in adversity to mourn over a mere empty name.[1] Her thoughts were on king Richard.

The husband of Isabella became duke of Orleans in 1407, when his father was atrociously murdered in the Rue Barbette by his kinsman, the duke of Burgundy. Isabella took a decided part in demanding justice to be executed on the powerful assassin of her uncle and father-in-law.[2]

"The young queen-dowager of England came with her mother-in-law, Violante of Milan, duchess of Orleans, both dressed in the deepest weeds of black. They arrived without the walls of Paris in a charrette, or *wagon*, covered with black cloth, drawn by six snow-white steeds, whose funeral trappings strongly contrasted with their colour. Isabella and her mother-in-law sat weeping in the front of the wagon; a long file of mourning wagons, filled with the domestics of the princesses, followed. They were met at the gates by most of the princes of the blood."[3] This lugubrious train passed at a foot's pace through the streets of that capital stained by the slaughter of Orleans. The gloomy appearance of the procession, the downcast looks of the attendants, the flowing tears of the princesses, for a short time excited the indignation of the Parisians against the popular murderer, John of Burgundy. Isabella alighted at the

[1] Monstrelet. "Pictorial History of England."
[2] Chronicles of St. Denis. [3] Ibid.

gates of the Hôtel de St. Pol, where, throwing herself at the feet of her half-crazed father, she demanded, in concert with the duchess Violante, justice on the assassin of her uncle. The unfortunate king of France was thrown into fresh agonies of delirium by the violent excitement produced by the sight of his suppliant daughter and sister-in-law.

A year afterwards the same mournful procession traversed Paris again; Isabella again joined Violante in crying for justice, not to the unconscious king who was raving in delirium, but to the dauphin Louis, whose feeble hands held the reins of empire his father had dropped.

Soon after Isabella attended the deathbed of the duchess Violante, who died positively of a broken heart for the loss of Orleans. The following year Isabella was married to her cousin; the previous ceremony had been only betrothment. The elegant and precocious mind of this prince soon made the difference of the few years between his age and that of his bride forgotten. Isabella loved her husband entirely; he was the pride of his country, both in mind and person. He was that celebrated poet duke of Orleans, whose beautiful lyrics are still reckoned among the classics of France.[1] Just as Isabella seemed to have attained the height of human felicity, adored by the most accomplished prince in Europe, beloved by his family, and with no present alloy in her cup of happiness, death claimed her as his prey in the bloom of her life. She expired at the castle of Blois, in her twenty-second year, a few hours after the birth of her infant child, Sept. 13th, 1410. Her husband's grief amounted to frenzy; but after her infant was brought to him by her attendants, he shed tears, and

[1] In the public library of Grenoble is a fine copy of the poems of Charles duke of Orleans, the husband of this queen of England. It was written from his dictation by his secretary, Antoine l'Astisan. It has been copied for the Bibliotheque Royale. Another fine copy exists, richly illuminated, in the British Museum, supposed to have been transcribed for Henry VII.

became calmer while caressing it.[1] The first verses of Orleans that attained any celebrity were poured forth by his grief for this sad bereavement. He says—

Alas!
Death, who made thee so bold
To take from me my lovely princess,
Who was my comfort, my life,
My good, my pleasure, my riches?
Alas! I am lonely, bereft of my mate—
Adieu, my lady, my lily!
Our loves are for ever severed.

But a more finished lyric to the memory of Isabella, thus commences in French:[2]—

J'AI FAIT L'OBSEQUE DE MADAME.[3]

To make my lady's obsequies
My love a minster wrought,
And in the chantry service there
Was sung by doleful thought.
The tapers were of burning sighs,
That light and odour gave,
And grief illumined by tears
Irradiated her grave;
And round about, in quaintest guise,
Was carved—"Within this tomb there lies
The fairest thing to mortal eyes."

Above her lieth spread a tomb
Of gold and sapphires blue:
The gold doth shew her blessedness,
The sapphires mark her true;
For blessedness and truth in her
Were livelily portray'd,
When gracious God *with both his hands*
Her wondrous beauty made;
She was, to speak without disguise,
The fairest thing to mortal eyes.

[1] Isabella's infant was a little girl, who was reared, and afterwards married the duke of Alençon.

[2] We believe the translation is by the elegant pen of Mr. Carey. Whoever wishes further acquaintance with the lyrics of Charles of Orleans, will find many well worthy of attention translated by Miss L. Costello, in her truly poetical version of the Early Poets of France.

[3] This expression, *Madame*, simply denotes the title of Isabella; she was madame of France, both as eldest daughter to the king, and wife to

No more, no more ;. my heart doth faint,
When I the life recall
Of her who lived so free from taint,
So virtuous deem'd by all;
Who in herself was so complete,
I think that she was ta'en
By God to deck his Paradise,
And with his saints to reign;
For well she doth become the skies,
Whom, while on earth, each one did prize
The fairest thing to mortal eyes!

The exquisite beauty and *naïve* earnestness of the last verse will inspire all readers with respect for the genius of the second husband of our Isabella.

Isabella, thus passionately mourned in death by her husband, was happy in closing her eyes before the troublous era commenced, when sorrow and disgrace overwhelmed her family and her country. The infamy of her mother had not reached its climax during the life of Isabella. Charles of Orleans, by the peculiar malice of fortune, was doomed to a long imprisonment by the very man who had so often been refused by his wife—a circumstance which perhaps was not altogether forgotten by Henry V. The gallant husband of Isabella, after fighting desperately at Agincourt, was left for dead on the lost field, but, being dragged from beneath a heap of slain, was restored to unwelcome life by the care of a valiant English squire, Richard Waller. Orleans refused to eat or drink after recovering from his swoon, but was persuaded out of his resolution of starving himself to death by the philosophic and friendly remonstrances of Henry V. His wounds soon healed, and he was seen riding side by side with his conqueror and kinsman, conversing in the most friendly terms, a few days after the victory of Agincourt.

But after thus reconciling his unfortunate captive to life, Henry refused all ransom for him, because he was

the second prince of France. That the title of *Madame* was thus applied in the fourteenth century, see Froissart, when narrating the adventures of Isabella's mother-in-law, Violante of Milan.

the next heir to the throne of France after Charles the Dauphin. Orleans was sent to England, and at first confined at Groombridge, in Kent, the seat of Waller, but was afterwards consigned to a severe imprisonment in the tower of London, where he composed some of his most beautiful poems. It was well that his fine mind possessed resources in itself, for his captivity lasted twenty-three years!

Isabella was first interred at Blois in the abbey of St. Laumer, where her body was found entire, in 1624, curiously lapped in bands of linen, plated over with quicksilver. It was soon after transferred to the church of the Celestines, in Paris, the family burying-place of the line of Orleans.

# JOANNA OF NAVARRE.

## QUEEN OF HENRY IV.

## CHAPTER I.

Joanna's parentage—Descent—Evil character of her father—Her early youth—Contracted to the prince of Castile—Contract broken—Captured by the French—Rage of her father—Her release—Demanded by the duke of Bretagne—Dower—Marriage—Horrible death of her father—Her husband's jealousy of Oliver Clisson—Birth and death of Joanna's daughter—Heir of Bretagne born—French ambassadors saved by Joanna—Her conjugal influence—Her son betrothed to Joanna of France—Besieged at Vannes—She mediates a peace—Her daughter contracted to the heir of Derby (Henry V.)—Contract broken—Espousals of two of her children—Joanna's first acquaintance with the earl of Derby (Henry IV.) at Vannes—His floral emblem—Receives assistance from the duke—His successful enterprise—death of the duke of Bretagne—His will—Joanna regent of Bretagne—Her wise government—Inauguration of her son—Sought in marriage by Henry IV.—Outwits the pope—Married to Henry by proxy—Visit of the duke of Burgundy to Joanna—His presents to her and her children—Joanna puts her sons into his hands—Her deed of gift to her aunt.

JOANNA, or Jane of Navarre, the consort of Henry IV., is one of those queens of England whose records, as connected with the history of this country, are of a very obscure and mysterious character; yet the events of her life, when traced through foreign chronicles and unpublished sources of information, are replete with interest, forming an unprecedented chapter in the history of female royalty.

Joanna was the second daughter of a prince of evil repute, Charles d'Albret, king of Navarre, surnamed the Bad, whose mother was the only child of Louis X. of France, by Clemence of Hungary; and being barred by the Salique law from the throne of France, espoused the count of Evreux, and transmitted to her son the petty kingdom of Navarre.[1] By this illustrious maternal descent the father of Joanna was the representative of the elder line of St. Louis. Her mother was Jane, the daughter of the gallant and unfortunate John king of France. Joanna was born about the year 1370. She was contracted, in 1380, to John heir of Castile, at which time her eldest brother Charles,[2] heir of Navarre, was married to the sister of that prince. Political reasons caused her appointed bridegroom, on the death of his father, to break his engagement with Joanna, and to espouse a princess of Arragon.

The intrigues and crimes of Charles the Bad, who was perpetually engaging in some unprincipled project or other, with a view to establishing himself on the disputed throne of his grandfather,[3] rendered the early youth of Joanna and her brethren a season of painful vicissitude. On one of these occasions, when this unquiet prince had embroiled himself with the regents of France, Joanna and her two elder brothers, Charles and Pierre of Navarre, having been sent for better security to the Castle of Breteuil in Normandy, were, in the year 1381, made prisoners and carried to Paris, where they were detained as hostages for their father's future conduct. Charles le Mauvais, finding his entreaties for their liberation fruitless, out of revenge suborned a person to poison both the regents. The emissary was detected and put to

[1] Inherited from Jane queen of Navarre, the consort of Philip le Bel of France.

[2] Froissart.

[3] He is also accused by cotemporary historians of practising the dark mysteries of the occult sciences in the unhallowed privacy of his own palace; and it is certain that as a poisoner Charles of Navarre acquired an infamous celebrity throughout Europe.

death, but Charles, the greater criminal of the two, was out of the reach of justice.[1]

Joanna and her brother might have been imperilled by the lawless conduct of their father, had they not been in the hands of generous foes—the brothers of their deceased mother; but though detained for a considerable time as state prisoners in Paris, they were affectionately and honourably treated by the court of France. Their liberation was finally obtained through the mediation of the king of Castile, whose sister, the bride of young Charles of Navarre, with unceasing tears and supplications wrought upon him to intercede for their release. Thus did Joanna of Navarre owe her deliverance to the prince by whom she had been betrothed and forsaken.

In the year 1386, a marriage was negotiated between Joanna and John de Montfort, duke of Bretagne, surnamed the Valiant. This prince, who was in the decline of life, had already been twice married.[2] On the death of his last duchess without surviving issue, the dukes of Berri and Burgundy, fearing the duke would contract another English alliance, proposed their niece, Joanna of Navarre, to him for a wife.[3] The lady Jane of Navarre, Joanna's aunt, had married, seven years previously, the viscount de Rohan, a vassal and kinsman of the duke of Bretagne, and it was through the agency of this lady that the marriage between her new sovereign and her youthful niece was brought about.[4]

That this political union was, notwithstanding the disparity of years and the violent temper of the duke, agreeable to the bride, there is full evidence in the grateful remembrance which Joanna retained of the good

[1] Mezerai. Moreri.

[2] First to Mary Plantagenet, the daughter of his royal patron and protector, Edward III, with whose sons he had been educated and taught the science of war. Mary dying without children in the third year of her marriage, he espoused, secondly, Jane Holland, the half-sister of Richard II. of England.

[3] Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.

[4] Dom Morice.

offices of her aunt on this occasion,[1] long after the nuptial tie between her and her mature lord had been dissolved by death, and she had entered into matrimonial engagements with Henry IV. of England.

The duke of Bretagne having been induced, by the representations of the lady of Rohan and the nobles attached to the cause of France, to lend a favourable ear to the overtures for this alliance, demanded Joanna's hand of her father, and gave commission to Pierre de Lesnerac to man and appoint a vessel of war to convey the young princess to the shores of Bretagne.

Pierre embarked on the 12th of June, 1386. There is in "Preuves Historiques" a memorial of the expenses of Pierre de Lesnerac for this voyage, specifying that he stocked the vessels with the provisions required for the royal bride and her train.

The contract of marriage between the duke of Bretagne and Joanna was signed at Pampeluna, August 25th, 1386. The king of Navarre engaged to give his daughter 120,000 livres of gold of the coins of the kings of France, and 6,000 livres of the rents due to him on the lands of the viscount d'Avranches.[2] The duke, on his side, assigned to the princess for her dower the cities of Nantes and Guerrand, the barony of Rais, of Chatellenic de Touffon, and Guerche. Joanna then departed with Pierre de Lesnerac and her escort for Bretagne, and, on the 11th of September, 1386, was married to the duke of Bretagne at Saillé, near Guerrand, in the presence of many of the nobles, knights, and squires of Bretagne.[3] A succession of feasts and pageants of the most splendid description were given by the duke of Bretagne at Nantes in honour of his nuptials with his young bride.[4]

In the beginning of the new year, February, 1387, "in token of their mutual affection and delight in their union, the duke and duchess exchanged gifts of gold,

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. [2] Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.
[3] Dom. Morice. Preuves Historiques. [4] Froissart.

sapphires, pearls, and other costly gems, with horses, falcons, and various sorts of wines.[1]

Joanna appears to have possessed the greatest influence over her husband's heart, and to have been treated by him with the fondest consideration on all occasions, although her father was unable to fulfil his promise with regard to the portion the duke was to have received with her.

The death of Joanna's father, which took place the same year, was attended with circumstances of peculiar horror. He had long been suffering from a complication of maladies. In hopes of recovering his paralytic limbs from their mortal chillness, he caused his whole person to be sewn up in cloths dipped in spirits of wine and sulphur. One night, after these bandages had been fixed, neither knife nor scissors being at hand, the careless attendants applied the flame of the candle to sever the needle with which the linen had been sewn; the spirits of wine instantly ignited, and the wretched Charles was burned so dreadfully, that, after lingering several days, he expired,[2] January 1st, 1387, leaving his throne to his gallant patriotic son, Charles the Good, and his name to the general reprobation of all French chroniclers.

The Bretons, who had, according to Dom Morice, boded no good either to themselves or their duke from his connexion with this prince, far from sympathizing with the grief of their young duchess for the tragical death of her last surviving parent, rejoiced in the deliverance of the earth from a monster whose crimes had rendered him a disgrace to royalty.[3]

The last bad act of the life of Charles *le Mauvais* had been to insinuate to his irascible son-in-law that Oliver de Clisson entertained a criminal passion for the young duchess of Bretagne;[4] and this idea excited in his mind

[1] Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne. [2] Froissart.
[3] Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique. Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.
[4] MSS. process against the king of Navarre, quoted by Guthrie. Guthrie calls Joanna, by mistake, Mary.

a thirst for vengeance, which nearly involved him, and all connected with him, in ruin.

In early life, John the Valiant and Clisson had been united in the tenderest ties of friendship, and the courage and military skill of Clisson had greatly contributed to the establishment of this prince's claims to the dukedom of Bretagne. Latterly, however, Clisson had opposed the duke's political predilections in favour of England, as productive of much evil to Bretagne; and he had further caused great offence to the duke by ransoming at his own expense John count de Penthievres, the rival claimant of the duchy, from his long captivity in England, and marrying him to his eldest daughter and co-heiress, Margaret de Clisson, just at the time when there appeared a prospect of the duchess Joanna bringing an heir to Bretagne.[1]

Clisson was the commander of the armament preparing by France for the invasion of England, which was to sail from Treguer, in Bretagne, the king and regents of France imagining they had wholly secured the friendship of the duke by his marriage with their young kinswoman, Joanna of Navarre. Their plans were completely frustrated by the unexpected arrest of Clisson by the duke,[2] of which Froissart gives the following lively account; attributing, however, to political motives a proceeding which appears to have been dictated by furious jealousy.

Dissembling the deadly malice of his intentions under the deceitful blandishments with which the fell designs of hatred are so frequently masked, he wrote the most affectionate letters to the constable, requesting his presence as a vassal peer of Bretagne at a parliament which he had summoned to meet at Vannes, where his duchess was then holding her court at the Castle de la Motte.[3]

Suspecting no ill, the constable came with other nobles and knights to attend this parliament. The duke gave a grand dinner to the barons of Bretagne at his Castle de la Motte, and entertained them with an appearance of

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid. Chroniques de Bretagne. [3] Froissart.

the most affectionate hospitality till a late hour. The constable of France[1] then invited the duke and the same company to dine with him on the following day. The duke accepted the invitation very frankly, and behaved in the most friendly manner, seating himself among the guests, with whom he ate and drank, and conversed with every appearance of good-will. When the repast was concluded, he invited the constable Clisson, the lord de Beaumanoir, and some others, to come with him and see the improvements made by him at his fine Castle of Ermine, which he had nearly rebuilt and greatly beautified on the occasion of his late marriage with the princess of Navarre.

The duke's behaviour had been so gracious and winning, that his invitation was frankly accepted, and the unsuspecting nobles accompanied him on horseback to the castle. When they arrived, the duke, the constable, and the lords Laval and Beaumanoir dismounted, and began to view the apartments. The duke led the constable by the hand from chamber to chamber, and even into the cellars, where wine was offered. When they reached the entrance of the keep, the duke paused, and invited Clisson to enter and examine the construction of the building, while he remained in conversation with lord de Laval.[2]

The constable entered the tower alone, and ascended the staircase. When he had passed the first floor, some armed men, who had been ambushed there, shut the door below, seized him, dragged him into an apartment, and loaded him with three pair of fetters. As they were putting them on, they said, "My lord, forgive what we are doing, for we are compelled to this by the authority of the duke of Bretagne."

When the lord de Laval, who was at the entrance of the tower, heard the door shut with violence, he was afraid of some plot against his brother-in-law the constable, and turning to the duke, who looked as pale as

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

death, was confirmed that something wrong was intended, and cried out, "Ah! my lord, for God's sake, what are they doing? Do not use any violence against the constable."

"Lord de Laval," said the duke, "mount your horse, and go home while you may; I know very well what I am about."[1]

"My lord," said Laval, "I will never depart without my brother-in-law, the constable."

Then came the lord de Beaumanoir, whom the duke greatly hated, and asked, "Where the constable was?" The duke, drawing his dagger, advanced to him and said, "Beaumanoir, dost thou wish to be like thy master?"

"My lord," replied Beaumanoir, "I cannot believe my master to be otherwise than in good plight."

"I ask thee again, if thou wouldst wish to be like him?" reiterated the duke.

"Yes, my lord," replied Beaumanoir.

"Well, then, Beaumanoir," said the duke, holding the dagger towards him by the point, "since thou wouldst be like him, thou must thrust out one of thine eyes."[2]

This malignant taunt on the personal defect of the constable, emanating, as it doubtless did, from the jealous ire that was boiling in his breast, came with a worse grace from the ungrateful duke, since Clisson had lost his eye while fighting bravely in his cause at the battle of Auray. The lord de Beaumanoir, seeing from the expression of the duke's countenance that things were taking a bad turn, cast himself on his knee, and began to expostulate with him on the treachery of his conduct towards the constable and himself.

"Go, go!" interrupted the duke; "thou shalt have neither better nor worse than he." He then ordered Beaumanoir to be arrested,[3] dragged into another room, and loaded with fetters, his animosity against him almost equalling his hatred to Clisson.

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

The duke then called to him the Sieur Bazvalen, in whom he had the greatest confidence, and ordered him to put the constable to death at midnight as privately as possible. Bazvalen represented in vain the perilous consequences that would ensue; but the duke said, "he had resolved upon it, and would be obeyed." During the night, however, his passion subsiding, he repented of having given such orders, and at daybreak sent for Bazvalen, and asked if his directions had been obeyed.[1] On being answered in the affirmative, he cried out, "How! is Clisson dead?"

"Yes, my lord, he was drowned last night, and his body is buried in the garden," said Bazvalen.

"Alas!" replied the duke, "this is a most pitiful good-morrow. Begone, Messire Jehan, and never let me see you more!"[2]

As soon as Bazvalen had retired, the duke abandoned himself to agonies of remorse; he groaned and cried aloud in his despair, till his squires, valets, and officers of the household flew to his succour, supposing he was suffering intense bodily pain, but no one dared to speak to him, and he refused to receive food. Bazvalen, being informed of his state, returned to him, and said, "My lord, as I know the cause of your misery, I believe I can provide a remedy, since there is a cure for all things."

"Not for death," replied the duke.

Bazvalen then told him, that foreseeing the consequences and the remorse he would feel if the blind dictates of his passion had been obeyed, he had not executed his commands, and that the constable was still alive.

"What, Messire Jehan! is he not dead?" exclaimed the duke, and falling on Bazvalen's neck, embraced him in an ecstacy of joy. The lord de Laval then entering, renewed his supplications for the life of his brother-in-law Clisson, reminding the duke, in a very touching manner, of the early friendship that had subsisted be-

[1] Dom Morice's History of Bretagne.

[2] Ibid. A prisoner could be quietly drowned in his dungeon, by letting in the waters of the moat.

tween them when they were educated together in the same hotel with the duke of Lancaster, and what good service Clisson had since done him at the battle of Auray; and ended with imploring the duke to name any ransom he pleased for his intended victim.[1]

This was touching the right string, for the fury of the duke abated like that of "ancient Pistol" at the allusion to the crowns, and he named 100,000 florins, the strong town of Jugon, and several of the constable's castles, as the price of his relenting.

The lord de Laval then obtained an order from the duke for admittance to Clisson, for the gate of the keep was locked, and the keys were in the duke's chamber.[2] Clisson, who was fettered down to the floor in momentary expectation of death, felt his spirits revive at the sight of his faithful brother-in-law; and extravagant as the terms were which the duke of Bretagne had named, he offered no objection to them, verifying the Satanic aphorism, "that everything a man hath he will give for his life."

Clisson and Beaumanoir were then released from their fetters. Wine and plenty of provisions were set before them, for it should seem they had kept fast as well as vigil in their dungeons in Ermine Castle till the murderous ire of John the Valiant was overcome partly by the remorseful feelings which had disturbed his mind as soon as he supposed the crime had been perpetrated, and partly by the prospect of so much unexpected plunder as the florins, the castles, and the town, which had been guaranteed as the price of his relenting.

In four days' time the conditions were performed on the part of the constable by the lords de Laval and Beaumanoir. The duke of Bretagne was put into possession of the town of Jugon, the chateaus Broc, Josselin, and Le Blanc, and the hundred thousand florins were paid into his exchequer;[3] but, like most of the gains of iniquity, these acquisitions were of little ultimate advantage to the duke.

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

The arrest of the constable, though it only lasted for four days, had the effect of averting the threatened invasion from the shores of England; for as he was the commander-in-chief of the expedition, the officers of the armament, some of whom had joined it reluctantly from the first, allowed their men to disband themselves, and before their general was released from his perilous but brief captivity within the walls of Ermine, the whole force had melted away and dispersed.

Clisson carried his complaints to the court of France; and while a general feeling of indignation was excited at the baseness of the duke of Bretagne's conduct on this occasion, there were not wanting those whose invidious feelings towards the innocent duchess led them to glance at her as the prompter of the deed, by recalling to the attention of the enemies of the house of Albret, how France had been once before agitated by the assassination of Sir Charles d'Espaign, the then constable of France, by her father, the late king of Navarre.[1]

Several indignant remonstrances were addressed to the duke of Bretagne by the offended sovereign and regents of France; but so far from making the slightest concession or reparation for the outrages of which he had been guilty, John the Valiant told the bishop of Langres and the other envoys from the court of France, "that the only thing of which he repented was, that he had not slain the constable when he had him in his power."[2] The duke's insolent reply to the ambassadors was followed by a declaration of war from France. "He expected nothing less," says Froissart, "but his hatred against Clisson was so great that it deprived him of the use of his reason."[3] In fact, the frantic lengths to which this feeling carried him can only be accounted for on the grounds of the jealousy which the incendiary insinuations of the late king of Navarre had excited in his mind. The conduct of the duchess was, however, so prudent

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. Chron. de Bretagne.

and irreproachable, that no part of these angry and suspicious feelings were directed against her. She appears, from first to last, to have enjoyed the undivided affection and esteem of her lord. During this stormy period she continued to reside with him at the strong Castle of De la Motte; but they seldom ventured beyond the walls of Vannes for fear of ambuscades. The duke garrisoned and victualled the principal towns and castles in his dominions, and entered into a strict alliance with the young king of Navarre, Joanna's brother, whom he promised to assist in recovering his Norman dominions, if he would unite with him and the English against the French.[1]

In the midst of these troubles Joanna was delivered of her first-born child at the Castle of Nantes,—a daughter, who was baptized by Henri bishop of Vannes, and received the name of Joanna.[2] The infant only survived a few months. The grief of the youthful duchess for this bereavement was at length mitigated by a second prospect of her bringing an heir to her childless lord's dominions; but the anticipations of this joyful event were clouded by the gloomy aspect of the affairs of Bretagne, the duke having involved himself in a fearful predicament with France.

The council of the duke strongly urged the necessity of peace with France. Among other arguments, they represented the situation of the duchess, saying—"Your lady is now far advanced in her pregnancy, and you should pay attention that she be not alarmed; and as to her brother, he can give you but little support, for he has enough to do himself." The council concluded by imploring him to make peace with the lord of Clisson.

The duke was much struck on hearing this reasoning, and remained some time leaning over a window that opened into a court. His council were standing behind him. After some musing, he turned round and said,

[1] Froissart.

[2] Actes de Bretagne. Dom Morice. MSS. Ecclesiastical Chron. of Nantes.

"How can I ever love Oliver de Clisson, when the thing I most repent of in this world is not putting him to death, when I had him in my Castle of Ermine?"[1]

Stubborn and headstrong as the duke was, the fear of agitating his young consort decided him at last to yield an ungracious submission to his suzerain. Accordingly he went to Paris, and performed his long withheld homage to Charles VI.; and the feudal service of pouring water into a golden basin, and holding the napkin for the king to wash;[2] all this was done with evident ill-will; but the French monarch and princes overlooked the manner of the duke out of consideration for their kinswoman, the duchess Joanna, who, without taking any very decided part in politics, appears always to have used her influence for the purposes of conciliation. Few princesses could have been placed in a situation of greater difficulty than Joanna, while presiding over a court so torn with contending factions as that of Bretagne, as the consort of a prince old enough to have been her grandfather, and of so violent and irascible a temper, that from the time of their marriage he was always involving himself and his dominions in some trouble or other. Yet the combative disposition of John the Valiant need scarcely excite our wonder, when we reflect on the history of his early life, and the stormy scenes in which his infancy and childhood were passed. He might have said with truth—

"I was rocked in a buckler, and fed from a blade."

More than once was he brought forth in his nurse's arms, amidst the tumult of battle, to encourage the partisans of his father's title to the dukedom of Bretagne, or placed in his cradle on the ramparts of Hennebon during the memorable defence of that place by his mother, Margaret of Flanders.

The violent temper of the duke appears to have been chiefly exercised on men, for though he had three wives, he was tenderly beloved by them all.

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid. Chronicles of Bretagne.

In person this prince was a model of manly beauty. His portrait by the friar Jean Chaperon, in the church of the Cordeliers at Rennes, painted immediately after the decisive battle of Auray, which established his long-disputed claim to the throne of Bretagne, reminds us of the head of a youthful Apollo, so graceful and exquisitely proportioned are the features. He wears the crown and ermine mantle of Bretagne, with a small ruff, supported by a collar ornamented with gems, and clasped, both before and behind, with a jewel forming the centre of a rose. His favourite dog, no other than the faithless hound of oracular celebrity, which forsook the luckless Charles de Blois on the eve of the battle of Auray to fawn on him, is represented in the act of licking his shoulder.[1]

In the year 1388, Joanna brought an heir to Bretagne, who was baptized Pierre, but the duke afterwards changed his name to John.[2] This much-desired event was soon followed by the birth of the Princess Marie. The duchess, whose children were born in very quick succession, was on the eve of her third confinement, when her lord's secret treaties with his old friend and brother-in-law, Richard of England, drew from the regents of France very stern remonstrances. An embassy extraordinary, headed by no less a person than the duc de Berri, was sent by the council to complain of his intelligence with the enemies of France, and to require him to renew his oath of allegiance as a vassal peer of that realm.

So far, however, was the duke of Bretagne from being impressed with the high rank and importance of these envoys, that suspecting they intended to appeal to his nobles against his present line of conduct, he determined, in violation of those considerations which in all ages have rendered the persons of ambassadors sacred, to arrest them all, and keep them as hostages till he had made his own terms with France.[3] Le Moine de St.

[1] Froissart. [2] Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.
[3] Dom Morice. Mezerai.

Dennis, a contemporary historian, declares "he heard this from the very lips of the ambassadors, who related to him the peril from which they escaped through the prudence of Joanna." Fortunately for all parties, it happened that her younger brother, Pierre of Navarre, was at the court of Nantes, and being apprised of the duke's design, hastened to Joanna, whom he found at her toilet, and confided to her the alarming project then in agitation.

Joanna, who was then in hourly expectation of the birth of her fourth child, immediately perceived the dreadful consequences that would result from such an unheard-of outrage, and taking her infants in her arms, flew to the duke's apartment, half-dressed as she was, with her hair loose and dishevelled, and throwing herself at his feet, bathed in tears, conjured him, for the sake of those tender pledges of their mutual love, to abandon the rash design that passion had inspired, which, if persisted in, must involve himself and all belonging to him in utter ruin.[1]

The duke, who had kept his design a secret from his wife, was surprised at the manner of her address. After an agitated pause, he said—"Lady, how you came by your information, I know not; but rather than be the cause of such distress to you, I will revoke my order."[2] Joanna then prevailed on him to meet the ambassadors in the cathedral the next day, and afterwards to accompany them to Tours, where the king of France gave him a gracious reception, and induced him to renew his homage by promising to unite his second daughter Joanna of France with the heir of Bretagne.

High feasts and rejoicings celebrated the reconciliation of the duke of Bretagne with the king of France, and the treaty for the marriage between their children. On this occasion the choleric duke condescended, at the table of the king of France, to dine in company with

[1] Le Moine de St. Dennis, p. 257. Actes de Bretagne. Mezerai. Dom Morice.

[2] Argentre. Chronicles of Bretagne. Mezerai.

his rival, John of Bretagne; but not even there would he meet Sir Oliver Clisson,[1] so true is it that the aggressor is more difficult to conciliate than the injured party. This vindictive spirit on the part of the duke next betrayed him into the dishonourable proceeding of extending his protection to Sir Peter Craon, after a base attempt to assassinate the constable in the Place de St. Katherine.

The king of France was much exasperated when he heard that Craon was sheltered by the duke of Bretagne, and wrote a peremptory demand for him to be given up to justice. The royal messengers found the duke at his castle of Ermine with his duchess, and were civilly entertained. The duke positively denied any knowledge of Craon; but the king, being persuaded to the contrary, once more prepared to invade the duchy, with the avowed intention of deposing John the Valiant, and making himself the guardian of the young heir of Bretagne, Joanna's eldest son. The duke was preserved from the ruin that threatened him, by the alarming access of frenzy with which the king was seized in the scorching plains of Mans.[2]

Meantime, Sir Oliver Clisson raised a civil war in Bretagne, which greatly harassed the court. The duke lost all his ill-acquired gains, was forced to shut himself up in Vannes, with the duchess and their children, without venturing beyond the walls, as the warfare was of the most murderous nature, and quarter was given by neither party. Clisson had greatly the advantage in the contest, and, besides many important successes not necessary to record here, he twice captured all the gold and silver plate belonging to the duke and duchess, and many of their jewels and other precious effects, which enabled him to carry on the war against them; and though the duke was the sovereign of the country, there was not a Breton knight or squire who would bear arms against Clisson. At length, Joanna, who was, in her quiet way,

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid.

a much sounder politician than her lord, contrived to establish a sort of amicable understanding with some of the Breton nobles in the interest of Clisson, through her close connexion with the viscount Rohan, who was, at the same time, the son of her aunt, Jane of Navarre,[1] and Clisson's son-in-law.

The duke of Bretagne had, at length, become aware of the difficulties that surrounded him. He felt that he was growing old, and that his children were very young; and, excepting the duke and duchess of Burgundy, there was not a friend in the world who would take care of his wife and her infants. As to the branch of Navarre from which the duchess sprang, the wicked acts of her father had made that family remarkably unpopular in France. Therefore, he feared that if the hatred of Sir Oliver de Clisson and the count of Penthievres continued to be united against his house, his children and their mother would, in case of his decease, be left with many enemies.[2]

Having pondered these things in his mind, the duke, without asking advice from his council, called a secretary, to whom, on entering his chamber, he gave a large sheet of paper, and said, "Write down what I shall dictate." The secretary having made himself ready, the duke repeated every word that he was to write, and the letter was indited in the most friendly terms to Clisson, desiring him to devise some means for them to meet, when everything should be settled most amicably. The letter was folded up in the presence alone of the duke and his secretary, and the duke having sealed it with his own signet, called his most trusty varlet into the apartment, saying—

"Hasten to Castle Josselin, and say boldly that I have sent thee to speak to my cousin, Sir Oliver, the lord of Clisson. Thou wilt be introduced to him. Salute him from me. If he return the salute, give him this letter, and bring me back his answer, but on thy life tell no man." On the arrival of the varlet at Castle Josselin,

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid

the lord de Clisson examined the private signet of the duke, which he knew well, opened the letter, and read it two or three times over, and was much astonished at the friendly and affectionate terms in which it was compounded. After musing some time, he told the varlet he would consider his answer, and ordered him to be conducted to an apartment by himself. The attendants of the lord of Clisson were amazed at what they saw and heard, for never before had any one come from the duke of Bretagne without being immured in the deepest dungeon.[1]

Clisson wrote, in return, that if the duke wished to see him, he must send his son as a pledge, who would be taken the greatest care of till his return. This letter was sealed and given to the varlet, who hastened back to the duke at Vannes. On receiving the letter from the lord of Clisson, he paused after reading it, then exclaimed—

"I will do it; for since I mean to treat amicably with him, every cause of distrust must be removed." He then said to the viscount Rohan, "Viscount, you and the lord de Monboucher shall carry my little son to the Chateau Josselin, and bring back with you the lord de Clisson, for I am determined to make up our quarrel." Some days, however, elapsed before the duchess could resolve to part with her boy. At length her earnest desire of composing the strife overcame her maternal fears, and she permitted her kinsman Rohan to conduct the princely child to Castle Josselin. When Clisson saw the boy, and perceived the confidence the duke had placed in him, he was much affected.

The result was, that he and the duke's envoy set out together from Castle Josselin, carrying the boy with them, for Sir Oliver said—"He would give him back to his parents, as henceforth he should never distrust the duke, after the trial he had made of him." Such generosity was shewn on both sides, that it was no wonder a firm peace was the consequence. Sir Oliver dismounted at

[1] Froissart.

the convent of Dominicans, the place where the interview was appointed to take place. When the duke of Bretagne found that Sir Oliver had brought back his son, he was highly delighted with his generosity and courtesy, and, hastening to the convent, shut himself up in a chamber with Sir Oliver. Here they conversed some time; then they went privately down the garden, and entered a small boat that conveyed them to an empty ship anchored in the river, and, when at a distance from their people, they conferred for a long time. Their friends thought all the time they were conversing in the convent chamber. When they had arranged all matters thus secretly, they called their boatman, who rowed them to the church of the Dominicans, which they entered by a private door through the garden and cloisters, the duke holding Sir Oliver by the hand all the time. All who saw them thus were well pleased; indeed, the whole of Bretagne was made very happy when this peace was made public; but, owing to the extreme precautions of the duke, no one knew what passed during the conference on the river.

Such is the very interesting account given by Froissart of the reconciliation of these two deadly enemies. The Breton chroniclers attribute the pacification wholly to the influence of Joanna, an application having been made to her by viscount Rohan, the husband of her aunt, praying her good offices in mediating a peace between her lord and the rebel peers of Bretagne. In compliance with this request, she prevailed on the duke to rase the siege of Josselin, and to make those concessions to Clisson which produced the happy result of putting an end to the civil war.[1] Clisson agreed to pay ten thousand francs of gold to the duke, and, with the rest of the Breton barons, associated the duchess of Bretagne in the solemn oaths of homage which they renewed to their sovereign on the 28th of December, 1393, at Nantes.[2]

In the same year proposals of marriage were made by

[1] Le Baud, Chron. de Briocense. [2] Dom Morice.

Joanna's future husband, Henry of Lancaster, earl of Derby, to her niece, the young princess of Navarre, but the negotiation came to nothing.[1]

The following year, Marie of Bretagne, Joanna's eldest daughter, was contracted to the eldest son of this prince, afterwards Henry V. The duke of Bretagne engaged to give Marie one hundred and fifty thousand francs in gold for her portion. "The castle of Brest, though at that time in the possession of the English, was, at the especial desire of the duchess Joanna, appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials, and the residence of the youthful pair; but after the cession of this important town had been guaranteed by Richard II., the king of France contrived to break the marriage, by inducing the heir of Alençon to offer to marry the princess with a smaller dower than the heir of Lancaster was to have received with her."[2]

Marie was espoused to John of Alençon, June 26th, 1396, and a peculiar animosity always subsisted between her husband and the defrauded Henry of Lancaster. The heir of Bretagne was married to Joanna of France the same year. Previous to this ceremony, the young bridegroom received the sacrament of confirmation from Henry bishop of Vannes, and, according to the wish of his father, exchanged the name of Peter for that of John. The espousals were solemnized at the Hotel de St. Paul, by the archbishop of Rouen, in the presence of the king and queen of France, the queen of Sicily, the duke and duchess of Bretagne, and the dukes of Berri and Burgundy, Joanna's uncles.

The duke of Bretagne undertook a voyage to England, in 1398, to induce king Richard to restore to him the earldom of Richmond, which had been granted by Richard I. to his first queen, Anne of Bohemia, and, after her death, to Jane of Bretagne, the sister of the duke, who was married to Raoul Basset, an English knight. Richard restored the earldom to the duke, and

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. [2] Actes de Bretagne.

gave him an acquittance of all his debts to him; and the duke did the same by him at Windsor, 23rd of April, 1398. "It was time," says Dom Morice, with some *naïveté*, "that these princes should settle their accounts together, for the one was on the point of deposition, the other of death."

It was in the following year that Joanna first became acquainted with her second husband, Henry of Lancaster, during the period of his banishment from his native land. Henry was not only one of the most accomplished warriors and statesmen of the age in which he lived, but remarkable for his fine person and graceful manners. The vindictive jealousy of his cousin, Richard II. of England, had pursued him to the court of France, and exerted itself successfully to break the matrimonial engagements into which he was about to enter with the lady Marie of Berri, the daughter of Charles VI.'s uncle. This princess was cousin-german to Joanna, and in all probability was the object of Henry's affection, if we may form conclusions from the peculiar bitterness with which he ever appears to have recurred to Richard's arbitrary interference for the prevention of this marriage.

Charles VI. of France, though he entertained a personal friendship for Henry, whom he regarded as an ill-treated man, had reluctantly requested him to withdraw from his court, as his residence there was displeasing to Richard. Henry then turned his steps towards Bretagne; but, aware of the intimate connexion which subsisted between the duke and Richard, he paused at the castle of Blois, and sent one of the knights of his train forward to announce his approach to the court of Vannes, and to ascertain the nature of the reception the duke might be disposed to give him.

John the Valiant, according to Froissart, was piqued at the mistrust implied by this proceeding on the part of Henry; for, says that historian—"He was much attached to him, having always loved the duke of Lancaster, his father, better than the other sons of Edward III. 'Why,' said he to the knight, 'has our nephew stopped on the

road? It is foolish, for there is no knight whom I would so gladly see in Bretagne as my fair nephew the earl of Derby. Let him come and find a hearty welcome.'"[1] When the earl of Derby received this message, he immediately set forward for the dominions of the duke of Bretagne. The duke of Bretagne[2] met the earl at Nantes, and received him and his company with great joy. It was on this occasion that Henry first saw, and, if the chronicles of Bretagne may be relied on, conceived that esteem for the duchess Joanna, which afterwards induced him to become a suitor for her hand. We find he was accustomed to call the duke of Bretagne "his good uncle;" in memory of his first marriage with Mary of England;[3] and it is very probable that, in accordance with the manners of those times, he addressed the duchess Joanna, per courtesy, by the title of aunt. The archbishop of Canterbury accompanied Henry to the court of Bretagne incognito, having just arrived from England with an invitation to him from the Londoners and some of the nobles attached to his party, urging him to invade England, for the ostensible purpose of claiming his inheritance, the duchy of Lancaster.

Henry repeated this in confidence to the duke of Bretagne, and requested his advice. "Fair nephew," replied the duke, "the straightest road is the surest and best: you are in a perplexing situation, and ask advice —I would have you trust the Londoners. They are powerful, and will compel king Richard, who, I understand, has treated you unjustly, to do as they please. I will assist you with vessels, men at arms, and crossbows. You shall be conveyed to the shores of England in my ships, and my people shall defend you from any perils you may encounter on the voyage."[4]

Whether Henry of Lancaster was indebted to the good offices of the duchess Joanna for this favourable reply from the duke, history has not recorded. But as John the Valiant had hitherto been the fast friend, and,

[1] Froissart. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

as far as his disaffected nobles would permit, the faithful ally of his royal brother-in-law, Richard II., and now that his suzerain, Charles VI. of France, was united in the closest bonds of amity with that prince, and the young heir of Bretagne was espoused to the sister of his queen, it must have been some very powerful influence, scarcely less indeed than the eloquence of a bosom counsellor, that could have induced him to furnish Richard's mortal foe with the means of invading England. The purveyances of the aspiring Lancaster were, however, prepared at Vannes, and the duke of Bretagne came thither with his guest when all things were ready for his departure.[1] Henry was conveyed by three of the duke's vessels of war, freighted with men at arms and cross-bows. This royal adventurer, the banished Lancaster, appears to have been the person who gave to the *myosotis arvensis*, or, "forget-me-not," its emblematic and poetic meaning, by uniting it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of SS, with the initial letter of his *mot*, or watchword, "*Souveigne-vous de moy;*" thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance, and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York, Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and the violet of Napoleon, an historical flower. Poets and lovers have adopted the sentiment which makes the blue myosotis plead the cause of the absent by the eloquence of its popular name, "Forget-me-not;" but few indeed of those who, at parting, exchange this simple touching appeal to memory, are aware of the fact, that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was, perhaps, indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England.[2] We know not if Henry of Lancaster presented a *myosotis* to the duchess of Bretagne at his departure from the court of Vannes, but he afforded a convincing proof that his fair hostess was not forgotten

[1] Froissart.

[2] Willement's Regal Heraldry, p. 42. Anstis's Order of the Garter, vol. ii. p. 117.

by him, when a proper season arrived for claiming her remembrance.

The assistance rendered by the duke of Bretagne to the future husband of his consort, was the last important action of his life. He was at that time in declining health, and had once more involved himself in disputes with Clisson and his party. Clisson's daughter Margaret, countess de Penthievres, being a woman of an ambitious and daring spirit, was perpetually urging her husband and father to set up the rival title of the house of Blois to the duchy of Bretagne, and is accused by Alain Bouchard, and other of the Breton chroniclers, of having hastened the death of John the Valiant by poison or sorcery.

The duke was carefully attended by Joanna in his dying illness. By a codicil to his last will and testament, which he had made during his late visit to England, he confirms her dower and all his former gifts to his beloved companion, the duchess Joanna,[1] whom, with his eldest son John, count de Montfort, the bishop of Nantes, and his cousin the lord Montauban, he nominates his executors. The document concludes with these words: "In the absence of others, and in the presence of our said companion the duchess, this codicil is signed, 26th day of October, 1399.

"Dictated by our said lord the duke from his sick bed, and given under his seal in the castle tower, near Nantes, about the hour of vespers, in the presence of the duchess, Gile, a knight, Master Robert Brocherol, and Joanna Chesnel, wife of Guidones de Rupeforte. Written by J. de Ripa, notary, at the castle of Nantes."[2]

On the 1st of November, 1399, the duke breathed his last; and Joanna having been appointed by him as regent for their eldest son, the young duke, with the entire care of his person, assumed the reins of govern-

[1] In the year 1395, a very rich addition to the dower of Joanna was assigned by the duke, her husband. Chron. de Bretagne. Dom Morice.

[2] Preuves Historiques.

ment in his name.[1] Her first public act, after the funeral of her deceased lord had been solemnized in the cathedral church of Nantes, was a public reconciliation with Sir Oliver Clisson, his son-in-law, count de Penthievres, and the rest of the disaffected nobles who had been at open variance with her deceased lord.[2] She employed the prelates and some of the most prudent of the nobles of Bretagne to mediate this pacification; and after many journeys and much negotiation, concessions were made on both sides, and Clisson, with the rest of the malcontents, swore to obey the widowed duchess during the minority of their young duke her son. This treaty was signed and sealed at the castle of Blein, January 1, 1400.[3] Clisson's power in the duchy was so great, owing to his vast possessions there, his great popularity, and his influence as constable of France, that he might have been a most formidable enemy to the young duke, if the duchess-regent had not taken such laudable pains to conciliate him.[4]

When Joanna had exercised the sovereign authority

[1] Actes de Bretagne.

[2] Chron. de Bretagne. Preuves Hist.

[3] Actes de Bretagne.

[4] Alain Bouchard gives a very interesting account of Clisson's conduct when tempted by his daughter Marguerite, the wife of the rival claimant of the duchy, to destroy the infant family of the late duke when the death of that prince had left their destinies in a great measure in his hands. Marguerite, having heard that the duke of Burgundy, the uncle of the duchess Joanna and the king of France, was likely to have the guardianship of the duchy and of the persons of the princely minors, flew to the apartment of her father, exclaiming in great agitation—"My lord, my father! it now depends on you if ever my husband recover his inheritance! We have such beautiful children, I beseech you to assist us for their sakes." "What is it you would have me do?" said Clisson. "Can you not slay the children of the false duke before the duke of Burgundy can come to Bretagne?" replied she. "Ah, cruel and perverse woman!" exclaimed her father, with a burst of virtuous indignation; "if thou livest longer, thou wilt be the cause of involving thy children in infamy and ruin." And drawing his sword, in the first transports of his wrath he would have slain her on the spot, if she had not fled precipitately from his presence. "She did not wholly escape punishment," adds the chronicler, "for in her fright she fell, and broke her thigh-bone, of which she was lame for the rest of her life."

as regent for her son a year and a half, the young duke, accompanied by her, made his solemn entrance into Rennes, March 22, 1401, and took the oaths in the presence of his prelates and nobles, having entered his twelfth year. He then proceeded to the cathedral, and, according to the custom of the dukes, his predecessors, passed the night in prayer before the great altar of St. Peter. On the morrow, having heard mass, he was knighted by Clisson, and then conferred knighthood on his younger brothers, Arthur and Jules, after which he was invested with the ducal habit, circlet, and sword, by his prelates and nobles, and carried in procession through the city.

When the ecclesiastical ceremony was ended, the young duke mounted his horse, and, attended by his nobles, returned to the castle of Rennes, where a royal banquet had been prepared under the auspices of the duchess-regent.[1]

Joanna put her son in possession of the duchy at so tender an age, as a preliminary to her union with Henry of Lancaster, who had been in a great measure indebted to the good offices of her late lord for his elevation to the throne of England. Henry was at that time a widower; his first wife was Mary de Bohun, the co-heiress of the earl of Hereford, lord constable of England.[2]

[1] Alain Bouchard. Dom Morice.

[2] She was great-grand-daughter to Edward I. and Eleanora of Castile, and the richest heiress in England excepting her sister, who was married to Henry's uncle, Gloucester. She had possessions to the amount of forty thousand nobles per annum, arising from several earldoms and baronies. She was devoted to a conventual life by her interested brother-in-law, who had her in wardship, but evaded that destiny by marrying Henry of Lancaster, who, by the contrivance of her aunt, carried her off from Pleshy, and married her, 1384. She died in the bloom of life in 1394, leaving six infants—namely, the renowned Henry V., Thomas duke of Clarence, John duke of Bedford, regent of France, and Humphrey duke of Gloucester, protector of England; Blanche, married to the count palatine, and Philippa to Eric king of Denmark, the unworthy heir of Margaret Waldemar.

It was from Mary Bohun that Henry derived his title of duke of Hereford. Though her decease happened so many years before his eleva-

Joanna, to whom the proposal of a union with this prince appears to have been peculiarly agreeable, being aware that a serious obstacle existed on the important subject of religion, kept the affair a profound secret till she could obtain from the pope of Avignon a general dispensation to marry any one whom she pleased within the fourth degree of consanguinity, without naming the person;[1] Henry, (who had been educated in Wickliffite principles,) being at that time attached to the party of Boniface, the pope of Rome, or the anti-pope, as he was styled by those who denied his authority.

Joanna's agents negotiated this difficult arrangement so adroitly, that the bull was executed according to her desire, March 20, 1402, without the slightest suspicion being entertained by the orthodox court of Avignon that the schismatic king of England was the mysterious person within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, whom Benedict had so obligingly granted the duchess-dowager of Bretagne liberty to espouse.[2]

When Joanna had thus outwitted her pope, she despatched a trusty squire of her household, named Antoine Riczi, to conclude her treaty of marriage with king Henry. After the articles of this matrimonial alliance were signed, Joanna and her royal bridegroom were espoused by procuration at the palace of Eltham, on the third day of April, 1402, Antoine Riczi acting as the proxy of the bride.[3] What motive could have induced the lovely widow of John the Valiant of Bretagne to choose a male representative on this interesting occasion, it is difficult to say; but it is certain that Henry promised to take his august *fiancée* to wife in the person of the said Antoine Riczi, to whom he plighted his nuptial troth,[4] and on his finger he placed the bridal ring.[5] This

tion to the royal dignity, he caused masses to be said for the repose of her soul, under the title of queen Mary, by the monks of Sion Abbey, which he founded after he came to the throne of England.

[1] Lobineau. Preuves Hist. de Bretagne. [2] Dom Morice.
[3] Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.
[4] Lobineau. [5] Acts of the Privy Council, by Sir Harris Nicolas.

act was performed with great solemnity in the presence of the archbishop of Canterbury, the king's half-brothers, the Beaufort princes, the earl of Worcester, lord chamberlain of England, and other officers of state.[1]

Riczi had previously produced a letter from the duchess Joanna empowering him to contract matrimony with the king of England in her name, on which the trusty squire, having received king Henry's plight, pronounced that of Joanna in these words:—

"I, Antoine Riczi, in the person of my worshipful lady dame Joanna, the daughter of Charles, lately king of Navarre, duchess of Bretagne, and countess of Richmond, take you, Henry of Lancaster, king of England and lord of Ireland, to my husband, and thereto I, Antoine, in the spirit of my said lady, plight you my troth."[2]

No sooner was this ceremony concluded, than the rigid canonists represented to Joanna that she would commit a deadly sin by completing her marriage with a prince attached to the communion of pope Boniface. The case, however, not being without precedent, the court of Avignon thought it better to quiet the conscience of the duchess, thinking it possible that great advantages might be derived from her forming an alliance with the king of England, whose religious principles had hitherto been anything but stable.[3] She obtained, July 23, permission of her pope to live with the schismatic catholics, and even outwardly to conform to them by receiving the sacraments from their hands, provided that she remained firmly attached to the party of Benoit XIII.[4]

Meantime the court of France beheld with alarm the proceedings of the duchess, apprehending, and with reason, that it was her intention to carry her children with her to England, and to attach them to the interests of their royal step-father. The duke of Burgundy, who at that time had the principal direction of the government of France, found that to counteract king Henry's

[1] Lobineau. Hist. de Bretagne.
[2] MS. Chron. of Nantes.
[3] Dom Morice.
[4] MS. Chron. of Nantes.

policy it would be necessary for him to go in person to Bretagne. He proceeded to Nantes on the 1st of October. The duchess, having heard of his arrival, invited him to dinner, and regaled him sumptuously. The duke, on his part, having prepared a treat of a more important kind for the duchess, presented her, at the conclusion of the repast, with a rich crown and a sceptre of crystal, and another of gold ornamented with pearls and precious stones. He gave the young duke a buckle of gold adorned with rubies and pearls, a beautiful diamond, and a number of silver vessels. To his little brothers, Arthur earl of Richmond, and count Jules of Bretagne, he presented each a collar of gold enriched with rubies and pearls. He gave the countess of Rohan, Joanna's aunt, a splendid diamond, and a buckle to each of her ladies and damsels who were present. The lords in waiting and officers of the duchess's household were not forgotten in this magnificent distribution of largesses, in which the duke expended an immense sum.

These discreet gifts entirely gained the heart of the duchess, of the princes her children, of her lords, and officers, but, above all, of that most influential coterie, the ladies of her court and bedchamber. They were sure he would be the best person in the world to defend the rights and protect the person of their young duke, and to diffuse happiness and prosperity among his subjects, and they besought him to undertake the guardianship of the royal minors and their patrimony.

The duke accepted this charge as the nearest relation of the children of his friend and kinsman, the late duke, and the uncle of the duchess, and swore upon the holy evangelists to preserve faithfully the laws, liberties, and privileges of the Bretons. The duchess, having been thoroughly persuaded how much better it would be for the interests of her children to leave them under the care of this powerful protector, than to alienate the affections of the people of Bretagne by taking them to England, subscribed to the treaty.[1]

[1] Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.

After the duchess had confided the guardianship of her children to the duke of Burgundy, he departed from Nantes for Paris on the 3rd of November, 1402, after a stay of two months, taking with him the young duke and his two brothers Arthur and Jules. The duke was only in his thirteenth year, and the younger princes so small that they could scarcely guide the horse on which they were mounted one behind the other. They were conducted by the duke of Burgundy to Paris, where the young duke of Bretagne performed his homage to Charles VI. of France. Joanna had another son, named Richard, an infant, who is not mentioned in the Breton Chronicles as forming one of this party.[1]

One of Joanna's last actions as duchess of Bretagne was to secure to her aunt, Jane of Navarre, the wife of the viscount Rohan, a pension of £1000 per year, out of the rents of her dower city and county of Nantes. This deed, which is printed in the Fœdera, affords an interesting testimony of Joanna's affection for her deceased lord, as she expressly states that this annuity is granted not only in consideration of the nearness of kindred and friendship that is between her and her aunt, "but also for, and in remuneration of, the good pains and diligence she used to procure our marriage with our very dear and beloved lord, (whom God assoile.) Of which marriage it has pleased our Lord and Saviour that we should continue a noble line, to the great profit of the country of Bretagne, in our very dear and beloved son, the duke of Bretagne, and our other children, sons and daughters. And for this it was the will and pleasure of our said very dear and beloved lord, if he had had a longer life, to have bestowed many gifts and benefits on our said aunt, to aid her in her sustenance and provision."[2] This deed is executed at Vannes.

[1] Actes de Bretagne. Chron. Briocense. Dom Morice.

[2] Joanna's grant was confirmed by her betrothed husband, Henry IV. of England, to her aunt, under his great seal at Westminster, March 1st, 1402. Rymer's Fœdera.

# JOANNA OF NAVARRE,

## QUEEN OF HENRY IV.

## CHAPTER II.

Joanna assumes the title of queen—Writes to Henry IV.—Embarks for England—Her infants—Perils at sea—Lands at Falmouth—Married at Winchester—Nuptial feast—Honours paid to her by the Londoners—Historical picture of her coronation—Tournament—Her injunctions to her sons—King Henry's grants to Joanna—Arrival of her son Arthur—Joanna's foreign household—Queen's Breton servants dismissed—Income settled by parliament—Marriage of her two daughters—Peril from pirates—Unpopularity of Joanna—She mediates peace with Bretagne—Additions to her dower—Her monument to her first husband—Queen's lead mines—Her influence with the king—Sickness and death of king Henry—His will—Widowhood of Joanna—Respect paid to her by the new king—Her political influence—Capture of her son Arthur at Agincourt—Returns public thanks for the victory—Affecting interview between Joanna and her son—Joanna a lady of the Garter—Treachery of her confessor—Arrested at Havering Bower—Accused of sorcery—Goods and dower confiscated—Imprisoned at Leeds Castle—Removed to Pevensey—Her doleful captivity—Henry V.'s death-bed remorse—His letter of restitution—Her release—Petition to parliament—Restoration to her rank and possessions—Conflagration of her palace at Langley—Her death—Her children—Obsequies—Her tomb—Mysterious reports—Exhumation of the bodies of Henry IV. and Joanna.

JOANNA assumed the title of queen of England some months before her departure from Bretagne,[1] and she is mentioned as such in all contemporary documents. She appears to have exerted a sort of matrimonial influence

[1] Dom Morice. Rymer's Fœdera, vol. viii.

with her royal bridegroom soon after the ceremonial of their espousals had been performed by proxy; for we find that she wrote to Henry in behalf of one of her countrymen, the master of a Navarrese wine-ship, who had been plundered of his cargo, in the reign of Richard II., by William Prince, a captain in the earl of Arundel's fleet. Her intercession proved effectual; for king Henry, as he expressly states, "at the request of his dearest consort, enjoins his admiral, Thomas Rampstone, to see that proper satisfaction be made to the master of the wine-ship, by the said William Prince."[1]

Previous to her departure from Bretagne, Joanna sold the government of her castle of Nantes to Clisson for twelve thousand crowns; and having only tarried to complete this arrangement, she, on the 20th of December, 1402, proceeded to Camaret with her two infant daughters, Blanche and Marguerite, their nurses, and a numerous train of Breton and Navarrese attendants.[2]

The English fleet, with the two half-brothers of her affianced bridegroom, the earl of Somerset and Henry Beaufort, bishop of Lincoln, with Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, the lord chamberlain of England,[3] had been waiting at that port a considerable time. Joanna, with her daughters and her retinue, embarked at Camaret, January 13th, in a vessel of war commanded by the young earl of Arundel.[4] The expedition sailed the same day with a favourable wind, but encountered a dreadful tempest at sea, by which the vessels were much damaged. After tossing five days and five nights on the wintry waves, Joanna and her children were driven on the coast of Cornwall; and instead of landing at Southampton, their original destination, they disembarked at

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. Ibid. [2] Dom Morice. [3] Rymer's Fœdera.

[4] He was the son of the brave Richard Fitzallan, lord admiral of England, who was beheaded by Richard II. There is in the eighth volume of Rymer a lively supplication from this nobleman to the king, "setting forth that he had provided, by the royal command, a ship well appointed with victuals, arms, and thirty-six mariners, for the service of bringing our lady the queen from Bretagne, and praying to be reimbursed from the exchequer for these expenses."

Falmouth. From thence the illustrious travellers proceeded to Winchester, where king Henry was in waiting with his lords to receive his long-expected bride. The nuptials between Joanna and Henry were publicly solemnized, February 7th, 1403, in that ancient royal city, in the church of St. Swithin, with great pomp.[1] The bridal feast was very costly, having two courses of fish, and, at the end of the second, panthers crowned were introduced for what was, in the quaint language of the times, called a "*sottiltie*," or appropriate device. Eagles crowned formed the sottiltie at the end of the third course.[2]

Great preparations were made by the citizens of London to meet and welcome the newly-married consort of the sovereign of their choice on her approach to the metropolis. Among other expenses for the civic procession ordained in her honour, the Grocers' Company allowed Robert Stiens, their beadle, 6*s.* 8*d.* for riding into Suffolk to hire minstrels; he engaged six—namely, a *panel mynstrale et ses rampagnons*, probably meaning companions. This Suffolk musical band was paid four pounds for riding to Blackheath to meet the queen. The mayor, the aldermen, and sheriffs, went out in procession on this occasion, with the crafts in brown and blue, and every man a red hood on his head. Queen Joanna rested the first day at the Tower. That she went to Westminster in grand procession on the following, is ascertained by the entry for paying the said Suffolk minstrels 13*s.* 4*d.*, on the morrow, when the queen passed through Cheapside to Westminster.[3]

There is an exquisite drawing in the Cottonian MSS., illustrative of Joanna's coronation, which took place, February 26th, 1403, not quite three weeks after her bridal. She is there represented as a very majestic and graceful woman, in the meridian glory of her days, with

[1] Acts of Privy Council, by Sir H. Nicolas, vol. i. p. 189. Breton Chronicles. [2] Willement's Regal Heraldry, p. 31.
[3] Herbert's History of the Livery Companies.
[4] Julius E. 4, folio 202. Stow's Annals.

a form of the most symmetrical proportions, and a countenance of equal beauty. Her attitude is that of easy dignity. She is depicted in her coronation robes, which are of a peculiarly elegant form. Her dalmatica differs little in fashion from that worn by our sovereign lady queen Victoria at her inauguration. It partially displays her throat and bust, and is closed at the breast with a rich cordon and tassels. The mantle has apertures through which her arms are seen; they are bare, and very finely moulded. She is enthroned, not by the side of her royal husband, but with the same ceremonial honours that are paid to a queen regnant, in a chair of state placed singly under a rich canopy, emblazoned, and elevated on a very high platform, of an hexagonal shape, approached on every side by six steps. Two archbishops have just crowned her, and are still supporting the royal diadem on her head. Her hair falls in rich curls on her bosom. In her right hand she holds a sceptre, and in her left an orb surmounted by a cross—a very unusual attribute for a queen-consort, as it is a symbol of sovereignty, and could only have been allowed to queen Joanna as a very especial mark of her royal bridegroom's favour.

In this picture, a peeress in her coronet and robes of state, probably occupying the office of mistress of the robes, stands next the person of the queen, on her right hand, and just behind her are seen a group of noble maidens wearing wreaths of roses, like the train-bearers of her majesty queen Victoria; affording a curious but probably forgotten historical testimony that such was the costume prescribed anciently by the sumptuary regulations for the courtly demoiselles who were appointed to the honour of bearing the train of a queen of England at her coronation.

At this ceremonial, John lord de Latimer received forty marks for release of the almoner's dish placed before queen Joanna on the day of her coronation, he having the hereditary right of almoner on such occasions.[1]

[1] Issue Rolls, 297

Among other courtly pageants at queen Joanna's coronation a tournament was held, in which Beauchamp earl of Warwick, maintained the lists in honour of the royal bride. In the pictorial chronicles of the life and acts of this chivalric peer,[1] who was surnamed the Courteous, it is said that "he kept joust on the queen's part against all other comers, and so notably and knightly behaved himself as redounded to his noble fame and perpetual worship."

This quaint sentence is in explanation of another historical drawing in which "queen Jane," as she is there styled, is represented sitting in state with the king, attended by her ladies in an open gallery, beholding with evident satisfaction the prowess of her champion.

Instead of her royal robes, the queen is here represented in a gown fitting close to her shape, and has exchanged her crown for one of the lofty Syrian caps, then the prevailing head-dress for ladies of rank in England, with its large, stiff, transparent veil, supported on a frame-work at least two feet in height.

The queen's ladies-in-waiting wear hoods and veils very gracefully draped, and by no means emulating the towering head-gear of their royal mistress.

King Henry is by queen Joanna's side, wearing a furred gown and velvet cap of maintenance, looped up with a *fleur-de-lis*. His appearance is that of a gallant gentleman in middle life. The balcony in which the royal bride and bridegroom are seated is not unlike the royal stand at Ascot, only more exposed to public view; and the king and queen are both accommodated with the luxury of large square cushions for their elbows, with tassels at the corners. King Henry sits quite at ease, resting his arms on his cushion, but the queen leans forward and extends her hands with a gesture of great animation, as she looks down on the contest Warwick has just struck his opponent. He wears the bear and ragged staff on his helmet. This historical sketch, besides

[1] Cotton MSS. Julius E. 4. folio 202.

its great beauty, is very valuable for its delineation of costume.

Joanna of Navarre was the first widow since the Norman conquest who wore the crown matrimonial of England. She was, as we have seen, the mother of a large family. Her age, at the period of her second nuptials, must have been about three-and-thirty; and if past the morning freshness of her charms, her personal attractions were still very considerable. Her monumental effigy represents her as a model of feminine loveliness. Her exemplary conduct as the wife of the most irascible prince in Christendom, and the excellence of her government as regent for her eldest son, had afforded unquestionable evidence of the prudence and wisdom of this princess; and she was in possession of a very fine dower; yet the marriage was never popular in England.

It has been asserted by many historians, that Henry IV. married the duchess-dowager of Bretagne chiefly with the view of directing the councils of the young duke her son. If such were his motives, they were completely frustrated by the maternal feelings of Joanna, who, nobly consulting the welfare of her son, and the wishes of his subjects, rather than the interests of her second husband, placed her children, as we have seen, under the protection of the duke of Burgundy, previously to her departure from Bretagne; and even after her coronation as queen of England, we find, by her letters dated Westminster, March 9th, 1403, that she confirms her last act as duchess-regent of Bretagne by solemnly appointing "her well-beloved uncle, the duke of Burgundy, the guardian of her sons—the duke of Bretagne, Arthur, and Jules—and enjoins the young princes to be obedient to him, and to attend diligently to his advice."[1]

The bridal festivities of Henry IV. and his new queen were soon interrupted by the news of a descent of the French on the Isle of Wight; but the inhabitants com-

[1] Chron. de Bretagne.

pelled the invaders to retire to their ships with dishonour. Next the Breton fleet, being wholly under the direction of the court of France, put to sea and committed great depredations on the coast of Cornwall, and on the merchant shipping, causing much uneasiness to the king, and rendering the new queen distasteful to the nation.

The memorable Percy rebellion occurred in the same year; and it has been said that this was fomented by the earl of Worcester, in consequence of a disagreement between him and queen Joanna during her voyage from Bretagne. This might possibly have originated in some dispute with Joanna's natural brother, Charles of Navarre, who accompanied her to England in the capacity of chamberlain to herself.[1] Be this as it may, it is almost certain that the battle of Shrewsbury might have been prevented, if Worcester, who was employed by the insurgent lords to negotiate a pacification with Henry, had fairly and honestly stated the concessions the king was willing to make; but he did not, and his own ruin, with that of his whole house, was the result.[2] Part of the confiscated property of the Percys, especially the earl of Northumberland's mansion in Aldgate, was granted to queen Joanna by the king.

In the year 1404, Henry IV. granted to queen Joanna the new tower at the entrance of the great portals of his large hall against the palace of Westminster, adjacent to the king's treasury, for her to hold her councils, and for the negotiation of her affairs; also for her to hold her audiences for charters and writings therein; the queen to hold the same for the term of her natural life, having

[1] Chron. de Bretagne.

[2] A determined set was made against the life of the newly-wedded king, at the battle of Shrewsbury, by a certain number of champions among the insurgents, who had vowed to have his blood. This confederacy being suspected by Henry's partisans, thirteen stout gentlemen arrayed themselves in a dress similar to that which he was accustomed to wear, and were slain in different parts of the field. Henry killed no less than sixteen of his assailants with his own hand in self-defence that day, and, like his son, the prince of Wales, performed prodigies of valour.

free ingress and egress for herself and officers to the said tower.[1]

In the month of February, 1404, Joanna enjoyed the happiness of welcoming her second son, Arthur of Bretagne, to England, king Henry having been prevailed upon by her solicitations to bestow upon him the earldom of Richmond. This was the appanage of his elder brother; but as the performance of personal homage to the king of England was an indispensable condition to the investiture of a duke of Bretagne with this earldom, and Joanna's eldest son was entirely under the tutelage of the king of France, Henry's mortal foe, it would have been fruitless to demand liegeman's service of him; therefore the summons was, at Joanna's request, addressed to her second son, count Arthur.[2]

Joanna's happiness in this reunion was interrupted by the arrival of an envoy from her eldest son, the reigning duke, to demand the princesses Blanche and Marguerite, who resided with her in England. No offspring from her second marriage having been born, to divide with those beloved little ones the powerful affection with which the heart of the royal mother clung to the pledges of her former union, she could not for a time be prevailed upon to resign them, even when reminded that they were the property of the state.[3]

Her son, the duke of Bretagne, was so completely under the control of the father of his duchess, Charles VI., that he was compelled to espouse his quarrel against king Henry; and the French party in his dominions would have confiscated Joanna's rich dower, had she not vested the payment of it in the hands of several powerful nobles, her fast friends;[4] and she had her own officers, through whom she received her revenues.[5]

That she was satisfied with the conduct of her eldest son may be gathered from the fact that she presented

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. [2] Le Moine de St. Dennis. Dom Morice.
[3] Dom Morice's Chron. de Bretagne.
[4] Ibid. [5] Chron. de Bretagne.

him, on the 18th of November, 1404, with the sum of seventy thousand livres, that were due to her from her brother the king of Navarre, and six thousand livres of her rents in Normandy. Her gifts must have been very acceptable to the young duke; for, though residing in the ducal palace, and nominally exercising the sovereign authority, his finances were so closely controlled by the court of France, that he had not the power of giving away more than one hundred sols, without the approbation of his chancellor, and other officers appointed by the duke of Burgundy.[1]

At the commencement of the year 1405, king Henry, as he expressly states, "at the mediation and earnest solicitation of his beloved consort, queen Joanna, forgave and liberated, without ransom, all the prisoners taken in arms against him at Dartmouth by John Cornwal."[2] This natural exercise of conjugal influence in behalf of her former subjects, the piratical Bretons, increased the unpopularity in which the queen had involved both herself and her royal husband, by filling their palaces with a household made up of foreigners. A more fatal error can scarcely be committed by female royalty, in a country so constitutionally jealous and full of national pride as England.

The parliamentary records of the fifth year of Henry IV. testify, "that great discontents were engendered in the minds of all classes of men, on account of the influx of foreigners which the king's late marriage had introduced into the realm; the disorderly state of the royal household; and the evil influence exercised over public affairs by certain individuals supposed to be about the persons of the king and queen."

These grievances, as they were considered, attracting the attention of parliament, the Commons, with the consent of the Lords, proceeded to reform the royal household; and, as a preliminary step to their regulations, they required that four persons should be removed out of the

[1] Chron. de Bretagne.
[2] Rymer's Fœdera, vol. viii. These were Breton prisoners.

king's house—viz., the king's confessor, the abbot of Dore, with Derham and Crosbie, gentlemen of his chamber.

Henry, remembering full well that his title to the crown was derived from the voice of the people, far from testifying resentment at the interference of that hitherto disregarded branch of the legislature of England, the Commons, summoned the inimical members of his household to attend him in parliament, February 9th, 1404, which they, all but the abbot of Dore, did. The king then, in his speech from the throne,[1] said, "That he neither knew nor could imagine any particular cause or reason why the accused ought to be removed out of his household; nevertheless, as the Lords and Commons thought proper to have it so, considering it to be for the good of the realm, and most profitable to himself, to conform himself to their wishes, he would discharge them from his household forthwith." Our sovereign lord, continues the record, said further, "That he would do as much by any who were about his royal person, if they should incur the hatred and indignation of his people."

The Commons next appointed a committee of Lords, February 22, to make further regulations and alterations in the appointments of the royal household, especially in those connected with the queen, when it was resolved—"That all French persons, Bretons, Lombards, Italians, and Navarrese whatsoever, be removed out of the palace from the king and queen, except the queen's two daughters, Maria St. Parensy, Nicholas Alderwyche, and John Purian, and their wives.[2] This was complied with by Henry, and put into execution that very day; and we do not find that the queen Joanna offered any resistance to the wishes of the subjects and counsellors of her royal husband; but the Lords agreed to indulge her with a Breton cook, two knights, a damsel, two chambermaids,

[1] The substance of Henry's patriotic declaration is abstracted from the Rolls of Parliament, 5th of Henry IV. See also Guthrie's folio Hist. of England, vol. ii.; and Parl. Hist. vol. ii.

[2] Parliamentary Rolls, 5th of Henry IV., p. 572. Parliamentary Hist. Guthrie's Hist. of England.

one mistress, two ésquires, one nurse, and one chamber-maid for the queen's daughters, and a messenger to wait on them at certain times. In addition to these persons, Joanna retained eleven Breton lavanderers or washer-women, and a varlet lavanderer.[1]

Much wiser would it have been of Joanna if she had taken example by the politic condescension of the king to the wishes of their subjects, and yielded an unconditional assent to the dismission of her foreign attendants, since the retention of her Breton cook, chambermaids, washerwomen, &c., offered a pretence for a second interference from parliament.[2]

In this year the Commons presented a petition to the king, praying, among other things, "that the queen would be pleased to pay for her journeys to the king's houses, as queen Philippa had been used to do." Joanna had no settled revenue as queen of England at the time when this implied remonstrance was made by the Commons to king Henry, who was himself in the most urgent want of money, harassed with perpetual rebellions, especially in Wales, and without means to pay his mutinous and discontented troops their wages. "Every source of revenue," says Sir Harris Nicolas, in his luminous preface to the "Acts of the Privy Council," "had been anticipated, and it is scarcely possible to imagine a government in greater distress for money than that of Henry IV. at that moment." If Joanna had not been in the receipt of a splendid dower as duchess-dowager of Bretagne, she would have found herself involved in the most embarrassing straits as the consort of so impoverished a king as Henry.

But pecuniary cares and popular discontents were not the only troubles that disturbed the wedded life of Joanna of Navarre, who, though no longer young, was still sufficiently charming to become the theme of the following amatory stanzas, from no meaner pen than that of a

[1] Parliamentary Rolls, 4th Henry IV., p. 572.
[2] Parliamentary History, vol. ii.

royal Plantagenet poet, Edward duke of York, cousin-german to king Henry:—

"Excellent sovereign, seemly to see,[1]
Proved prudence peerless of price;
Bright blossom of benignity,
Of figure fairest, and freshest of days.

I recommend me to your royalness
As lowly as I can or may;
Beseeching inwardly your gentleness,
Let never faint heart love betray.

Your womanly beauty delicious
Hath me all bent unto its chain;
But grant to me your love gracious,
My heart will melt as snow in rain.

If ye but wist my life, and knew
Of all the pains that I y-feel,
I wis ye would upon me rue,
Although your heart were made of steel.

And though ye be of high renown,
Let mercy rule your heart so free;
From you, lady, this is my boon,
To grant me grace in some degree.

To mercy if ye will me take,
If such your will be for to do;
Then would I truly for my sake
Change my cheer, and slake my woe."

The arrest of the duke of York, who, after a series of loyal and valiant services to king Henry, was, on a very frivolous pretence, committed to a rigorous imprisonment in Pevensey castle, is possibly no less attributable to the personal jealousy of the king than the outrageous conduct of Joanna's first husband, the duke of Bretagne, towards his old friend Clisson, was to the same baleful passion.

The virtuous and matronly deportment of Joanna, however, both as duchess of Bretagne and queen of England, were such as to prevent the slightest shade of

[1] Walpole declares there is no doubt that the verses are by the duke of York; and as they are addressed to the queen of England, there was no other at that time but Joanna of Navarre.

suspicion from resting on her conduct. Whatever might have been the offence of the duke of York, Henry's displeasure was but temporary, for, in the course of three months, he was released, and restored to his old employments.[1]

The year 1406 commenced with fresh remonstrances from parliament, on the subject of Joanna's foreign attendants. The Commons having now assumed a decided voice in the legislation of England, John Tiptoft, the speaker, in his celebrated address for liberty of speaking, took occasion to comment on the disorderly state of the royal household, remarking, at the same time, "that the order of that house for removing aliens from the queen's court had been very ill observed." It was, on this, resolved by unanimous consent—"That certain strangers there enumerated, who did seem to be officers about the queen, should by a certain day depart the realm." Whereupon a writ to proclaim the same was directed to the sheriffs of London, the aliens being charged withal to bring in all patents of lands and annuities granted them by the king or queen.[2]

The parliament also took the liberty of recommending the sovereign to observe the strictest economy in his household. Henry received this advice very graciously, and promised to retrench all superfluous expenses, and restricted the expenditure of his establishment to £10,000 a year. He likewise declared his wish for the reformation of all abuses, and requested the parliament to take order for the payment of the debts of his household, and to grant a suitable income to his queen, for the maintenance of her state.[3] The request for the dower of queen Joanna was presented by John Tiptoft the speaker,

[1] The duke of York's ostensible crime was a supposed participation in the abduction of the heirs of Mortimer; but that he had never failed in his loyalty to the house of Lancaster was proved by Henry prince of Wales falling on his knees in parliament, and declaring that his life, and all his army in Wales, had been saved by the gallantry and wisdom of York. (Tyler's Henry V.)

[2] Parliamentary Rolls, 5th and 6th of Henry IV.

[3] Ibid.

and others of the Commons; and by vote of this parliament she was endowed with all the revenues enjoyed by Anne of Bohemia, the first queen of Richard II., to the value of ten thousand marks per annum; so that with wards, marriages, and other contingencies, her income was equal to that of any previous queen of England.[1]

King Henry granted a safe-conduct, January 4th, 1406, to John de Boyas, "the secretary of his dear and royal consort Johane, to enable her to negotiate certain matters in Bretagne with regard to her dower there; also for him to bring horses and other things for her use, provided nothing be attempted to the prejudice of the people and crown of England." Henry, at the same time, granted letters of protection to the masters of two ships from Bretagne, bringing lamps and other articles for the use of the queen.[2]

This year, Henry's youngest daughter, the princess Philippa, was married to Eric, king of Sweden and Denmark. About the same period, Joanna was compelled to resign her two youngest daughters, Blanche and Marguerite of Bretagne, to the repeated importunities of the duke their eldest brother, that prince having concluded marriages for both, which he considered would greatly strengthen his interests.[3]

After the departure of her daughters, queen Joanna retired with the king to her jointure palace, Leeds Castle, in Kent, to avoid the infection of the plague, which raged so dreadfully in London that thirty thousand people fell victims to its fury. After spending the greater part of the summer at Leeds, the king and queen, designing to

[1] Parliamentary Rolls, 6th Henry IV. [2] Rymer's Fœdera.

[3] Blanche was married at twelve years old to the viscount Lomagne, eldest son of Bernard count of Armagnac, June 30, 1406. The following year, Marguerite was espoused to Alan de Rohan, count of Poerhaet, the grandson of Sir Oliver Clisson, who died suddenly on the day of the marriage, June 26, 1407. It has been suspected that both these princesses were afterwards poisoned. The prior of Jocelin and a priest of Nantes were accused of this crime, and imprisoned; but nothing decisive could be proved.—MS. Ecclesiastical Chronicles of Nantes. Actes de Bretagne. Dom Morice. Chron. de Bretagne.

visit Norfolk, or, as some say, Pleshy in Essex, embarked at Queenborough in the Isle of Sheppey, with the intention of going by sea. The royal vessel was followed by four others with the attendants and baggage, when they were suddenly attacked by pirates, who were lying in wait at the Nore, who took four of the king's ships, and carried away Sir Thomas Rampstone, the vice-chamberlain, with all the king's furniture, plate, and wearing apparel. The king himself had a very narrow escape of falling into the hands of those bold adventurers.[1]

Notwithstanding her unpopularity with the English, Joanna took infinite pains to promote a good understanding between her husband and the duke her son. Henry, in his letters to the duke of Bretagne, May, 1407, addresses him as "his dearest son," and expresses "his earnest wish, on account of the close tie existing between them through his dearest consort, that peace and amity may be established to prevent the effusion of Christian blood."[2] The duke in reply says,—"As our dearest mother, the queen of England, has several times signified her wish that all good friendship should subsist between our very redoubted lord and father, Henry king of England and lord of Ireland, her lord and spouse, on one part, and ourselves on the other, we desire to enter into an amicable treaty."[3]

Accordingly, a truce between England and Bretagne was, through the mediation of Joanna, proclaimed on the 13th of September, 1407.[4] The town of Hereford was added to the queen's dower by king Henry the same year, and she was, with his sons, the prince of Wales, Thomas, John, and Humphrey, recommended by him to the parliament for further pecuniary grants.[5]

An interesting proof of Joanna's respect for the memory of her first lord, the husband of her youth and the father of her children, is to be found in one of the royal

[1] Hall. Speed. Stow.
[2] Rymer's Fœdera. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.
[5] Parliamentary History.

briefs in the Fœdera, dated February 24th, 1408, in which king Henry says, "At the request of our dearest consort, an alabaster tomb has been made for the defunct duke of Bretagne, formerly her husband, to be conveyed in the barge of St. Nicholas of Nantes to Bretagne, with three of our English lieges, the same who made the tomb—viz., Thomas Colyn, Thomas Holewell, and Thomas Poppeham, to place the said tomb in the church of Nantes, John Guyeharde, the master of the said barge, and ten mariners of Bretagne; and the said barge is to be considered by the English merchants under our especial protection."[1]

There is a fine engraving of this early specimen of English sculpture in the second volume of Dom Morice's Chronicles of Bretagne. It bears the recumbent figure of the warlike John de Montfort, duke of Bretagne, armed cap-à-pie, according to the fashion of the times.

In 1409, Henry IV. grants to Joanna six lead mines in England, with workmen and deputies to load her ship, and this he notifies to her son the duke of Bretagne, as these mines had been accustomed to export ore to Bretagne, and he wished the duke to remit the impost for the time to come. The king and queen kept their Christmas court this year at Eltham, which seems to have been a favourite abode with the royal pair.[2]

In the summer of 1412, Joanna received a visit from her third son, count Jules of Bretagne. Henry granted a safeconduct for him and his retinue, consisting of twenty persons, with horses and arms; but there was a provision that no banished person be brought into England in the prince's train, to the injury and peril of the realm.[3] The young prince only came to England to die. He was lord of Chantoce.

At the close of the parliament the same year, the speaker of the Commons once more recommended to the king the persons of the queen and the princes his sons, praying the advancement of their estates. The petition

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. [2] Stow. [3] Rymer.

was quite unreasonable as regarded queen Joanna, who enjoyed so large an income as queen of England, besides her rich dower from the states of Bretagne; but she never omitted an opportunity of adding to her wealth, which must have been very considerable.

Avarice was certainly the besetting sin of Joanna of Navarre; and this sordid propensity probably originated from the pressure of pecuniary cares with which she had to contend as princess of Navarre, as duchess of Bretagne, and during the first years of her marriage with king Henry. Her conduct as a step-mother appears to have been irreproachable. Even when the wild and profligate conduct of the heir of England had estranged him from his father's councils and affections, such confidential feelings subsisted between young Henry and Joanna, that he employed her influence for the purpose of obtaining the king's consent to the marriage of his ward, the young earl of March. To the disgrace of the queen, however, it is recorded by the indubitable evidence of the Issue Rolls, that she received, as the price of her good offices on this occasion, a promissory bribe from the prince, as the following entries testify:—

."To Joanna queen of England. In money paid to her by the hands of Parnelle Brocket and Nicholas Alderwych,[1] in part payment of a *greater sum* due to the said queen upon a private agreement, made between the said queen and our present lord the king, especially concerning the marriage of the earl of March, purchased and obtained of the said lady the queen by our said now lord the king, whilst he was prince of Wales.

"By writ privy seal, £100."[2]

"To Joan, queen of England. In money paid to the said queen by the hands of Robert Okeburn, in part payment of a certain greater sum agreed upon between

[1] This Nicholas Alderwych was one of queen Joanna's Bretagne attendants, whom she persisted in retaining at the time when the aliens were dismissed from the royal household by vote of parliament.

[2] Issue Rolls, 1st year Henry V., p. 325.

our said lord the king, whilst he was prince, and the said queen, for the marriage of the earl of March.

"By writ, £100."[1]

When we consider, that in point of legitimate descent the earl of March was the rightful sovereign of England, it is surprising how such a measure was ever advocated by the Lancastrian prince of Wales, or permitted by so profound a politician as his father, who must have been aware of the perilous consequences to his descendants; and it is a proof that the queen must have possessed an unbounded ascendancy over the mind of Henry IV. to be able to carry that point.

Henry IV., at that time sinking under a complication of infirmities, was probably indebted to the cherishing care of his consort for all the comfort he was capable of enjoying in life; and Joanna, who had learned so well how to adapt herself, while in early youth, to the wayward humours of her first husband, the most quarrelsome prince in Europe, was doubtless an adept in the art of pleasing, and of governing without appearing to do so.

Henry, though only in his forty-seventh year, was worn out with bodily and mental sufferings. His features, once so regularly beautiful, and of which he in some of his penitentiary observations, acknowledges himself to have been so proud,[2] became, in the autumn of this year, so marred and disfigured by that loathsome disease, the leprosy, as to prevent him from appearing in public.[3] On account of this mortal sickness, he kept his last Christmas at Eltham with his queen, in great seclusion. His complaint was accompanied by epileptic

[1] Issue Rolls, 1st year Henry V., p. 329.

[2] Hardyng's Chronicle.

[3] If we may trust the witness of Maydstone, a priestly historian devoted to the cause of Richard II., Henry IV. was smitten with the leprosy as with a blight, on the very day Scroope, archbishop of York, was executed for treason without benefit of clergy. The extreme anxiety of his mind at that crisis had probably given a complete revulsion to his constitution.

fits, or death-like trances, in which he sometimes lay for hours, without testifying any signs of life. He, however, rallied a little towards the close of the holydays, and was enabled after Candlemas to keep his birthday, and to return to his palace at Westminster. He was at his devotions before the shrine of St. Edward in the abbey when his last fatal stroke of apoplexy seized him, and it was supposed by every one that he was dead; but being removed to the abbot's lodgings, which were nearer than his own, and laid on a pallet before the fire, he revived, and asked, "where he was." He was told, "in the Jerusalem chamber." Henry received this answer as his knell; for it had been predicted of him that he should die in Jerusalem, which he supposed to be the holy city, and had solemnly received the cross, in token that it was his intention to undertake a crusade for the expiation of his sins. The blood he had shed in supporting his title to the throne lay very heavily on his conscience during the latter years of his reign, and in the hour of his departure, he particularly requested that the *miserere* should be read to him, which contained a penitential acknowledgment of sin, and a supplication to be delivered from "blood-guiltiness." He then called for his eldest son, Henry prince of Wales, to whom he addressed some admirable exhortations as to his future life and government. Shakspeare has repeated almost verbatim the death-bed eloquence of the expiring king, in that touching speech, commencing, "Come hither, Henry, sit thou on my bed," &c.[1]

King Henry was, doubtless, arrayed in his regal robes and diadem while publicly performing his devotions at the shrine of the royal saint, his popular predecessor; which accounts for the crown having been placed on his pillow, whence it was removed by his son Henry prince of Wales, during the long death-like swoon which deceived all present into the belief that the vital spark was extinct.

[1] Second Part of Henry IV., Act 5th.

Of the many historians who have recorded the interesting death-scene of Henry IV., not one has mentioned his consort, queen Joanna, as being present on that occasion.

King Henry's will, which was made three years before his death, bears testimony to the deep remorse and self-condemnation which accompanied him to the grave. This curious document, a copy of which was discovered by Sir Simon d'Ewes,[1] after diligent search, is as follows:—

"I, Henry, sinful wretch, by the grace of God king of England and of France, and lord of Ireland, being in mine whole mind, make my testament in manner and form that ensueth. First, I bequeath to Almighty God my sinful soul, the which had never been worthy to be made man but through his mercy and his grace, which life I have mispended, whereof I put me wholly at his grace and mercy with all mine heart. And at what time it liketh him of his mercy to take me, my body to be buried in the church of Canterbury, after the discretion of my cousin the archbishop. And I also thank my lords and true people for the true service they have done to me, and I ask their forgiveness if I have mis-intreated them in anywise; and as far as they have offended me in anywise, I pray God to forgive them it, and I do. And I will that my queen be endowed of the duchy of Lancaster." He leaves Henry V. his sole executor.

"The words," says Hardyng, "which the king said at his death were of high complaint, but nought of repentance or restoration of the right heirs of the crown."

Henry expired on St. Cuthbert's day, March 19th, 1413. He was buried by the side of Edward the Black Prince, with great pomp and state, Henry V., and all his nobility being present, upon Trinity Sunday next following the day of his death.

In the first years of her widowhood, queen Joanna received every mark of attention and respect from the new

[1] This was, perhaps, a codicil, for it differs from a will quoted in Rymer.

king, Henry V., who was anxious to avail himself of her good offices with her son, the duke of Bretagne, in order to secure the alliance of that prince in his projected wars with France. Henry, in his letters and treaties, always styles the duke of Bretagne his dearest brother, and the duke reciprocates the title when addressing him.[1] Joanna certainly exerted her influence with her son, in order to induce him to enter into amicable arrangements with England.[2]

According to some historians, Joanna was entrusted by her royal step-son with a share in the government, when he undertook his expedition against France. Speed, Stow, Hall, and Goodwin, and even that most industrious antiquarian, White Kennet, affirm that she was made queen-regent, and John duke of Bedford, protector and lord lieutenant of England;[3] and this assertion is to strengthen Trussel's text, who uses these words: "Henry appointed his mother-in-law, Joan de Navar, a woman of great prudence and judgment in national affairs, to be regent in his absence, with the advice of the privy council." But, notwithstanding these important authorities, there is no documentary evidence proving that such was the fact. She was, however, treated with higher consideration than was ever shewn to a queen-dowager of this country who was not also queen-mother, and appears to have enjoyed the favour and confidence of the king in no slight degree.

On the 18th of June, 1414, the day Henry quitted his metropolis, after having been in solemn procession to St. Paul's, with the lord mayor and corporation of the city of London, to offer his prayers and oblations for the

[1] Rymer's Fœdera.

[2] It is probable that it was on account of the duke's change of politics that the quarrel between him and his young duchess, the daughter of the king of France, took place, which ended in his beating his high-born consort. It was on this occasion that the duke of Orleans, who had espoused Isabel, the virgin widow of Richard II., the eldest sister of the duchess, told him "that the lion in his heart was not bigger than that of a child of a year old."—*Monstrelet.*

[3] Vol. i. p. 312.

success of his expedition, he returned to Westminster for the purpose of taking a personal leave of queen Joanna.[1] This circumstance is commemorated in a curious poem of the time:[2]—

"To Powlys then he held his way[3]
With all his lordys, sooth to say;
The mayor was ready, and met him there
With the crafts of London in good array.
'Hail, comely king,' the mayor 'gan say,
'The grace of God now be with thee,
And speed thee well in thy journey,
And grant thee ever more degree.'
'Amen!' quoth all the commonalty
To Saint Powlys then he held his way,
And offered there full worthily;
From thence to the queen the self-same day,
And took his leave full reverently."

This farewell visit to queen Joanna was the last thing Henry V. did previously to leaving his capital. Their perfect amity at that time may be inferred from Henry's gracious licence to the royal widow, whom he styles "his dearest mother, Joanna, queen of England," to reside with her retinue in any of his royal castles of Windsor, Wallingford, Berkhamstead, and Hertford, as of old, during his absence in foreign parts. This order is dated Winchester, June 30th, 1414.[4]

There are also various gifts and concessions granted by Henry V. to queen Joanna, on the rolls of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th years of his reign. Her eldest son, the duke of Bretagne, either from caution, or because he was unable to take a decided part in the great political contest between England and France, maintained a strict neutrality; but Arthur, her second son, boldly espousing the cause of France, was the first who attacked the outguards of Henry's camp near Agincourt, at the head of two thousand French cavalry. This fiery assault, his first essay in arms, was made at midnight on the eve of

[1] Sir Harris Nicolas's Agincourt, p. 24.
[2] Preserved among the Harleian MSS. 565, fol. 130.
[3] Rymer's Fœdera. [4] Ibid.

St. Crispin's day, in the midst of a tempest of wind and rain. Arthur was repulsed by the troops of his royal step-brother, and was desperately wounded and made prisoner in the battle the following day.

The chronicler from whom White Kennet has collated the reigns of the three Lancastrian sovereigns, records the capture of Arthur in these words:—"The son of the late duke of Bretagne, by the queen regent of England, was taken prisoner." The same author again mentions Joanna of Navarre by this title, when he says king Henry despatched a messenger over to England, to the queen-regent,[1] with news of his victory, which filled the nation with universal joy. *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches, and a mighty procession, consisting of the queen, prelates, and nobility, with the mayor and corporation of the city of London, walked from St. Paul's to Westminster on the following day, to return public thanks to Almighty God. The Chronicle of London[2] also states "that queen Johane, with her lords, attended by the mayor, aldermen, and several of the livery companies of London, walked in solemn procession from St. Paul's to Westminster abbey, to offer thanksgivings for the victory;" and having made a rich offering at the shrine of St. Edward, they all returned in triumph to the city, amidst the acclamations of the people.

Whoever might exult in the national triumph of Agincourt, Joanna had little cause for joy. The husband of her eldest daughter,[3] the gallant duke of Alençon, who clove king Henry's jewelled coronal with his battle-axe in the *melée*, was there slain. Her brother, Charles of Navarre, the constable of France, died of his wounds the following day; and Arthur, her young gallant son, was a captive. No trifling tax must the widowed queen have paid for greatness, when, instead of putting on her mourning weeds, and indulging in the natural grief of a fond

[1] White Kennet's Complete History of England, pp. 318, 319.

[2] Edited by Sir Harris Nicolas. Harrison's Survey of London.

[3] Marie of Bretagne, who was formerly betrothed to Henry V.

mother's heart, for these family calamities, she was called upon to assume the glittering trappings of state, and to take the leading part in a public pageant of rejoicing. Till this latter duty was performed as befitted the queen of England, she forbore to weep, and make lamentation for the dead, or to bewail the captivity of him who was led a prisoner in the train of the royal victor.

The trials of Joanna only commenced with the battle of Agincourt, for she had to endure much maternal anxiety as to the future position of her eldest son, the reigning duke of Bretagne, with whose temporizing conduct Henry V. was greatly exasperated; and she had to perform the hard task of welcoming with deceitful smiles and congratulations the haughty victor who had wrought her house such woe, and who was the arbiter of her son Arthur's fate. Arthur of Bretagne, as earl of Richmond, was Henry's subject, and by bearing arms against him at Agincourt had violated his liegeman's oath, and stood in a very different position with his royal step-brother from the other prisoners. Well was it for him, considering the vindictive temper of Henry V., that the queen had in former times laid that prince under obligations, by assisting him in time of need with pecuniary aid. The first interview between Joanna and her captive son is perhaps one of the most touching passages in history. They had not seen each other since 1404, when Arthur as a boy visited the court of England, to receive the investiture of the earldom of Richmond from his royal step-father, Henry IV., twelve years before; and Joanna, anxious to ascertain whether he retained any remembrance of her person, which, perhaps, she felt was faded by years of anxious tendance on a husband sick alike in body and mind, yet fondly hoping that maternal instinct would lead him to his mother's arms, placed one of her ladies in her chair of state, and retired among her attendants, two of whom stood before her, while she watched what would follow. Arthur, as might be expected, took the queen's representative for his mother; she supported the character for some time, and desired him to pay his

compliments to her ladies. When in turn he came to Joanna, her heart betrayed her, and she exclaimed, "Unhappy son, do you not know me?" The call of nature was felt; both mother and son burst into tears. They then embraced with great tenderness, and she gave him a thousand nobles, which the princely youth distributed among his fellow-prisoners and his guards, together with some apparel. But, after this interview, Henry V. prevented all communication between the mother and her son.[1]

Arthur was doomed to waste the flower of his youth in a rigorous confinement, first in the Tower of London, and afterwards in Fotheringay Castle, Henry V. being too much exasperated against him to listen to Joanna's intercessions, either for his release or ransom. Henry, however, continued to treat his royal step-mother with great respect and high consideration. At the feast of St. George, 1416, queen Joanna, who was a lady of the Garter, with his aunts, the queens of Spain and Portugal, his sisters, the queen of Denmark and duchess of Holland, received each eight ells of blue-coloured cloth, with two furs made of three hundred bellies of miniver, and one hundred and seventy garter stripes to correspond, to make them robes, furred and embroidered with the military order of the Garter, all alike, as the gift of the king. Henry, on this occasion, presented cloth and fur to a chosen number of the great ladies of the court, as well as to the princes of the blood-royal and the knights of the Garter, that they might all appear in the robes of their order, to grace the high festival of that year.[2]

Henry was induced to conclude a truce with the duke of Bretagne, as he himself specifies, "at the prayer of Joanna,"[3] whom he styles "that excellent and most dear lady, the queen our mother." This was in the year 1417.

[1] Histoire d'Artur, 3rd Duc de Bretagne. From Sir Harris Nicolas's Agincourt, p. 158, vol. ii.
[2] Rymer's Fœdera. [3] Ibid.

July, 1418, king Henry directs his collectors of the port of London to allow three sealed cases of money, sixty pipes of wine, seven baskets of lamps, two bales of cloth of Josselin,[1] and one barrel of anchovies, coming to his dearest mother, Joanna queen of England, at her need, in the ship called the St. Nicholas of Nantes, to pass without collecting any impost or due. The same day he directs the authorities of the ports of Plymouth and Dartmouth to admit, free of all duty, Johan de Moine, from the ports of Bretagne, with eight great barrels of wine of Tyre and Malmsey for his dearest mother, Joanna queen of England, from her son, the duke of Bretagne.

The year following, Joanna was arrested at her dower palace of Havering Bower, by the order of the duke of Bedford, the regent of England. These are Walsingham, a contemporary historian's, words:[2]—"The king's step-mother, queen Johanne, being accused by certain persons of an act of witchcraft, which would have tended to the king's harm, was committed, all her attendants being removed, to the custody of Sir John Pelham, who, having furnished her with nine servants, placed her in Pevensey Castle, there to be kept under his control."[3] Joanna's principal accuser was her confessor, John Randolf, a Minorite friar; though it seems Henry had had

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. This cloth was a species of linen manufacture, much of the nature of Holland; it was the finest of that linen called Rennes cloth, for which Bretagne was famous in the middle ages. Rennes sheets were often left by will as costly luxuries; they figure in Sir John Falstaff's household inventory.

[2] Likewise Holinshed, Speed, Stow. Parliamentary History of England.

[3] The Chronicle of London, a cotemporary, also gives this account:—"Also this same year Frere Randolf, a master of divinity, that some time was the queen's confessor, at the exciting of the said queen, by sorcery and necromancy wrought for to *astroy* the king; but, as God wolde, his falseness was at last espied, wherefore by common parliament the queen forfeited her lands."

This Chronicle makes the circumstance contemporary with the siege of Rouen.

Otterbourne merely says, Joanna committed an infamous maleficium, and was taken from her family and given to the charge of lord John Pelham in the castle of Pevensey. He notes it in the events of 1419.

previous information that the queen-dowager, with the aid of two domestic sorcerers, Roger Colles of Salisbury, and Petronel Brocart, was dealing with the powers of darkness for his destruction.[1] John Randolf was arrested at the Isle of Guernsey, and sent over to the king in Normandy,[2] where his confessions seem to have determined Henry to proceedings of the utmost rigour against his royal step-mother, who was, as we have said, forthwith arrested, with the suspected members of her household, and committed as a close prisoner, first to the castle of Leeds, one of her own palaces, and afterwards to that of Pevensey. She was, by Henry's order, deprived not only of her rich dower lands and tenements, but of all her money, furniture, and personal property, even to her wearing apparel. Her servants were dismissed, and others placed about her by the authority of her gaoler, Sir John Pelham.[3] These circumstances are all set forth in the following extract from the Parliamentary Rolls for 7th Henry V.:—

"Be it remembered that upon information given to the king our sovereign lord, as well by the relation and confession of one friar John Randolf, of the order of Friars Minors, as by other credible evidences, that Johanne queen of England had compassed and imagined the death and destruction of our said lord the king, in the most high and horrible manner that could be devised; the which compassing, imagination, and destruction have been openly published throughout all England. So it is by the council of the lord the king advised, assented, and ordained, that, amongst other things, all the goods and chattels of the said queen, and also all the goods and chattels of Roger Colles of Salisbury, and of Petronel Brocart, lately residing with the said queen, who are notoriously suspected of the said treason, in whose hands soever they may be, which the said queen had (or the said other persons before named) on the 27th day of September last past and since, and also all the issues, rents, &c. of all castles, manors, &c., which the said queen held in dower and otherwise, should be received and kept by the treasurer of England, or his deputy for the time being, who should have the custody of the said goods and chattels, &c., and that letters patent should be passed under the great seal in that behalf; and that the said treasurer or his deputy should provide for the support of

[1] Holinshed. [2] Ibid. Parliamentary Records.
[3] Ibid. Parliamentary Records.

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the said queen and the servants assigned to her, honestly, according to the advice of the council, openly read in this parliament. And because it was doubted whether persons bound to pay rents, &c. to the queen could be surely discharged, it is ordained in this present parliament, at the request of the Commons assembled, all such persons, upon payment to the treasurer, should be protected against the said queen in all time to come."

In the Issue Roll for the same year[1] is the following entry:—

"27th November. To Sir John Pelham, knight, appointed by the king and council for the governance and safe custody of Joan queen of England. In money paid to him by the hands of Richard le Verer, her esquire, in advance, for the support and safe custody of the queen aforesaid, 166*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Master Peter de Ofball was appointed the said queen's physician."[2]

White Kennet asserts that Joanna was brought to a trial, that she was convicted, and forfeited her goods by sentence of parliament; but of this there is not the slightest proof. On the contrary, it is quite certain that she never was allowed an opportunity of justifying herself from the dark allegations that were brought against her. She was condemned unheard, despoiled of her property, and consigned to years of solitary confinement, without the slightest regard to law or justice. Her perfidious confessor, Randolf, while disputing with the parson of St. Peter's ad Vincula, was for ever silenced, by the combative priest strangling him in the midst of his debate.[3] The fury with which the argument was pursued, and its murderous termination, would suggest the idea that the guilt or innocence of their royal mistress must have been the subject of discussion. Be this as it may, the death of Randolf under these circumstances leaves undetailed the "high and horrible means" whereby the royal widow was accused of practising against the life of the king. He was the only witness against her, and by his death the whole affair remains among the most inscrutable of historical mysteries.

There is, however, among the unpublished papers of

[1] 7th Henry V. [2] Devon's Extracts from Pell Records, p. 362.
[3] Bayley's History of the Tower. Speed. Holinshed.

Rymer, a document which seems to throw some light on the affair, by evidencing the previous attempts of Henry V. to extort from Joanna the principal part of her dower in loans; for we find that in the beginning of the year she was arrested. He enjoins "his dear chevalier William Kynwolmersh to send all the sums of money he can possibly borrow of the dower of Johane, the queen, late wife of our sovereign lord and sire, the late king, whom God assoil. Let these sums be sent from time to time without fail, leaving her only money enough for her reasonable expenses, and to pay any annuities she may have granted."[1]

In all probability, Joanna's resistance of this oppression was answered by her arrest on the frivolous accusation, which afforded the king a pretence for replenishing his exhausted coffers at her expense.

Joanna did not enjoy the solace of her young and gallant son Arthur's company in her captivity. Their doleful years of durance were wasted in separate prison-houses.

The return of the royal victor of Agincourt, with his beautiful and illustrious bride, brought no amelioration to the condition of the unfortunate queen-dowager and her son. Katherine of Valois was nearly related in blood to Joanna of Navarre, being the daughter of her cousin-germain, Charles VI. She was also sister to the young duchess of Bretagne, her daughter-in-law; yet Joanna received neither sympathy nor attention from her, but had the mortification of knowing that her dower, or, at least, the larger part of it, was appropriated to maintain Katherine's state as queen of England.

Henry V. likewise presented the abbess of Syon with a thousand marks, from the revenues of the imprisoned queen.[2]

We find in the Acts of the Privy Council that Henry returned a favourable answer to the petition of William

[1] *Faire louez* is the expression used by the king. Unpublished MSS. of Rymer, 4602. Plut. cxiii. v.

[2] Tyler's Life of Henry V.

Pomeroy, one of Joanna's esquires, who humbly supplicates for a continuance of a pension of twenty marks a year, which had formerly been granted by the queen Johanne in reward of his long and faithful services to her. Henry with his own hand has written, "We wol that he have the twenty marcs."[1]

In the fourth year of her captivity an important prisoner of state was consigned to the same fortress in which the queen-dowager was incarcerated. This was Sir John Mortimer, the uncle of the earl of March.[2] His frequent attempts to escape from the Tower caused him to be removed to the gloomy fortress of Pevensey. The widow of Henry IV. being confined within the same dark walls with this fettered lion of the rival house of Mortimer, is a curious and romantic circumstance. Yet, when Mortimer arrived at Pevensey, the period of Joanna's incarceration there was drawing to a close. Her royal persecutor, the puissant conqueror of France, feeling the awful moment was at hand when he must lay his sceptre in the dust, and render up an account of the manner in which he had exercised his regal power, was seized with late remorse for the wrong and robbery of which he had been guilty towards his father's widow; and knowing that repentance without restitution is of little avail in a case of conscience, he addressed the following injunction to the bishops and lords of his council, dated July 13, 1422:—

"Right worshipful fathers in God, our right trusty and well-beloved: Howbeit we have taken into our hand till a certain time, and for such causes as ye know, the dowers of our mother, queen Johanne, except a certain pension thereof yearly, which we assigned for the expense reasonable of her and of a certain menie[3] that should be about her; we, doubting lest it should be a charge unto our conscience for to occupy forth longer the said dower in this wise, the which charge we be advised no longer to bear on our conscience, will and charge you, as ye will appear before God for us in this case, and stand discharged in your own conscience also, that ye make deliverance unto our said mother, the queen, wholly of her said dower, and suffer her to receive

[1] Acts of Privy Council. Edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, vol. ii. p. 302
[2] Ibid.
[3] Household servants; from which word comes the term menial.

it as she did heretofore; and that she make her officers whom she list, so they be our liegemen and good men, and that therefore we have given in charge and commandment at this time to make her full restitution of her dower above said. Furthermore, we will and charge you that her beds and all other things moveable that we had of her, ye deliver her again. And ordain her that she have of such cloth and of such colour as she will devise herself v. or vi. gowns, such as she useth to wear. And because we suppose she will soon remove from the palace where she now is, that ye ordain her horses for eleven chares,[1] and let her remove them into whatsoever place within our realm that her list and when her list, &c.

"Written the thirteenth day of July, the year of our reign tenth."[2]

In common justice, Henry ought to have made this *amende* perfect, by adding a declaration of his royal step-mother's innocence from the foul charge which had been the ostensible pretext for the persecution to which she had been subjected. His letter contains in effect, however, if not the words, a complete exoneration of queen Joanna; and it appears unaccountable that any apologist should be found to justify the conqueror of Agincourt for acts which were so sore a burden to his departing spirit, and which he himself confesses in this memorable letter, "that he had been advised no longer to bear on his conscience," lest he should rue it hereafter.

The spoliation of the queen-dowager had extended, we find, even to the sequestration of her beds and rich array. Whether the peace-offering of five or six new gowns, with the royal permission for the injured lady to consult her own taste in the colour, material, and fashion of the same, was considered by Joanna as a sufficient compensation for the wrong and robbery and weary imprisonment she had undergone, is doubtful. But be this as it might, and even if the gowns which the warlike majesty of England so solemnly enjoins his chancellor and the other lords spiritual and temporal of his council to endow her with, were promptly rendered, it is certain she could not have enjoyed the satisfaction

[1] Cars or chariots.

[2] Parliamentary Rolls, 1st Henry VI., where there is also an inventory of queen Johanne's sequestrated property.

of appearing in them, courtly etiquette compelling her, within seven weeks after the date of Henry's letter of restitution, to assume the mockery of mourning weeds for his decease. This event occurred August 31, 1422. But it appears that some amelioration had taken place in regard to Joanna's captivity, for by a contemporary document it is evident she had been removed to Leeds Castle the same summer, as the following entries appear in her household book,[1] dated July 14th, first year of Henry VI. It is to be observed, that first the duke of Gloucester, and then cardinal Beaufort, visited her just before the formal official notice of Henry's penitence, and assuredly brought her private intelligence of the change in her favour; for, on June the 12th, is an item "that the duke dined with her at Leeds, and went away after dinner; expenses for the feast, 4*l.* 2*s.*;" and, on the 2nd of the next month, "cardinal Beaufort dined with her at a cost of 4*l.* 14*s.* 2*d.*" Her oblations and alms "at the cross of the chapel within Leeds Castle came to 6*s.* 8*d.*;" but she laid in a stock of Gascon, (claret,) Rochelle, and Rhenish wines, at the cost of 56*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.* Her alms seem influenced by her usual avarice, for if she could find money to buy so much wine, she might have commemorated her signal deliverance from captivity and obloquy by a larger outlay than a mark. All her recorded donations appear despicably mean; indeed, this precious historical document singularly confirms our estimate of her character, that grasping avarice was the chief source of her misfortunes. Her clerk, Thomas Lilbourne, proceeds to note the expenses of her mourning dress for the death of her persecutor, as well for her own person as the maids of her chamber. There are some odd notices of the price of making court dresses, which

[1] This information is gathered from one of the valuable documents in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middlehill, Worcestershire. This gentleman, with a liberality only equalled by his munificence in purchasing MSS. containing the true muniments of history, has permitted us not only access to his stores, but afforded his own advice and assistance in the transcription of references.

may be amusing to the ladies of the present day. There are charges for seven yards of black cloth for a gown for the queen at the feast of Easter, at 7*s.* 8*d.* per yard, and for making a gown for her, 1*s.* 6*d.*; for one cape of black, for black silk loops, and for 400 clasps, possibly hooks and eyes; for 7½ yards of black cloth, at 7*s.* per yard, for the queen's person; for making a cape for the queen; for black satin; for grey squirrel fur, 23*s.* 4*d.*; for fur for a collar and mantle for the queen; for 1 oz. of black thread, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 3 dozen shoes, at 6*d.* per pair. Likewise to Agnes Stowe, of the family of lady Margaret Trumpyngton, for her good services to the queen, as a gift, 6*s.* 8*d.* To two serjeants-at-law to plead for the queen's gold, 6*s.* 8*d.* To Nicholas, minstrel, a gift of the queen, 6*s.* 8*d.* None of Joanna's gifts exceed this sum, which is the amount of a mark. Some of the articles are curious,—as, one pot of green ginger, 9*s.* 6*d.*; for rose-water, 7*s.* 6*d.*; to Master Laurence, for cinnamon, 7*s.* 10*d.* The queen gives 6*d.* per pair for her maids' shoes, and 7*d.* for those of her own wearing.

Notwithstanding the earnest desire of Henry V. for the restoration of Joanna's dower, the matter was attended with great difficulty, on account of the manner in which he had disposed of this property. He had, in fact, sold, mortgaged, and granted it away to a variety of persons, besides endowing his own queen, now also a queen-dowager, with the town and appurtenances of Hertford, and many other manors which had been settled on queen Joanna by his father, king Henry IV. The smoothing of such a ravelled skein caused much delay and trouble to all parties; and we find, in the second of Henry VI., that a petition was presented from the noble lady Joanna queen of England, requiring all the grants made by the late king Henry V. to be quashed by parliament, that she might receive her revenues.

The answer to the petition was, "that the same should be granted in all points, provided that those persons who had laid out money upon the queen's lands should have the option of taking the same under her at the same

term, or rent, at which they then held the same from the crown."[1]

Joanna of Navarre survived her restoration to liberty, wealth, and royal station, many years,—"living," says Weever, "in all princely prosperity." Her grandson, Giles of Bretagne,[2] was reared and educated with the youthful king Henry VI., and was much beloved by him; a circumstance which leads to the conclusion, that queen Joanna was likewise in favour at the English court. Her favourite residence was the sylvan retreat of Havering Bower. She also kept her state sometimes at Langley, where her retirement was enlivened occasionally by shows, as the rude theatrical entertainments of the fifteenth century were designated. We learn from a cotemporary chronicle, that in the ninth year of Henry VI. a grievous and terrible fire took place at the manor of the lady queen Joanna at Langley, in which there was great destruction of the buildings, furniture, gold and silver plate, and household stuff. These disasters happened through the want of care, and drowsiness, of a player, and the heedless keeping of a candle.[3]

This fire is the last event of any importance that befel the royal widow after her restoration to her rights. Joanna was treated with all proper consideration by the grandson of her deceased consort, the young king Henry VI. While residing at her palace of Langley, 1437, she was honoured with a new year's gift from this amiable prince, as a token of his respect. This was a tablet of gold, garnished with four balass rubies, eight pearls, and in the midst a great sapphire. The tablet had been formerly presented to the young king by my lady of Glou-

[1] Rolls. Parl. iv. p. 247.

[2] This young prince was allowed an annuity of 123 marks, (Issue Rolls.) He received the order of the Garter. Great jealousies regarding his English connexions arose on his return to his native country on the death of his grandmother, queen Joanna. An awful tragedy occurred in Bretagne, terminating in his death, and that of his brother, Joanna's elder grandson, duke Francis I.

[3] Harl. MSS. 3775, art. 9.

cester; whether by Jacqueline or Eleanora Cobham, is left doubtful.[1]

In the July following, Joanna died at Havering Bower. This event is thus quaintly noted by the Chronicle of London, a contemporary record:—

"This same year, 9th of July, died queen Jane, king Henry IV.'s wife. Also the same year died all the lions in the Tower, the which was nought seen in no man's time before out of mind."[2]

Joanna was certainly turned of seventy at the time of her death, which occurred in the fifteenth year of Henry VI., 1437. She survived her first husband, John duke of Bretagne, nearly thirty-eight years, and her second, Henry IV. of England, twenty-four.[3] She had nine children by the duke of Bretagne;[4] Joanna, who died in infancy; John, who succeeded his father, and died in 1442; Marie, duchess of Alençon, who died 1446; Blanche, countess of Armagnac, and Margaret, viscountess Rohan, both of whom died in the flower of youth, supposed to have been poisoned; Arthur earl of Richmond, so long a captive in England, who afterwards became illustrious in French history, as the valiant count de Richemonte; Jules, the third son of Joanna, died in England, 1412; Richard count d'Estampes died the year after his mother. The queen had no children by Henry IV.

The following summonses were issued by Henry VI. to the nobles, male and female, to do honour to the funeral of this queen:—

"Trusty and well-beloved cousin, know as much as we, by name of our leal uncle of Gloucester and other of our council, have appointed the funerals of our grandmother queen Johanna (whom God assoile) to be holden and solemnized at Canterbury the sixth day of August next coming. Believe that we have appointed the said uncle and other lords and ladies of our realm, and you cousin, (*blank for the name,*) to be ready for the same day to the worship of God and our said grandmother; we desire therefore and pray you, putting off your *pleasure*, and *excusations* ceasing, dispose you to be in person at the solemnity of the said funeral, according to our singular trust in ye.

"Given under our Privy Seal, at Oxford, the 23rd day of July."

[1] Excerpta Historica, p. 149.
[2] Page 123.
[3] Stow. Weever.
[4] Betham's Genealogical Tables.

Added to this document is the following list:—

"To be at Canterbury at queen Joanna's interment: my lord of Gloucester, my lady of Gloucester, the earl of Huntingdon, of Northumberland, of Oxford, lord Poinings, the duchess of Norfolk, the younger countess of Huntingdon, of Northumberland, of Oxford. The archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of Norwich, the bishop of Winchester, the prior of Christchurch at Canterbury, the abbot of St. Augustins there, and the abbot of Battle."[1]

The corpse of Queen Joanna rested at Bermondsey Abbey on its way to Canterbury Cathedral, where she was interred in the same vault which her pious care had provided as the *domus ultima* of her royal consort, Henry IV. A superb altar-tomb had been prepared under her auspices for that monarch, and there their effigies repose side by side, in solemn state, near the tomb of the Black Prince. Joanna's statue, like her portrait in the picture of her coronation, gives us the idea of a very lovely woman; her throat long and delicate; slender but rounded arms; her bust beautiful. Her features are small and regular, with an expression of finesse; the eyes and eyebrows very long. Her head is singularly high, and, at the same time, very broad from the eyebrows upwards. The whole gives the idea of an exact portrait; it is wrought in alabaster, enamelled with colours. The dress is elegant; her beautiful arms are naked, being only shaded behind by the royal mantle, fastened to the back of her cote-hardi by a jewelled band, which passes round the corsage, and rich brooches clasp the mantle on the shoulders. Her bosom and shoulders are much shewn; round her throat is a collar of SS very elegant, and the oldest specimen extant of this ornament. Studs set with jewels are placed down the front of the cote-hardi, which is a tight jacket trimmed with ermine, without sleeves; round her hips is a band of jewels, as a belt from which her gown falls in full folds over her feet.

Joanna's device, an ermine collared and chained, is

[1] Cottonian MSS. In the original document the queen's name is spelled Jehane and Jehance.

represented with her motto, "Temperance," on the cornice and canopy of her tomb.[1] Her arms may be seen by the curious in that valuable and beautiful publication, "Regal Heraldry," by Mr. Willement. They were formerly in the windows of Christchurch near Newgate.[2]

The tomb of king Henry and queen Joanna is near the site once occupied by the shrine of Thomas à Becket; Henry having expressed a superstitious wish that his mortal remains should repose under the especial protection of this far-famed saint.

> "But yet, though all was carved so fair,
> And priests for Marmion breathed the prayer,
> The last lord Marmion rests not there,"

may those say with regard to the sepulchre of Henry IV., who are disposed to credit the statement of a contemporary, though certainly not unprejudiced chronicler, subjoined.

The testimony of Clement Maydestone, translated from a Latin MS. in the library of Bennet College, Cambridge, 1440:—

"Thirty days after the death of Henry IV., September 14th, 1412,[3] one of his domestics came to the house of the Holy Trinity at Houndslow, and dined there. And as the bystanders were talking at dinner-time of the king's irreproachable morals, this man said to a certain esquire named Thomas Maydestone, then sitting at table, 'Whether he was a good man or not, God knows, but of this I am certain, that when his corpse was carried from Westminster towards Canterbury (by water) in a small vessel, in order to be buried there, I and two more threw his corpse into the sea between Birkingham and Gravesend. For,' he added with an oath, 'we were overtaken by such a storm of winds and waves, that many of the nobility who followed us in eight ships were dispersed, so as with difficulty to escape being lost. But we, who were with the body, despairing of our lives, with one consent threw it into the sea; and a great calm ensued. The coffin in which it lay, covered with a cloth of gold, we carried, with great solemnity, to Canterbury, and buried it; the monks of Canterbury therefore say, that the tomb, not the body of Henry IV., is with us! As Peter said

[1] Sandford. [2] Willement's Regal Heraldry, plate 7.
[3] Both dates are incorrect. Henry died March 20, 1413.

of holy David.' As God Almighty is my witness and judge, I saw this man, and heard him speak to my father, T. Maydestone, that all the above was true. "CLEMENT MAYDESTONE."

This wild and wondrous tale, emanating as it does from a source so suspicious as Henry's sworn foes, the two Maydestones,[1] we are disposed to regard as *non vero ma ben trovato;* but it was calculated to make a powerful impression on the minds of the ignorant and superstitious, and it is probable that it was revived to the great disadvantage of Henry's widowed queen, at the time when she was branded by her royal step-sons, Henry V. and Bedford, with the foul charge of witchcraft.

[1] The narrative of Clement Maydestone was considered by the antiquarians of the present century sufficiently worthy of attention to cause the examination of the tomb of Henry IV. and his queen Joanna, which took place August 21, 1832, in the presence of the bishop of Oxford, Lady Harriet and Sir Charles Bagot, John Alfred Kemp, Esq., &c. We give the following account from the testimony of an eye-witness:—

"When the rubbish was cleared away, we came to what appeared to be the lid of a wooden case of very rude form and construction; upon it and entirely within the monument, lay a leaden coffin without any wooden case, of a much smaller size and very singular shape." From the woodcut given, the last abode of Joanna of Navarre, queen of England, resembles what children call an apple turnover. It was her coffin which rested on that of her lord.

"Not being able to take off the lid of the large coffin, as a great portion of its length was under the tomb, they sawed an aperture in the lid. Immediately under the coffin board was found a quantity of haybands filling the coffin, and on the surface of them lay a very rude small cross, formed by merely tying two twigs together. This fell to pieces on being moved. When the hay-bands, which were very sound and perfect, were removed, we found a leaden case or coffin, in some degree moulded to the shape of a human figure; it was at once evident this had never been disturbed, but lay as it was originally deposited, though it may be difficult to conjecture why it was placed in a case so rude and unsightly, and so much too large for it that the haybands had been used to keep it steady. After cutting through lead and leather wrappers, the covers were lifted up, and the face of the king appeared in perfect preservation; the nose elevated, the cartilage even remaining, though, on the admission of air, it rapidly sank away. The skin of the chin entire, of the consistence, thickness, and colour of the upper leather of a shoe, the beard thick and matted, of a deep russet colour, the jaws perfect, and all the teeth in them excepting one fore-tooth." The body of Joanna of Navarre was not examined.

Although the gentleman to whom we are indebted for these particulars

The evil practices of queen Joanna's deceased father, Charles *le Mauvais*, the royal sorcerer and poisoner of Navarre, doubtless operated also against her at the period to which we allude; and, notwithstanding the implied exculpation of her character in Henry V.'s death-bed letter of restitution, a degree of superstitious terror was long connected with her memory.[1]

appears convinced that he has seen the body of the king, there are one or two circumstances corroborative of the marvellous narrative of Clement Maydestone; such as the absence of the regal insignia in which the remains of defunct kings of England were always adorned for the grave; the discrepancy of size between the outer case and the leaden coffin, and the rude stuffing of the intermediate space with haybands, as if, after the attendants had consigned the royal corpse to the roaring waves, they had hastily supplied its place with another taken from some vault or cemetery on the banks of the Thames, and filled it up with haybands. The cross of witch-elm twigs is likewise corroborative that supernatural fears had been excited regarding this interment. The perfect state of the skin, too, is inconsistent with the horrible leprosy with which Henry died.

[1] In an old topographical work we remember to have read that a tradition existed even in the last century that the ghost of "Jone the witch-queen haunted the site of her favourite palace, Havering atte Bower."

# KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE FAIR,

CONSORT OF HENRY V.

## CHAPTER I.

Early calamities of Katherine—Abducted by her mother—Re-captured—Henry prince of Wales—Katherine demanded for him—His accession as Henry V.—Reiterates his demand—Refused—His invasion of France—Agincourt—Marriage treaty renewed—Katherine's picture—Henry's exorbitant demands—Interview of Katherine and Henry V.—Her beauty—Henry in love with her—His anger—Treaty broken—Renewed after two years—Katherine writes to Henry—She is offered with the crown of France—Receives Henry at Troyes—Betrothed—Queen's knight—Marriage of Katherine and Henry—Queen's dower—French marriage ceremonial—Letters descriptive of marriage—Musical taste of the queen—She enters Paris in state—Voyage to England—Grand coronation—Her friendship for the king of Scots—Northern progress—Katherine left in England—Disobedience—Birth of her son, (Henry VI.)—Katherine's maids—Her guest—Katherine writes to the king—Prepares to join him in France.

KATHERINE of Valois was a babe in the cradle when Henry V., as prince of Wales, became an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of her eldest sister Isabella, the young widow of Richard II.[1]

Katherine was the youngest child of Charles VI., king of France, and his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria; she was born at a period when her father's health and her mother's reputation were both in evil plight. She first saw the light, Oct. 27, 1401, at the Hôtel de St. Paul,[2] in Paris, a palace which was used during the reign of

[1] See this Memoir, commencement of the volume.

[2] Moreri,—Katherine.

Charles VI. as a residence of retirement for the royal family, when health required them to lead a life of more domestic privacy than was possible at the king's royal court of the Louvre. The young princess was reared at the Hôtel de St. Paul, and there did her unfortunate sire, Charles VI., spend the long agonizing intervals of his aberrations from reason, during which the infancy of his little daughter was exposed to hardships, such as seldom fall to the lot of the poorest cottager.

Queen Isabeau joined with the king's brother, the duke of Orleans, in pilfering the revenues of the royal household; and to such a degree did this wicked woman carry her rapacity, as to leave her little children without the means of supporting life. These royal infants were shut up in the Hôtel de St. Paul, wholly neglected by their vile mother; the princess Michelle being then only five years old, and the princess Katherine little more than three. The poor children, say their cotemporary chroniclers, were in a piteous state, nearly starved, and loathsome with dirt, having no change of clothes, nor even of linen. The whole sustenance they had was from the charity of the inferior attendants who had not deserted the place, all the servants of the royal family being left by the profligate and reckless Isabeau without food or wages.

The state of Katherine's hapless father, who occupied a part of the palace of St. Paul, was still more deplorable;[1] but he was unconscious of his misery, till one day he suddenly regained his senses, and observed the disarray and neglect around him. The instant Charles VI. recovered from his attack of delirium, he appears to have resumed his royal functions without any intermediate time of convalescence. The consequence was, that directly the news was brought the queen that her husband spoke and looked composedly, a sense of her guilt caused her to decamp with Louis of Orleans to

[1] The expression of Mezerai, (quarto edition,) in his abridgment from Chronicle de St. Denis, is—" *Qu'on laissait sa personne mesme pourrir dans l'ordure, sans avoir soin de le deshabiller, n'y de le changer de linge.*

Milan; having ordered duke Louis of Bavaria, her brother, and the partisan of her iniquities, to follow with the royal children.

Louis not only obeyed this order, and carried off the dauphin Louis, his two young brothers, and the princesses Michelle and Katherine, but with them the children of the duke of Burgundy. The Burgundian forces having arrived at the Hôtel de St. Paul, and missing the princely children, the duke of Burgundy sent a troop of his men-at-arms in pursuit of them; for the heir of Burgundy, who was even then betrothed to Katherine's sister Michelle, was abducted with his little spouse. The pursuers overtook the two princely families at Juvissy, and, after possessing themselves of the children of Burgundy, and the princess Michelle, they respectfully asked the dauphin Louis, then about ten years old, whither he would please to go? The royal boy replied, "I will return to my father." He was joyfully obeyed, and conducted back to Paris, with his sister Katherine, and the rest of the royal children of France.[1]

After the duke of Burgundy had caused the assassination of Orleans in the streets of Paris, the conduct of queen Isabeau became so infamous, that she was imprisoned at Tours, and her daughter Katherine (the only one of the princesses who was not betrothed or consecrated) was taken from her. There is reason to believe that Katherine was brought up in the convent of Poissy, where her sister Marie took the veil.

Whilst the education of Katherine the Fair is proceeding, a few pages must be devoted to the personal history of that popular hero, her future husband.

Henry V. is supposed to have been born in 1387. Monmouth Castle, the place of his birth, belonged to his mother's inheritance; it is one of the most beautiful spots in our island. As Henry was a sickly child, he

[1] Gibbon's History of France collated with Mezerai.

was, according to tradition, taken to Courtfield to be nursed, a village about five or six miles from Monmouth. His cradle is still preserved, and is shewn as a curiosity at Bristol.[1] The name of his nurse was Joan Waring, on whom, after he came to the throne, he settled an annuity of £20, for her good services performed for him. He was given a learned education, the first foundation of which was, in all probability, laid by his mother, who was, as Froissart expressly declares, skilled in Latin and cloister divinity.

This princess died in the year 1394,[2] early in life, leaving an infant family, consisting of four sons and two daughters.[3] The maternal grandmother of young Henry, the countess of Hereford,[4] bestowed some care on his education. This is proved by the fact, that he left in his will to the bishop of Durham a missal and a *portophorium* given to him by his dear grandmother. Henry was extremely fond of music, and this taste was cultivated at a very early age; in proof whereof the household book of his grandsire, John of Gaunt, may be cited. There are entries for new strings for the harp of the young hero, before he was ten years old. About the same time, there is a charge for the scabbard of his little sword, and for an ounce of black silk to make his sword-knot; and, moreover, four shillings were expended in seven books of grammar for his use, bound up in one volume. There is likewise an item for payment of a courier to announce to Henry of Bolingbroke the alarming illness of the young lord Henry.

Richard II., during the exile of Bolingbroke, took possession of his heir. The education of young Henry was finished in the palace of his royal kinsman, who

[1] It was formerly at Troy House, a seat of the duke of Beaufort.

[2] Walsingham. Speed.

[3] Henry V.'s mother was buried within King's College, Leicester. He paid for a likeness of her to be placed over her tomb.—*Pell Rolls*

[4] This lady was alive long after Henry had ascended the throne, and had won the victory of Agincourt.

made him his companion in his last expedition to Ireland. Here young Henry was made a knight banneret by the sword of the king, after distinguishing himself in one of the dangerous but desultory combats with the insurgents.

While Richard went to fulfil his ill fortune in England, he sent young Henry to the castle of Trim, in Ireland, with his cousin-germain, Humphrey duke of Gloucester, whose father he had lately murdered. Young Henry was brought home from Ireland, after his father had revolutionized England, in a ship fitted out for that purpose by Henry Dryhurst of West Chester. He met with his father at Chester, and in all probability accompanied him on his triumphant march to London. Creton affirms that Henry IV. made his son prince of Wales at his coronation. "But I think," adds Richard's sorrowing servant, "he must win it first, for the whole land of Wales is in a state of revolt on account of the wrongs of our dear lord, king Richard."

There is reason to suppose that after his sire's coronation prince Henry completed his education at Oxford; for there is an antique chamber of Queen's College pointed out by successive generations as once having been inhabited by Henry. This is a room over the gateway, opposite to St. Edmund's Hall. A portrait of Henry was painted in the glass of the window,[1] and under it these verses in Latin—

"To record the fact for ever,
The Emperor of Britain,
The triumphant Lord of France,
The conqueror of his enemies and himself,
Henry V.,
Of this little chamber once the great inhabitant."

[1] Tyler's Henry V. The art of painting on glass had greatly fallen into decay after the accession of Henry VII., who had imported the window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, from Dort. This glass portrait brings the Oxford memorial near Henry's own times.

Fuller, who lived more than a hundred years after Henry, points out the same college chamber as the abiding place of the prince.

Henry was placed at Oxford under the tutorship of his half-uncle, Henry Beaufort, a young, handsome, and turbulent ecclesiastic, whose imperious haughtiness did not arise from his ascetic rigidity of manners as a priest.[1] Beaufort had accompanied his charge to Ireland, and returned with him to England. The early appointment of the prince as lieutenant of Wales, March 7th, 1403, limits the probable time of his sojourn at Oxford as a student to the period between the commencement of the year 1400 and 1402. The prince was but sixteen when he fought courageously at that great conflict where his father's crown was contested. At the battle of Shrewsbury, when advancing too rashly on the enemy's forces, he received a wound with an arrow in the face, the scar of which might be seen all his life. Being advised to retire, that the steel might be drawn out,—"To what place?" said he; "who will remain fighting, if I the prince, and a king's son, retire for fear at the first taste of steel? Let my fellow-soldiers see that I bleed at the first onset; for deeds, not words, are the duties of princes, who should set the example of boldness."[2]

Until after 1407, the prince of Wales was actively employed in the Welsh campaigns. Although Glendower was finally beaten back to his mountain fastnesses, yet the whole of the principality was, during the reign of Henry IV., but a nominal appendage to the English monarchy. Thus deprived of the revenues annexed to his title, the gallant Henry was subjected to the most grinding and bitter poverty. His wild dissipation seems

[1] Beaufort's betrayal of a daughter of the illustrious house of Fitzallan is proved by his will.

[2] Translated from the Latin of Titus Livius of Friuli, a learned man patronized by Humphrey duke of Gloucester, and employed by him to write the biography of his brother, which work is (as might be expected) more replete with panegyric than incident.

to have commenced after his desultory campaigns in Wales concluded, when he returned to court with no little of the licence of the partisan soldier.[1] His extreme poverty, which was shared by his royal sire, made him reckless and desperate, and had the natural consequence of forcing him into company below his rank.

Stow, in his Annals, declares "the prince used to disguise himself and lie in wait for the receivers of the rents of the crown lands, or of his father's patrimony, and in the disguise of a highwayman set upon them and rob them. In such encounters he sometimes got soundly beaten, but he always rewarded such of his father's officers who made the stoutest resistance."[2]

But Henry's wildest pranks were performed at a manor of his, close to Coventry, called Cheylesmore, a residence appertaining to his duchy of Cornwall. Here prince Hal and some of his friends were taken into custody by John Hornesby, the mayor of Coventry, for raising a riot.[3] Cheylesmore[4] was regarded by his care-worn father with painful jealousy; "for thither," says Walsingham, "resorted all the young nobility as to a king's court, while that of Henry IV. was deserted." But Henry did not content himself with astonishing

[1] In this assertion we follow Titus Livius. And we ask the question whether, if Henry's wildness as a youth had not been very notorious, would a contemporary, who is little more than a panegyrist writing under the direction of the king's brother, have dared to allude to it.

[2] Speed is enraged at the *pluyermen*, who, he says, have verified the imputations of Alain Copus, a contemporary of Sir John Oldcastle, accusing that noble as a seducer of the prince's youth, a wild profligate, who even robbed occasionally on the highway. Shakspeare thus had some grounds for the character of Sir John Falstaff, whom, it will be remembered, he calls Sir John Oldcastle in his first edition. Titus Livius describes the dismissal of Sir John Oldcastle, before the crown was placed on Henry's head, in words which authorize Shakspeare's scene, excepting that the offence imputed to the knight was protestantism rather than profligacy.

[3] Appendix to Fordun, quoted by Carte.

[4] Cheylesmore actually descended to George IV., who sold it to the marquis of Hertford.—*Pennant.*

John Hornesby, the mayor of Coventry, and his sober citizens, by a mad frolic now and then; he saw the inside of a London prison as well as the gaol of Coventry. It does not appear that the prince was personally engaged in the uproars raised by his brothers, prince John and Prince Thomas, at Eastcheap, which are noted in the London Chronicle; but in one of these frays the lord mayor captured a favourite servant belonging to the prince of Wales, and carried him before judge Gascoigne.[1] Directly the prince of Wales heard of the detention of his servant, he rushed to the court of justice where his man stood arraigned at the bar; he endeavoured with his own hands to free him from his fetters, and on the interference of the judge, bestowed on that functionary a box on the ear; for which outrage Gascoigne dauntlessly reproved the prince, and at the end of a very suitable lecture, committed him to the prison of the King's Bench, to which sentence Henry, who was struck with remorse at his own mad violation of the laws of his country, submitted with so good a grace, that Henry IV. made the well-known speech, "He was proud of having a son who would thus submit himself to the laws, and that he had a judge who could so fearlessly enforce them." This exploit is supposed to have been the reason that Henry IV. removed his son from his place at the privy council.

The desperate state of the prince's finances, it is possible, might irritate him into these excesses, for all his English revenues were swallowed up in the prosecution of the war to re-conquer Wales.[2] Indeed, his chief income was derived from the great estates of his ward, the earl of March. This young prince, who possessed a nearer claim to the throne of England than the line of Lancaster, had been kept a prisoner in Windsor

[1] Harrison's Survey of London.

[2] He was even forced at this time to pawn his personal ornaments, his "petitz joualx," as he calls them, to pay his garrisons in Wales, for no money could be obtained from the royal revenues. See *Sir Harris Nicolas's "Acts of the Privy Council,"* vol. ii. p. 61.

Castle from his infancy. In 1409, Henry IV. gave the person of the minor earl, with the wardship of his revenues, to his eldest son—thus putting no small temptation in the path of an ambitious young hero. But here the very best traits of prince Henry's mixed character develop themselves. He formed the tenderest friendship for his helpless ward and rival.

From time to time Henry IV. made attempts to obtain a wife for his heir. In the preceding memoir it has been shewn that he was in childhood contracted to the eldest daughter of Joanna duchess of Bretagne, afterwards his step-mother. The biography of Isabella of Valois has proved how long and assiduously prince Henry wooed the young widow of the murdered Richard, until all hope ended in her marriage with Orleans. Marie, the second daughter of France, was the next object of his choice; but she, who had been devoted to the cloister even before her birth, on being consulted whether she would prefer an earthly spouse and accept the prince of Wales,[1] indignantly reproved her father's envoys for imagining so profane a thought. A daughter of the duke of Burgundy was demanded for prince Henry, but the negotiation was unsuccessful. At last, both the prince and his father seem to have determined on obtaining the hand of the fair Katherine, the youngest of the princesses of France, and a private mission was confided to Edward duke of York, to demand her in marriage for the prince of Wales. York was absent on this errand at the time of the death of Henry IV.

Modern research has found reason to suppose that prince Henry was intriguing to depose his father just before his last fatal sickness. The angry assertions of Humphrey duke of Gloucester[2] accuse Henry Beaufort bishop of Winchester, of the double treachery of insti-

[1] In the Issue Rolls are the expenses of Henry IV.'s ambassadors for demanding in marriage, "for the prince of Wales, the second daughter of the adversary."

[2] Parliamentary Rolls. Parliamentary History, vol. ii. pp. 293, 204.

gating the prince of Wales to seize his father's crown, and at the same time of plotting to assassinate the prince. These are Gloucester's words—"My brother was, when prince of Wales, in great danger once, when he slept in the green chamber at Westminster palace; there was discovered, by the *rouse* of a little spaniel belonging to the prince, a man concealed behind the arras near the prince's bed. When he was hauled out by Henry's attendants, a dagger was found on the man's person, and he confessed he was hidden there to kill the prince in the night, instigated by Beaufort; but when the earl of Arundel heard this, he had the assassin's head tied in a sack, and flung him into the Thames, to stifle his evidence."

Although no chronology is expressly marked for these events, yet internal evidence refers them to the close of Henry IV.'s existence, just before the extreme indisposition of that monarch caused the prince to seek a reconciliation with his father. This he did in a manner usually considered very extraordinary. He came to court on New Year's day, dressed in a dark blue robe, worked with œillets round the collar, to each of which hung a needle and thread; and this robe[1] was meant to indicate how much his vilifiers had slandered him to his royal sire. Why needles and threads should point out such an inference, has been an enigma; but it is explained easily enough by the memorialist of Oxford. There is a quaint old custom, founded by Robert de Eglesfield, still in use in Oxford, at Queen's College, on New Year's day, when the bursar presents to each of the members of the college needle and thread, adding this exordium—

"Take this and be thrifty."

[1] Many writers have copied this curious passage, and most have quoted the biography of Titus Livius as an authority. It is, however, certain no such incident is contained in its pages. Guthrie throws light on this circumstance in his folio History of England, vol. ii., reign Henry IV. He gives the passage at length, quoting it from some *tracts* of Titus Livius; noting, moreover, that this historian received the particulars from the lips of the earl of Ormond, an eye-witness of the scene.

What the Fellows of Queen's do now with these useful implements we know not; in the time of prince Hal they certainly stuck them on their collars. The prince went to court wearing all the needles he had received from his bursar, it being the anniversary of their presentation on New Year's day;[1] he likewise wore the student's gown, which at the same time reminded his sire that he had not forgotten the lessons of thriftiness he had imbibed at Queen's College. Thus apparelled he advanced into the hall of Westminster palace,[2] and leaving all his company, because the weather was cold, "round about the coal fire" in the centre of the hall, he advanced singly to pay his duty to his father, who was with his attendants at the upper end. After due salutation, he implored a private audience of his sire. Henry IV. made a sign to his attendants to bear him in his chair, for he could not walk, into his private chamber, when the prince of Wales, falling on his knees, presented his dagger to his father, and requested him to pierce him to the heart, if he deemed that it contained any feeling but duty and loyalty towards him. Henry IV. melted into tears, and a thorough explanation and reconciliation took place between the father and the son.

The last sad scene between Henry IV. and his heir, so beautifully detailed by Shakspeare, is, as shewn in the preceding memoir, a very faithful detail of incidents recorded by ancient chroniclers. After the death of his royal sire, Henry V. did not establish himself in the sovereignty without a short but fierce civil war, which partly assumed a religious character, and partly was founded on the report that king Richard II. was alive and ready to claim his own. These reports were as-

[1] Messrs. Brayley and Britton coincide with our views of this event, but they have not noted the confirming circumstance of the anniversary.

[2] Not Westminster Hall, but the room called the White Hall, lately the House of Lords, which was the state reception room of Westminster Palace. The bedchamber of the king and the bedchamber of the queen opened into it, and on occasions of grand festivals, the whole suite were thrown open.

suredly the secret motive of the exhumation of Richard's body, outwardly attributed by Henry V. to his respect for the memory of his kinsman, but in reality a deep-laid measure of state policy. This tragic scene was one of the peculiar features of that era, and the manner in which it was conducted finds no parallel, excepting in the appalling exhumation of Agnes de Castro. Richard's mouldering corpse was raised from its obscure resting-place at Langley, and seated in a rich chair of state,[1] adorned with regal ornaments. Henry V. walked next to his dead kinsman, and all his court followed; and thus royally escorted, the corpse of the hapless Richard was conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and laid with solemn pomp in the tomb he had prepared for himself by the side of his beloved Anne of Bohemia. "The very next day," says the London Chronicle, "there was a grand cursing of Sir John Oldcastle at St. Paul's Cross," who had been accused of raising the reports that Richard was in existence.

When these agitations had subsided, Henry V. renewed his application for the hand of the princess Katherine; but, at the same time, demanded with her so enormous a dowry, that if the king of France had been disposed to give him his daughter, it was scarcely possible he could bestow with her two millions of crowns, the portion demanded by Henry with his bride, together with the restoration of Normandy and all the southern provinces, once the inheritance of Eleanora of Aquitaine.[2]

There was a secret misgiving on the part of the French, lest the ambitious heir of Lancaster should make use of an alliance with one of their princesses, to strengthen the claim of the Plantagenets to the throne of France; yet Charles VI. would have given Katherine to Henry with a dowry of 450,000 crowns. This the English hero refused with disdain. Henry desired no

[1] Weever's Funeral Monuments. [2] See this Memoir, vol. i.

better than a feasible excuse to invade France; he therefore resolved to win Katherine the Fair at the point of the sword, together with all the gold and provinces he demanded with her hand.

Henry's first care was to sell or pawn all the valuables he possessed, in order to raise funds for the French expedition, on which he had set his ardent mind. Extended empire, rich plunder, and the hand of the beautiful young Katherine of Valois, were the attainments on which all the energies of his ardent character were centred. The annals of the ancient nobility or gentry of England can bear witness to the extraordinary methods the Plantagenet kings took to induce their feudal muster to tarry beyond the forty days they were bound to appear in arms by their tenures. Among other possessions of the royal family, the magnificent crown belonging to Henry IV., called the Great Harry, was pawned, while cupboards and beaufets at royal palaces were ransacked of their rich goblets and flagons, and distributed to the knights and leaders of that expedition, as pledges and pawns that their pay should be forthcoming when coin was more plentiful.

Even that stout northern squire, to whose keeping was confided the banner of St. George,[1] by his warlike

[1] Thomas Strickland, the banner-bearer of St. George at Agincourt, afterwards Sir Thomas Strickland, knight of the shire for Westmorland. His petition in Norman-French is a curious illustration of the state of the times, and proves how extremely scarce specie was in England; for notwithstanding the extreme pathos with which he petitions, as a poor squire, not to be held accountable for the king's broken silver flagons, and for the restoration of his fourteen pounds four shillings and ten-pence, not forgetting an odd farthing, "he was heir to extensive domains, being the eldest son of Sir Walter Strickland of Helsington, knight of the shire of Westmorland, and grandson of lord Dacre of Gilsland."—See *Burn's Westmorland.*

His supplication to the council of the infant Henry VI. is thus worded:

"Very humbly supplicates a poor squire, Thomas de Strickland, lately the bearer of the banner of St. George for the very noble king Henry V., whom God assoil!

"May it please your good grace to consider the long service that the said suppliant did for the late king in parts beyond sea, at his arrival at

sovereign, did not undertake his chivalric commission without a pawn of broken silver flagons. It was necessary for Henry to make these personal sacrifices in order to pay his army, as the unsettled temper of the times forced him to be exceedingly moderate in his pecuniary applications to his parliament. France, he meant, should pay for all.

From Southampton, Henry V. sent Antelope, his poursuivant of arms, with a letter to Katherine's father, dated from that port, to shew the reality of his intentions of invasion. He demanded the English provinces and the hand of Katherine, otherwise he would take them by force. The king of France replied, "If that was his mind, he would do his best to receive him; but as to the marriage, he thought it was a strange way of woo-

Harfleur, and the battle of Agincourt, and since that time, when the city of Rouen was won.

"And your said suppliant has had no compensation for his labour at the said day of Agincourt, nor any pay at all saving only for one half year.

"Not only that; but your said suppliant is brought in arrear with the exchequer for the sum of 14*l.* 10*s.* 4½*d.* for certain broken silver pots which were pawned to him by the said king Henry V.

"The which vessels your suppliant was forced to sell, and the money obtained for them was all expended in the service of his late king.

"And that it may please your wise discretions, out of reverence to God and respect to the soul of the late king, to grant to your suppliant the said 14*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.*, in regard for his services, and as part payment of the debt owed him by the late king; and that this grant may be sufficient warrant for the discharge of the said suppliant from the 14*l.* 10*s.* 4½*d.* aforesaid, and this for the love of God and a work of charity."

Feb. 14, 1424. There is an order from the council to exonerate *Strikeland*, as they call him, from the 14*l.* 10*s.* 4½*d.*—See *Fœdera*, vol. x. pp. 318, 319.

They could not afford to remunerate the banner-bearer of St. George for what he calls "his labour" at the day of Agincourt, to say nothing of the still fiercer service of leading the storming of Harfleur and Rouen; but they gave his son, Sir Walter Strickland, by way of payment, the office of hereditary master of the royal harriers, an office which his direct descendant and representative, Charles Strickland Standish, esq., M.P., certainly does *not* possess at present.

These curious particulars are referred to by Sir Harris Nicolas, in his History of Agincourt, a work written with spirit and fire worthy of its subject. To its rich pages we have been frequently indebted.

ing Katherine, covered with the blood of her countrymen."[1]

But the brother of the princess, the wild young dauphin Louis, was imprudent enough to exasperate his dangerous adversary by sending him a cask of Paris tennis balls, telling him they were fitter playthings for him, according to his former course of life, than the provinces he demanded. The English and their sovereign were deeply exasperated at this witticism. "These balls," replied Henry, perpetrating an angry pun, "shall be struck back with such a racket as shall force open Paris gates."[2]

But on the very eve of Henry's embarkation—

"To cross the sea, with pride and pomp of chivalry"—

a plot for his destruction was discovered, founded on the claims of his friend the earl of March to the crown of England.[3]

This plot was concocted by the earl of Cambridge, the king's near relative, who had married Anne Mortimer, the sister of March. This lady had died, leaving one son, afterwards the famous Richard duke of York, who, as his uncle March was childless, was the representative of his claims. The rights of this boy were the secret motives of the Southampton conspiracy. The grand difficulty was to induce March to assert his hereditary title against his friend Henry V.

The earl of Cambridge intended, after the assassination of Henry, through the agency of the king's trusted chamberlain, to fly with March to the borders of Wales,

[1] White Kennet's History, vol. i.

[2] No part of history is better authenticated than this incident; there is scarcely a contemporary chronicler who does not mention it. Old Caxton relates the pun of the racket.

[3] The young earl, with all his feudal muster, was in attendance on Henry, prepared to share the expedition, in which he won great fame. He is often confounded with his uncle, Edmund Mortimer, the son-in-law of Glendower, who was at that time supposed to be a prisoner in Trim Castle, Ireland. Hall and Shakspeare confound the two Edmund Mortimers. The early death of the mother of Richard duke of York is proved by the fact of Cambridge having a second countess.

where the earl was to declare his claims, and be crowned with the "royal crown of Spain,"[1] which was to pass with the common people for the crown of England, and to be carried in the van of the army on a cushion. This plot was spoiled by the romantic refusal of the earl to assert his rights, or dispossess his friend and guardian. After Cambridge had opened his plan to the earl of March, that prince, avowedly by the advice of his man Lacy, refused to swear to keep the secret, but requested an hour's space to consider of the proposition; which time he used in seeking the king, and informing him of his danger, first requesting a pardon of Henry for listening sufficiently to his rebels and traitors to understand their schemes. Henry summoned a sort of court-martial, of which his brother Clarence was president, and made quick work in the execution of Cambridge, Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey.

They were led out of the north gate, and had their heads stricken off just as Henry's fleet hoisted sail, and steered, with a favourable wind, out of the port of Southampton, August 7th, 1415.[2]

Henry landed at the mouth of the Seine, three miles from Harfleur, and, after tremendous slaughter on both sides, took that strong fort of the Seine by storm, in the beginning of October. Notwithstanding this success, disease and early winter brought Henry into a dangerous predicament, till the English Lion turned at bay at Agincourt, and finished the brief and late campaign with

[1] This belonged to Pedro the Cruel; it was brought to England by the heiresses of that king, one of whom married John of Gaunt, the other the father of Cambridge. It appears Cambridge had it at this time in his possession.—See his confession, *State Trials*, *Fœdera*, and *Hearne's Syllogia*.

[2] The pardon requested by the earl of March is, in the Fœdera, dated the same day. It is a pardon, not only for listening to treasonable communications, but for such a list of transgressions, that if March (who was really a highly moral young prince) had spent the whole of his short life in sinning, he could scarcely have found time to commit them all. The unfortunate orphan of the earl of Cambridge, Richard of York, was left in the custody of Waterton, the brother of Henry V.'s favourite valet.—*Fœdera*, vol. viii.

one of those victories which shed an everlasting glory on the annals of England—

> "So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned at bay,
> And crush'd and torn beneath his paws the princely hunters lay."
> *Macauley.*

The dreadful panic into which this victory threw France, and the numbers of her nobles and princes slain and taken prisoners, were the chief advantages Henry gained by it. He returned to England, Nov. 27th, 1415, and deviating from his favourite motto, "*Une sans plus,*" for a time, he gave up all thoughts of obtaining Katherine as a bride, and dispatched his favourite valet, Robert Waterton,[1] to open a private negotiation for the hand of the princess of Arragon, if the beauty of the lady was considered by that confidential servant as likely to suit his taste.

Meantime Katherine and her family were thrown into the utmost consternation by the victories of this lion-like wooer. The death of the eldest brother of Katherine, the dauphin Louis, was said to have been accelerated by grief, for the day of Agincourt, and his demise was followed with such celerity by the decease of her next brother, the dauphin John, that all France took alarm.[2] The loss of the princes was attributed to their unnatural mother, Isabeau of Bavaria, who lay under the scandal of poisoning them both. The unfortunate father of Katherine was in a state of delirium; the duke of Burgundy and the count of Armagnac were fiercely contesting for the government of France, while Paris was convulsed with the threefold plague of anarchy, pestilence, and famine. Queen Isabeau, taking advantage of all this confusion, escaped from her palace-restraint at Tours, and, joining with the duke of Burgundy, not only gained great power, as regent for her distracted consort, but obtained the control of her beautiful daughter.

However the queen might have neglected Katherine

[1] Guthrie, vol. ii., reign of Henry V.
[2] Mezerai, vol. ii., reign of Charles VI. Folio edition.

when an infant, she was no sooner restored to her as a lovely young woman, than the princess obtained prodigious influence over her mother, whose maternal feelings seemed centred in her alone, to the unjust exclusion of her other children. Katherine had very early set her mind on being queen of England, and it will soon be shewn how completely Isabeau entered into all her daughter's wishes.

In order to fulfil this object, when it was found that Rouen could no longer sustain its long dolorous siege, Isabeau sent ambassadors with Katherine's picture, to ask Henry whether so beautiful a princess required such a great dowry as he demanded with her? The ambassadors declared they found Henry at Rouen "proud as a lion;" that he gazed long and earnestly on the portrait of Katherine, acknowledged that it was surpassingly fair, but refused to abate a particle of his exorbitant demands.[1]

The close of the year 1418 saw the fall of the wretched city of Rouen, and increased the despair of Katherine's country and family. Queen Isabeau resolved that as the picture of the princess had not succeeded in mollifying the proud heart of the conqueror, she would try what the personal charms of her Katherine could effect. A truce was obtained with Henry V., who had now pushed his conquests as far as Melun. The poor distracted king of France, with the queen Isabeau and her beautiful daughter Katherine, in a richly-ornamented barge, came to Pontoise, in hopes of effecting an amicable arrangement with the conqueror. At Pontoise a large enclosure was made with planks, within which the conferences were to be carried on; it was also surrounded by a deep ditch, having on one side the bank of the Seine. There were several entrances well secured by three barriers, and tents and pavilions, made of blue and green velvet worked with gold, were pitched for repose and refreshment.

Notwithstanding the king of France was very much

[1] Monstrelet.

indisposed, he and queen Isabeau, the princess, the duke of Burgundy, and his council, escorted by a thousand combatants, went to the place of conference near Melun, and entered the tents without the enclosure.

Then the king of England arrived attended by his brothers the dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, and a thousand men-at-arms. He entered the tent pitched for him, and when they were about to commence the conference, the queen on the right hand, followed by the lady Katherine, entered the enclosure. At the same time the king of England, with his brothers and council, arrived on this neutral ground by another barrier, and with a most respectful obeisance met and saluted queen Isabeau, and then king Henry not only kissed her, but the lady Katherine.

They entered the tent pitched for the conference, king Henry leading queen Isabeau. Henry seated himself opposite to Katherine, and gazed at her most intently, while the earl of Warwick was making a long harangue in French, which he spoke very well. After they had remained some long time in conference, they separated, taking the most respectful leave of each other.

This barrier scene is evidently meant to be depicted by the celebrated ancient painting once in the possession of Horace Walpole.[1] Henry VII. had this picture painted for his chapel at Shene, and as the well-known likeness of Henry V. is striking, there is reason to believe the same care was taken in portraying the features of Katherine of Valois. The oval shape of her face, her clear ivory complexion, and large dark eyes, coincide with the descriptions of the old French chroniclers.[2] Katherine's chin is too short, or the face would be perfect; the expression is inane and passionless. She wears an arched crown, and a species of veil trimmed at each side with ermine, and reaching the shoulders. Her mantle of the regal form is worn over a close gown tight

[1] It is still at Strawberry Hill. It is painted on board.
[2] See Guillaume de Gruel.

to the throat; a strap of ermine passes down the front, and is studded with jewels.

Three weeks afterwards, all the royal personages, with the exception of the lady Katherine, met for another conference at the barrier ground of Pontoise. As the view of Katherine's beauty had not induced Henry to lower his demands, queen Isabeau resolved that the English conqueror should see her no more. Henry was exceedingly discontented at this arrangement. "For," says Monstrelet, "the princess was very handsome, and had most engaging manners, and it was plainly to be seen that king Henry was desperately in love with her." Yet the second conference ended without the least abatement in his exorbitant requisitions.

After the English hero had waited unavailingly a few days, in hopes of being courted by the family of his beloved, he impatiently demanded a third interview, meaning to modify his demands;—when lo! to his infinite displeasure, when he arrived at Pontoise he found the tents struck, the barriers pulled down, and the pales that marked out the neutral ground taken away—everything shewing that the marriage treaty was supposed to be ended. Henry V. was infuriated at the sight, and in his transports betrayed how much he had become enamoured of Katherine.[1] He turned angrily to the duke of Burgundy, who was the only person belonging to the royal family of France who attended the conference, and said abruptly—

"Fair cousin, we wish you to know that we *will* have the daughter of your king, or we will drive him and you out of his kingdom." The duke replied, "Sire, you are pleased to say so; but before you have succeeded in driving my lord and me out of this kingdom, I make no doubt that you will be heartily tired." Many high words passed, too tedious to report, and taking leave of each other, they separated, and each went his way.[2]

[1] Monstrelet.

[2] Monstrelet. The duke of Burgundy went to his death on the bridge

Before two years had elapsed, the family of Katherine were forced by dire distress to sue for the renewal of the marriage treaty. Henry's career of conquest proceeded with terrific rapidity; he made himself master of most of the towns between Normandy and the French capital, while his brother, the duke of Clarence, and his friend, the earl of March, had already thundered at the gates of Paris. Henry was requested to name his own terms of pacification. He haughtily replied, "that he had been deceived and baffled so many times, that he would treat with no one but the princess Katherine herself, whose innocency, he was sure, would not try to deceive him."[1]

Notice of this speech being immediately conveyed to queen Isabeau, she made the bishop of Arras return instantly, to tell king Henry that if he would come to Troyes, Katherine should espouse him there; and that as her inheritance he should have the crown of France after the death of king Charles; and, to gain the more credit, the bishop of Arras secretly delivered to the king a love-letter, written by the fair hand of Katherine herself, so full of sweetness, that Henry V. now considered his happiness complete.[2]

The English monarch was now to receive with the hand of Katherine not only the provinces he demanded, but the reversion of the whole sovereignty of France, with immediate possession, under the name of regent. By this treaty the elder sisters and the only brother of Katherine were to be disinherited. As soon as these terms were agreed upon, Henry, accompanied by his brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, with sixteen hundred combatants, mostly archers, advanced to Troyes, where he arrived on the 20th of May, 1420. The new duke

of Montereau sur Yohne, where the partisans of young Charles the dauphin revenged on this prince his treacherous assassination of the duke of Orleans.

[1] Sir Winston Churchill's Dives Brit.

[2] See Sir Winston Churchill's Dives Britannica, corroborated by the French Chronicles.

of Burgundy, clothed in the deepest mourning for his murdered sire, met Henry at a little distance from Troyes, and conducted him in great pomp to the Hôtel de Ville, where lodgings were prepared for him. When Henry was presented the next day to Katherine, who was with her mother enthroned in the church of Notre Dame,[1] he was attired in a magnificent suit of burnished armour; but instead of a plume, he wore in his helmet a fox's tail ornamented with precious stones.[2] It must be owned that the warrior king of England now and then indulged in a few whims regarding dress. Henry conducted the princess and her mother up to the high altar, and there the articles of peace were read. Queen Isabeau and Katherine apologized for the non-attendance of king Charles VI., on account of his infirm health, saying, that "the king was ill-disposed." The unfortunate father of Katherine could not go through the scene which apparently annihilated the hopes of his young heir; but the duke of Burgundy officiated as the deputy of his royal kinsman, and the important treaty was signed.[3]

The betrothment of Henry and Katherine instantly followed; and when the English monarch received Katherine's promise, he placed on her finger a ring of inestimable value, supposed to be the same worn by our English queen-consorts at their coronation.[4] After the conclusion of the ceremony, Henry presented to his betrothed bride his favourite knight, Sir Louis de Robsart,[5] to whom he committed the defence of her person, and the office of guarding her while in France; the real meaning of which ceremony was, that Henry V. took the princess into his own custody after betrothment, and would have retained her by force, if her family had changed their minds regarding his marriage. Katherine was now *his* property; and it was the duty of Sir

[1] Monstrelet. Notes of London Chronicle, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 161, says it was St. Peter's church.
[2] Godwin's Life of Henry.
[3] Monstrelet; and Notes of London Chronicle, by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 161. [4] Speed's Chronicles. [5] Monstrelet.

Louis de Robsart to look to the safe keeping of that property.

Henry himself announces the peace and betrothment in a letter[1] addressed to his council of regency, the duke of Gloucester being just appointed regent of England:—

"Right trusty, and well-beloved brother. Right worshipful fathers in God, and trusty and well-beloved. Forasmuch that we wot well that your desire were to hear joyful tidings of our good speed:—We signify to you, (worshipped be our Lord, that of our labour hath sent us good conclusion.)

"Upon Monday, the 20th day of this May, we arrived at this town of Troyes; and on the morrow *hadden* a convention betwix our moder the queen of France, and our brother the duc of Burgoigne, (as commissaires of the king of France, our fader, for his *partie*,) and us in our own person for our *partie*, (side.) And the accord of peace perpetual was there sworn by both the said commissioners in the name of our aforesaid fader, and semblably by us in our own name. And the letters thereupon forthwith ensealed under the great seal of our said fader to *us-ward*, and under ours to *him-ward* the copy of which letter we send you enclosed in this. Also, at the said convention was marriage betrothed betwixt us and our *wyf*, daughter of our aforesaid fader, the king of France."

The treaty of peace, which the king declares is enclosed in his letter, is addressed to his viscounts[2] of London.

Some extracts are of a curious nature:—

"It is," says Henry, "accorded between our fader of France and us, that forasmuch as by the bond of matrimony made for the good of peace between us and our dear and most beloved Katherine, the daughter of our said fader and of our most dear moder Isabel, his wife; the said Charles and Isabel be made our fader and moder, therefore them as our fader and moder we shall have and worship, as it fitteth such and so worthy a prince and princess to be worshipped, before all other temporal persons of this world. Also, that the said

[1] The English of Henry V.'s letters, both in phraseology and orthography, is better than that of Henry VIII. Sir John Fen, in his Paston papers, observes that the very highly educated persons of this era write letters as well spelled as in the era of Charles I., and adduces the autograph letters of Edmund Clere. Henry V. spells all his small words of the preposition and conjunctive kind perfectly. For the sake of perspicuity, we give his writing in the orthography of the present day, unless characteristic or curious words present themselves.

[2] Lord Mayor and aldermen.

Katherine shall take and have dower in our realm of England as queens of England, hitherward, were wont to take and have.[1] That is to say, to the sum of forty thousand *scutes* (crowns) by the year, of the which twain algates (always) shall be worth a noble, English money. Also, if it happen that the said Katherine shall overlive us, she shall take in the realm of France, immediately from our death, twenty thousand francs yearly. Also, that after the death of our said fader, and from thenceforward, the crown and realm of France, with all their rights and appurtenances, shall remain, and abide, and be of *us* and of our heirs, for evermore."

"On Trinity Sunday, June 3," says Monstrelet, "the king of England wedded the lady Katherine, at Troyes, in the parish church near which he lodged. Great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his princes, as if he had been king of the whole world."

The archbishop of Sens went in state to bless the bed of the queen, and during the night a grand procession came to the bedside of the royal pair, bringing them wine and soup, because Henry chose in all things to comply with the ancient customs of France; and it appears this strange ceremonial was one of the usages of the royal family. The next day, after a splendid feast, where the knights of the English court proposed a succession of tournaments, he let them know that playing at fighting was not to be the amusement of his wedding, but the actual siege of Sens, where they might tilt and tourney as much as they chose.[2]

The letters written on occasion of these nuptials are the earliest specimens extant of English prose. The following epistle by John Ufford affords to the reader as brief and comprehensive a view of affairs at that period as can possibly be presented:—[3]

"Worshipful Maister,

"I recommend me to you.

"And as touching tidings, the king our sovereign lord was wedded with great solemnity, in the cathedral church of Troy, about mid-day

[1] There would have been no English dower for Katherine the Fair, if the unfortunate widow of Henry IV. had not been robbed of hers under the frivolous pretence of sorcery. (See preceding memoir.)

[2] Pictorial History of England, and Monstrelet.

[3] Rymer's Fœdera, vol. ix.

on Trinity Sunday. And on the Tuesday *suing*, (following,) he removed towards the town of Sens, sixteen leagues thence, leading with him thither our queen and the French estate. And on Wednesday next ensuing was siege laid to that town—a great town, and a notable; it lieth toward Bourgoigne ward, and is holden strong with great number of Armagnacs.[1] The which town is worthily besieged. For there lie at that siege two kings, two queens, (Isabeau, queen of France, and the newly-married queen of England,) four *ducks*,[2] with my loord of Bedford, when he cometh hither. The which (the duke of Bedford) on the 12th day of June shall lodge beside Paris, hitherward coming.

"And at this siege also are lien many worthy ladies and *jantil-women*, both French and English, of the which many of them began feats of arms long time agone, but of lying at sieges now they begin first.

"I pray that ye will recommend me to my worshipful lord the chancellor, and to my lord the treasurer. And, furthermore, will ye *wit* (know) that Paris with other is sworn to obey the king our sovereign lord, as heriter and governor of France—and so they do.

"And on *Witsund* Monday final peace was proclaimed in Paris, and on Tuesday was a solemn mass of our lady, and a solemn procession of all the great and worthy men of Paris, thanking God for this accord.

"And now Englishmen go into Paris oft as they will, without any safe conduct or any letting (giving leave.) And Paris and all other towns turned from the Armagnac party make great joy and mirth every holiday in dancing and carolling. I pray God send grace to both realms of much mirth and gladness, and give you in health much joy and prosperity long to endure.

"I pray that ye will vouchsafe to let this letter commend me to Abel Howit and Bayley, and to Sir John Brockholes, and to greet well Richard Prior, (whom the fair town of Vernon on Seine greeteth well also,) and Will Albtow and Lark and all the *meinie*, and king Barbour and his wife. Written at the siege of Sens, the 6th day of June, in haste. Sens is further than Paris thirty-four leagues, and Troyes is further than Paris thirty-six leagues.

"Will ye say to my brother, Maister Piers, that I send him a letter by the bringer hereof?

"Your own Servant,
"JOHAN OFORT."

Thus was the honeymoon of Katherine the Fair passed at sieges and leaguers; her bridal music was the groans

[1] The party of the dauphin, the disinherited brother of Katherine, were called Armagnacs, from the count of Armagnac, kinsman and prime minister to Charles VI., the upholder of the rights of his son.

[2] Dukes, but the word is thus spelled.

of France. Horror, unutterable horror, was the attendant on these nuptials; for the cruel massacre of Montereau[1] took place within a fortnight of the queen's espousals. Yet Katherine was no unwilling bride; for, as her brother-in-law, Philip the Good of Burgundy, expressly declared, "she had passionately longed to be espoused to king Henry, and, from the moment she saw him, had constantly solicited her mother, with whom she could do anything, till her marriage took place."[2] But not a word, not a sign of objection to the cruelties and slaughter that followed her marriage is recorded; nor did the royal beauty ever intercede for her wretched country with her newly-wedded lord.

Sens received Henry and Katherine within its walls, soon after the siege had commenced in form. The king and queen of England entered in great state, accompanied by the archbishop of Sens, who had a few days before joined their hands at Troyes. This prelate had been expelled from his diocese by the party of the Armagnacs, but he was reinstated by Henry V., who, turning to him with a smile as they entered the cathedral, said, "Now, Monseigneur Archevesque, we are quits, for you gave me my wife the other day, and I restore you to yours this day."[3]

While the desperate siege of Montereau proceeded, the queen of England and her father and mother, with their courts and households, resided at Bray-sur-Seine. Here Henry paid frequent visits to his bride. After the tragedy of Montereau, the united courts removed to Corbeil, where queen Katherine was joined by her sister-in-law, Margaret duchess of Clarence, and many noble ladies, who had come from England to pay their duty to the bride of king Henry. She was with her mother

[1] This sad page of history is detailed by Monstrelet. Henry V., exasperated by the desperate defence of this town for its native sovereign, butchered the garrison, under pretence of revenging the death of John duke of Burgundy, with whose death the garrison had not the slightest concern, nor was Henry in the least called upon to avenge it.

[2] Martin's Chronicle. [3] Monstrelet.

and king Charles at the camp before Melun. "But, indeed," says Monstrelet, "it was a sorry sight to see the king of France bereft of all his usual state and pomp. They resided, with many ladies and damsels, about a month, in a house king Henry had had built for them near his tents, and at a distance from the town, that the roar of the cannon might not startle king Charles. Every day at sunrise," continues the Burgundian, "and at nightfall, ten clarions and divers other instruments were ordered by king Henry to play for an hour most melodiously before the door of the king of France. The malady of the unhappy father of Katherine was soothed by music.

This was evidently the military band of Henry V., the first which is distinctly mentioned in chronicles. Henry was himself a performer on the harp from an early age. He likewise was a composer, delighting in church harmony, which he used to practise on the organ.[1] That he found similar tastes in his royal bride is evident from an item in the Issue Rolls,[2] whereby it appears he sent to England for new harps for Katherine and himself, in the October succeeding his wedlock: "By the hands of William Menston was paid 8*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for two new harps purchased for king Henry and queen Katherine." If the reader is anxious to know who was the best harp-maker in London at this period, complete satisfaction can be given, for a previous document mentions another harp sent to Henry in France, "purchased of John Bore, harp-maker, London; together with several dozen harp-chords and a harp-case."

At the surrender of Melun, the vile mother of queen Katherine was proclaimed regent of France, through the influence of her son-in-law, who considered queen Isabeau entirely devoted to her daughter's interest. This was a preparatory step to a visit which Henry intended to

[1] Elmham's Chronicle, p. 12. Likewise a French chronicler, quoted by Col. Johnes in his notes to Monstrelet; and Dr. Henry, vol. 10, p. 227.

[2] Pages 363, 367.

make to his own country, for the purpose of shewing the English his beautiful bride, and performing the ceremonial of her coronation. The royal personages of France and England now approached Paris, in order that the king and queen of England might make their triumphal entry into that city; but Henry, not knowing how the Parisians might receive them, chose to precede his wife and take possession of the city, before he ventured to trust her within its walls.

"Queen Katherine and her mother made their grand entry into Paris next day. Great magnificence was displayed at the arrival of the queen of England, but it would take up too much time to relate all the rich presents that were offered to her by the citizens of Paris. The streets and houses were hung with tapestry the whole of that day, and wine was constantly running from brass cocks and in conduits through the squares, so that all persons might have it in abundance, and more rejoicings than tongue can tell were made in Paris for the peace, and for the marriage of Katherine the Fair."[1]

The miserably exhausted state of France prevented Katherine from receiving any solid sum as her fortune; but she had an income of forty thousand francs, the usual revenue of the queens of France, settled on her at her marriage by her father; a few scanty instalments of which proved, in reality, the only property she ever derived from her own country. This circumstance gives an exemplification, by no means uncommon in life, of the manner in which exorbitancy in pecuniary demands often defeats its own ends. Had Henry V. required a more reasonable dowry with his bride, Katherine might have been reckoned among the richest of our queens, instead of being, with all her high-sounding expectations, in reality the poorest among them all.

The royal pair spent their Christmas at Paris, but at the end of the festival Henry thought it best to pay some

[1] *Monstrelet.*

attention to the prayer of his faithful Commons, who had lately begged that he, with his gracious queen, would please to return to England, to comfort, support, and refresh them by their presence.[1] Accordingly, Henry set out with his queen on a winter journey through France escorted by the duke of Bedford, at the head of six thousand men. Queen Katherine arrived at Amiens on St. Vincent's day, and was lodged in the hotel of maitre Robert le Jeune, bailiff of Amiens, and many costly presents were made to her by that magistrate.[2]

The royal pair embarked at Calais, and landed at Dover, February 1st, where, continues Monstrelet, Katherine "was received as if she had been an angel of God."

The magnificent coronation of the queen took place as early after her landing as the 24th of February. She was led on foot from Westminster palace to the abbey between two bishops, and was crowned by the hands of archbishop Chicheley on the 24th of February, 1421. It is expressly mentioned that Katherine sat on the King's Bench at Westminster Hall, by Henry's side, at the coronation feast.

"It is worth the noting," says old Raphael Holinshed, "to take a view of all the goodly order and reverend dutifulness exhibited on all sides towards the new queen. After the coronation was ended, queen Katherine was conveyed into the great hall of Westminster, and there sat at dinner. Upon her right hand sat, at the end of the table, the archishop of Canterbury and cardinal Beaufort. Upon the left hand of the queen sat James I., king of Scotland,[3] in his canopy, who was served with

[1] Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 165. [2] Monstrelet.

[3] The royal minstrel, James Stuart, who had been captive in England since his boyhood; he was given a careful education at Windsor by Henry IV., and wrote many beautiful poems, taking for his models Chaucer and Gower, whom he calls his "maistres dear." From the top of the Maiden's Tower in Windsor Castle he fell in love with Joanna Beaufort, half niece to Henry V., whom he saw walking in the garden below. Queen Katherine's friendship gave a turn to his adverse fortunes.

messes in covered silver dishes, but after the aforesaid bishops. By the king of Scots sat the duchess of York[1] and the countess of Huntingdon. The countess of Kent sat under the table, at the queen's feet, holding a napkin. The earl of March, holding a sceptre in his hand, kneeled on the steps of the dais at the queen's right side; the earl marshal, holding her other sceptre, knelt at her left. The duke of Gloucester was that day overseer of the feast, and stood before queen Katherine bare-headed. Sir Richard Neville was her cupbearer; Sir James Stuart, sewer; the lord Clifford, pantler, in the earl of Warwick's stead; the lord Grey of Ruthin was her naperer; and the lord Audley her almoner, instead of the earl of Cambridge." "And ye shall understand," says alderman Fabian, "that this feast was all of fish, for, being February 24th, Lent was entered upon, and nothing of meat was there, saving brawn served with mustard." Among the fish dishes of the first course Fabian mentions especially *dead* eels stewed.

The table ornaments, called subtleties, were contrived to express by their mottoes a political meaning. In the first course was an image of St. Katherine, the queen's patron saint, disputing with the doctors, holding a label in her right hand, on which was written *madame la reine*, and a pelican held an answer in her bill to this effect:—

| | |
|---|---|
| C'est la signe et du roy | In this sign the king |
| Parer tenez joy, | Great joy will bring, |
| Et tout sa gent | And all his people |
| Elle mette sa content. | She (madame the queen) will content. |

The second course of this fish banquet was jelly, coloured with columbine flowers, white pottage, or cream of almonds; bream of the sea; conger; soles; cheven, or chubb; barbel, with roach; smelt, fried; crayfish, or lobster; leche, damasked with the king's motto or word flourished, "*Une sans plus;*" lamprey, fresh baked; *flampayne*, flourished with a scutcheon royal, and therein

[1] Widow to Edward duke of York.

three crowns of gold planted with fleur-de-lis and flowers of camomile, all wrought of confections, (confectionary,) and a subtlety named a panter, (panther,) with an image of St. Katherine, having a wheel in her hand, with this motto:—

| | |
|---|---|
| La royne ma fille | The queen my daughter |
| In sette ile | In this island |
| Per bon reason | Has with good reason |
| Aïe renown. | Renown. |

The third course was likewise of fish. A leche,[1] called the white leche, flourished with hawthorn leaves and red haws; dates in compost; mottled cream; carp, turbot, tench; perch, with gudgeon; fresh sturgeon, with wilks; porpoise, roasted, (which Fabian, because the dish was not barbarous enough in itself, calls porporous.) Then there was crevisse d'eau, (crab-fish;) prawns; eels roasted, with lamprey; and a march pane, garnished with divers figures of angels, among which was set an image of St. Barnabas, holding this poesie, giving hopes of peace, as well as that the royal wedlock would be happy:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Il est ecrit, | It is written, |
| Pur voir et eil, | It may be seen and is, |
| Per mariage pure | In marriage pure |
| C'est guerre ne dure. | No strifes endure. |

And, lastly, there was a subtlety, named a *tigre*, looking in a mirror, and a man on horseback clean armed, holding a tiger's whelp in his hands, with this motto:—*Per force sans reason je prise cette beste:* "By force of arms, and not by that of reason, have I captured this beast." The small tiger and the motto meant an uncivil allusion to Katherine's young brother, the dauphin; the figure made show of throwing mirrors at the great tiger, which held in his paw this *reason* (label with motto):—

| | |
|---|---|
| Gile che mirrour | The sight of this mirror |
| Ma festa distour. | Tames wild beasts of terror. |

The only instance of active benevolence ever recorded of Katherine the Fair took place at this coronation feast,

[1] Strained jelly. The word "leche" is still used in Suffolk for a strainer.

when the queen publicly interceded with her monarch bridegroom for the liberation of his royal guest and prisoner, James I. of Scotland, then at table. This suit seems to have been granted, on condition that James should bear arms under Henry V.'s banner, for the purpose of completing the subjugation of France.[1] Katherine likewise took in hand the management of the love affairs of the accomplished king of Scotland, and, through her agency, hopes were held out to the gallant James, that if he gave satisfaction to king Henry in the ensuing campaign, he need not despair of possessing the beautiful Joanna Beaufort, with whom he was so desperately enamoured. Stow affirms that this lady was betrothed to king James before the festivals of Katherine's coronation ended. Katherine presented Sir James Stuart with the gilt cup with which he served her as sewer at the coronation.[2]

After the festivals had concluded, the queen was left by Henry in her palace of Westminster till Palm Sunday, when she removed to Windsor, expecting to meet the king, who had promised to pass Easter with her at the castle. Henry, however, found it impossible to return from the north, whither he had gone on progress; he therefore sent for the queen to Leicester, where they celebrated the spring festival; they then continued the

[1] This was done, but it is certain that James made the ensuing campaigns as a private knight; for his subjects were fighting for the dauphin, under the earl of Buchan, son to his usurping uncle, the duke of Albany. This Scotch army soon after gave to England the first reverse they had met in France, at Baugy, where—

> Swinton laid the lance in rest
> That tamed of yore the sparkling crest
> Of Clarence's Plantagenet.

Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, unhorsed the duke of Clarence, and wounded him in the face; the earl of Buchan afterwards killed him with a blow of his truncheon, but to the gallant Swinton certainly belongs the chivalric part of the victory. The late Swinton, of Swinton, descendant of Sir John, gave the spear which achieved this conquest to Sir Walter Scott, and it is now to be seen at Abbotsford.

[2] Excerpta Historica, p. 278.

progress together, visiting the shrines of all northern saints. Henry was so superfluous in his devotions, and so stern in suppressing all the satirical writings of the Lollards against the clergy, that the Reformers gave him the sobriquet of the prince of the priests.[1]

The object of the king in this progress was to prepare his people for the extraordinary supplies he meant to request at the ensuing parliament. For this purpose he harangued the corporations of every town through which he passed; and shewing them his fair queen as a proof of the progress he had made in the conquest of France, he explained to them with great eloquence what forces and funds it would take to complete it.

Henry proceeded no further northward than the shrine of St. John of Beverley. While he was offering to that popular saint, he left his queen at the royal castle of Pontefract,[2] that fearful fortress where her sister Isabella's first husband, Richard II., had met with his mysterious death, and where that sister's second husband, her cousin-german, the poet duke of Orleans, was then enduring a strict captivity. It may be inferred that queen Katherine was permitted to see this near relative, or Henry would scarcely have taken her to his place of abode. Katherine returned to Westminster in May, 1421, when the king met his parliament.

Soon after, the disastrous news arrived of the defeat and death, at the fatal field of Baugy, of that stainless knight, the king's best beloved brother, Thomas duke of Clarence. Henry had not intended to leave England till after the birth of the heir which the situation of his young queen led him to expect; but now, burning to avenge Clarence,[3] he hurried to France, June 10, leaving his Katherine in the care of the duke of Bedford.

[1] White Kennet, reign Henry V., vol. ii. p. 163.

[2] White Kennet, ibid.

[3] As the Scottish army had defeated Clarence, he hung every Scotchman he took in arms in France, under pretence that they were fighting against their king James, who followed the English banner as a private knight.

One especial command he laid on his wife at his parting, which was, not to let his heir be born at Windsor.

Our chroniclers lead us to suppose that the king himself had examined the aspect of the planets, according to the vain rules of art; for the expression always is, "that he prophesied[1] the calamities of Henry VI." Now, if it was a marvel that Saul was among the prophets, it would be one still greater to find our gallant Plantagenet king assuming the prophet's mantle; unless, indeed, during his education at Oxford, he had, among other trash then considered learning, acquired the art of casting horoscopes. Be this as it may, Henry, from some mysterious reason, deemed that destiny lowered darkly over the royal towers of Windsor, during the month when he expected Katherine to bring forth her first-born.[2] It is certain, however, that Katherine disobeyed her royal lord, either from want of belief in astrology, or because she chose that her child should first see the light in that stately fortress where his great and fortunate ancestor, Edward III., was born.

On the 6th of December, 1421, the son of Katherine came into a world which assuredly proved most disastrous to him. When the news was brought to Henry V. that Katherine had brought him an heir, he was prosecuting the siege of Meaux. He eagerly inquired "where the boy was born;" and being answered "at Windsor," the king repeated with a sigh to his chamberlain, lord Fitzhugh, the following oracular stave, which assuredly does little honour to his talents as an impromptu versifier:—

> "I, Henry, born at Monmouth,
> Shall small time reign and much get;
> But Henry of Windsor shall long reign and lose all,
> But as God will, so be it."[3]

[1] Speed. Stow. Fabian. Holinshed. [2] Ibid.

[3] White Kennet. Trussel's Chronicle of Henry V., vol. i. p. 336. Most of the chroniclers who wrote during the latter part of Henry VI.'s reign to Henry VII.'s era, mention this singular piece of court gossip. If the saying was indeed prevalent from the commencement of the life of Henry VI., it must have fought more fatally against the Red Rose than an

No regular English dower was at this time settled on Katherine, but it is evident that the revenues of the unfortunate queen-dowager were confiscated for her use, as her maids were paid from that source. Her damsels were, Joanna Belknap, Joanna Troutbeck, and Joanna Courcy, besides Agnes, who has no surname. "These ladies," says Henry, "the demoiselles of our dear companion, are to receive ten *livres* apiece out of the funds of queen Johane.[1] Guillemote, damsel of the bedchamber to his said dear companion, is to receive one hundred shillings from the monies of queen Joanna." Not very honest of the valiant Henry to pay his wife's servants with another person's money.

These gifts are declared to be in consideration of the "costages and expenses the beloved demoiselles are incurring by following the said dear queen and companion to meet me, king Henry, in France." Likewise an annuity of twenty livres[2] per annum for that dear doctor of philosophy, Maister Johan Boyers, because of his office of confessor to queen Katherine. The revenue of the unfortunate dowager was likewise taxed for the maintenance of Katherine's guest, Jacqueline of Hainault,[3] to the enormous amount of a hundred pounds per month. Henry directs the treasurer of his exchequer to pay to his dearly beloved cousin, *Dame Jake*, duchess of Holland, this sum from the profits of the dower of Joanna, late queen of England.

army with banners. It is well worthy of observation how completely these oracular sayings brought their own fulfilment, by the peculiar bias they gave to the minds of men; hope was raised on one side, and despair induced on the other, and thus predictions were fulfilled by natural causes.

[1] Fœdera, p. 204, vol. x. The deed is in Norman French. We think the word "livres" means English pounds sterling.

[2] Fœdera, vol. x., p. 134.

[3] This princess had eloped from a bridegroom whom she hated, and had taken refuge at the court of Katherine, with whom she lived on great terms of intimacy. Jacqueline was in hopes that the pope would dissolve her forced marriage, and consent to her union with Katherine's handsome brother-in-law, Humphrey, duke of Gloucester.

Before Katherine left England, her infant was baptized by the name of his father, the duchess Jacqueline standing godmother; the duke of Bedford, and cardinal Beaufort, were the other sponsors.

Early in the same spring Katherine wrote her warlike lord a most loving letter, declaring that she earnestly longed to behold him once more. This epistle was answered by a permission to join him in France.

# KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE FAIR,

CONSORT OF HENRY V.

## CHAPTER II.

Katherine joins Henry V.—Her court at Paris—Death of Henry V.—Grief of the queen—She presides over the funeral—Follows the corpse—Arrives in England—Raises Henry V.'s tomb—Queen and her infant son (Henry VI.)—He travels to London on her lap—Her London residence—Last public appearance—Infancy of Henry VI.—Katherine retires from public life—Attachment to Owen Tudor—He dances before her—Introduction of his kinsmen—Queen's remarks—Ruby ring—Birth of second family—Death of her mother—Marriage discovered—Imprisonment—Illness—Penitence—Present from her son—Dictates her will—Death—Burial—Original epitaph—Persecution of her husband—Children—Death of Owen Tudor—Grandson of Katherine (Henry VII.)—New Epitaph—Katherine's body exhumed—Made a spectacle for three centuries—Pepys kisses her remains—Re-interred.

QUEEN KATHERINE crossed the sea, and landed at Harfleur on the 21st of May, 1422, escorted by the duke of Bedford and an army of twenty thousand men, destined to complete the conquest of her unhappy country. At the head of this mighty reinforcement she traversed France in royal state.

Henry left Meaux, which he had just captured,[1] as soon as he heard of the landing of his queen, and advanced with her father and mother to meet her; they

[1] Stow's Annals.

met at the Bois de Vincennes, where she was received by her husband and parents as if she had been somewhat more than mortal. She had left her little infant in England under the care of its uncle, the duke of Gloucester.[1]

Great rejoicings were made at Paris for the arrival of the queen of England, and the birth of the heir of Henry. On the 30th of May, the royal party left Vincennes,[2] and entered Paris in great magnificence, that day being Whitsun eve. Queen Katherine, with her train, were lodged at the Louvre, while her mother and king Charles took up their abode at the Hôtel de St. Paul. "And on Whit Sunday queen Katherine sat at table at the Louvre, gloriously apparelled, having her crown on her head. The English princes and nobles were partakers with the great lords of France at this feast, each seated according to his rank, while the tables were covered with the richest viands and wines. Queen Katherine next day held a great court, and all the Parisians went to see their princess and her lord sitting enthroned, crowned with her most precious diadems; but," continues Monstrelet, "as no meat or drink was offered to the populace, they went away much discontented. For when, of old, the kings of France kept open court, much good cheer was freely given to all comers. King Charles VI. had once been as courteous and liberal as any of his predecessors; but now he was seated at table with his queen, quite forsaken by his nobles, who all flocked to pay their court to his daughter and her husband, at which the common people grieved much." Katherine likewise gave great offence by having the ermines carried before her coach, as if she had been sovereign of France.[3]

The last year's harassing warfare had greatly injured the constitution of Henry V. He was ill when his queen arrived, but he paid no regard to his failing health —he scarcely allowed himself a day's repose.

[1] Speed. [2] Monstrelet. [3] Goodwin.

But conquest, empire, and all worldly things were fast fleeting from the grasp of the warlike lord of Katherine the Fair. At Senlis he was seized with a mortal distemper. He struggled fiercely against its encroachments, for he daily expected to hear of a battle between his friend, the duke of Burgundy, and the Dauphin, and hoped to assist his ally in person. He had even assumed his armour, and marched as far as Melun; but the strong hand of disease was too powerful even for the energies of his mighty mind. Sorely smitten with illness, he was obliged to give up his march; and the malady increasing every minute, he was forced to be carried back to Senlis in a litter. He had left his queen at Senlis, but for greater security she had retired to her father's castle in the wood of Vincennes; thither the "mighty victor, mighty lord," was carried to her helpless, on that litter which was almost a funeral couch to him.

In the castle of Vincennes, near Paris, which has so often been the theatre of the destinies of France, Katherine and her mother attended the last hours of Henry V.[1]

He made a very penitential end, but was so little conscious of his blood-guiltiness, that when his confessor was reading the seven Psalms in the service for the dying, he stopped him when he came to the verse, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem," with an earnest protestation, "that when he had completed his conquests in Europe, he always intended to undertake a crusade." When he had arranged his affairs, he asked his physicians "how long he had to live?" One of them replied on his knees, "that without a miracle, he could not survive two hours at the most."

[1] Those who trace closely the locality of Katherine and her mother will be convinced that they were with Henry at the Bois de Vincennes; for Monstrelet brings Henry to Katherine's care at Senlis, and affirms her mother was with the hero when he retired to die at the palace near Paris, most used as a residence by the royal family. Was it likely he should leave his wife at the camp? Besides, he points out the affliction of Katherine to his brother. Moreover, Katherine immediately appears as chief mourner in the funeral rites of her departed lord.

"Comfort my dear wife," he said to the duke of Bedford, "the most afflicted creature living."[1] In a will he made on his death-bed, he leaves Katherine a gold sceptre. He expired on the 31st of August, 1422.

Henry was a learned prince, but he had the bad habit of borrowing books and never returning them. After his death a petition was sent to the regency by the lady Westmoreland, his relative, praying that her "Chronicles of Jerusalem," and the "Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne," borrowed of her by the late king, might be returned. The prior of Christchurch, likewise, sent in a most pitiful complaint, that he had lent to his dear lord, king Henry, the works of St. Gregory, who had never restored them to him their rightful owner.

In person Henry V. was tall and agile, and so swift of foot, that he could, with the aid of two of his lords, capture deer in the royal enclosures without the assistance of dogs. His portraits possess that distinctive character which proves personal resemblance; his features are regular, though very strongly marked; the perceptive brow denotes the great general; the eyes are majestic and overpowering; the nose well cut, but stern in the expression of the nostril; the mouth wide, but closely pressed, and the haughty upper lip curls with no very benevolent expression. There is a great development of frontal brain in his portraits: they are all profiles, excepting that over the chantry at Westminster Abbey, which has a wen on the right side of the neck.

At the time of Henry's death, his fair widow had not attained her twenty-first year. Her affection was, as the dying hero observed to his brother, most violent, but it certainly proved in the end not unlike that of the widow of Ephesus.

The funeral of Henry V. was arranged and conducted by queen Katherine with all the pomp of woe.[2] "His body was laid on a chariot drawn by four great horses. Just above the dead corpse they laid a figure made of

[1] Speed. [2] Stow.

boiled leather, representing his person as nigh as might be devised, painted curiously to the semblance of a living creature, on whose head was set an imperial diadem of gold and precious stones; on its body, a purple robe furred with ermine; in the right hand, a sceptre royal, in the left, an orb of gold, with a cross fixed thereon. And, thus adorned, was this figure laid in a bed on the same chariot, with the visage uncovered towards the heavens; and the coverture of this bed was of red, beaten with gold; and besides, when the body should pass through any good town, a canopy of marvellous value was borne over it by men of great worship. In this manner he was accompanied by the king of Scots, as chief mourner,[1] and by all the princes, lords and knights of his house, in vestures of deep mourning. At a distance from the corpse of about two English miles, followed the widow queen Katherine, right honourably accompanied. The body rested at the church of St. Offian, in Abbeville, where masses were sung, by the queen's orders, for the repose of Henry's soul, from the dawn of morning till the close of night. The procession moved through Abbeville with increased pomp. The duke of Exeter, the earl of March, Sir Louis Robsart, the queen's knight, and many nobles, bore the banners of the saints. The hatchments were carried by twelve renowned captains, and around the bier-car rode four hundred men-at-arms in black armour, their horses barbed black, their lancets held with the points downwards. A great company clothed in white, bearing wax-torches, lighted, encompassed the procession. The queen, with a mighty retinue, came after at a mile's distance." Thus she passed, keeping her husband's corpse in view, through Hesdin, Montreuil, and Boulogne, till they came to Calais, where, on the 12th of October, the privy council had ordered vessels to meet the queen, with ladies to attend her.[2]

[1] Goodwin's Life of Henry.

[2] Minutes of Privy Council, vol. iii. p. 5. These documents tacitly

When the queen, after landing at Dover with the royal corpse, approached London, she was met by fifteen bishops in their pontifical habits, and by many abbots in their mitres and vestments, with a vast crowd of priests and people. The priests chanted all the way from Blackheath, and through the streets of the city, hymns for their dead king. A general and picturesque illumination was effected, by each householder standing at his door with a torch in his hand. The princes of the royal family rode in mournful postures next the funeral car." The grief of the young queen greatly edified the people, and they were still more impressed by the barbarian magnificence of the tomb she raised to the memory of their royal hero; on which a Latin inscription expressed that it was raised by his queen, Katherine. The famous silver-plated statue, with the head of solid silver gilt, was placed on the tomb of Henry V. at the expense of his widow.[1]

Directly after the obsequies of her husband, Katherine retired to Windsor Castle[2] to embrace her babe, and pass the first weeks of her widowhood. Her little child was eight months old on the day of his warlike father's death. When the parliament met she removed to London, and passed through the city on a moving throne drawn by white horses, and surrounded by all the princes and nobles of England. The infant king was seated on her lap, "and those pretty hands," says one of our quaint chroniclers, "which could not yet feed himself, were made capable of wielding a sceptre; and he who was beholden to nurses for milk did distribute sustenance to the law and justice of his nation. The queen, with her infant on her knee, was enthroned among the

confirm the assertion of Speed that the little Henry was left in England; for no preparation is made for his reception, nor is the royal infant even mentioned in any of the arrangements for meeting his dead father and mourning mother at Dover, excepting that all orders are effected in his name.

[1] Goodwin. Stow. Speed. Weever.

[2] Speed.

lords, whom, by the chancellor, the little king saluted, and spake to them at large his mind by means of another's tongue." The king conducted himself with extraordinary quietness and gravity, considering he had not yet attained the age of twelve months.

Henry did not always behave so orderly, as that curious annal, the London Chronicle, thus bears grave testimony:—[1] "This year, (1423,) upon Saturday, the 13th of November, the king and his mother removed from Windsor to hold a parliament in London. At night the king and his mother the queen lodged at Staines, and upon the morrow, being Sunday, the king being borne towards his mother's car, he skreeked, he cried, he sprang, and would be carried no further; wherefore they bore him again to the inn, and there he abode the Sunday all day."

The chronicler certainly means to insinuate that all this violence was because the royal babe, by a holy instinct, would not break the sabbath by travelling, and therefore made this notable resistance by shrieking and kicking when he was carried to his mother's car. In all probability he had been well amused at the inn at Staines, and did not wish to leave it.

"On the Monday," continues the chronicler of London, "he was borne to his mother's car or chair, he being then glad and merry of cheer, and so they came to Kingston, and rested that night. On the Tuesday queen Katherine brought him to Kennington. On Wednesday he came to London, and with glad semblance and merry cheer on his mother's barm[2] (lap) in the car, rode through London to Westminster, and on the morrow was so brought into parliament."

The 26th of November, Katherine left Westminster with her infant, and retired to Waltham Palace, and from thence to Hertford, where she kept her Christmas

[1] Chronicles of London, p. 111, (date 1423.)

[2] Barm is an ancient word signifying lap. An apron is by our early writers termed barm cloth.

with her friend, James I. of Scotland,[1] whom she had the pleasure of seeing united at St. Mary's, Southwark, soon after, to the lady he passionately loved, and whose happiness she had kindly promoted.

In the second year of her infant's reign, Katherine's dower was settled by Act of Parliament. She appears to have been put in possession of all the ancient dower palaces belonging to the queens of England, with the exception of Havering atte Bower and Langley, where resided the queen-dowager, widow to Henry IV.

"In the third year of the reign of Henry VI. was granted to his dearest mother Katherine all that inn or hospitium in the city of London, where his dear cousin the earl of March, lately deceased, used to reside; and that she may have possession of it during the minority of his dear cousin, Richard duke of York, on condition that she keeps in good condition all the buildings and gardens, and is at all charges concerning them."

This year, Katherine[2] and her mother, Isabeau of Bavaria, were entreated on the part of England and France to act as mediatrices between Humphrey duke of Gloucester and Philip duke of Burgundy, who had challenged each other to mortal combat. Duke Humphrey insisted on retaining, as his wife, Jacqueline the heiress of Holland, who had formerly thrown herself on Katherine's protection. Katherine, being the intimate friend of all the parties, succeeded in preventing the duel.[3]

Two days before the opening of Parliament in 1425, Katherine entered the city in a chair of state, with her child sitting on her knee. When they arrived at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, the duke-protector lifted the infant king from his chair and set him on his feet, and then, with the duke of Exeter, led him between them up the stairs going into the choir; from whence the royal infant was carried to the high altar, where he

[1] Chron. of London, 112 and 165. [2] Monstrelet.

[3] The king's *moder* and his *aieule* are entreated by the English parliament to make peace.—Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 197.

kneeled for a time on a traverse prepared for him. It is expressly said, "that he looked gravely and sadly about him." And then he was borne into the churchyard, and there set upon a fair courser, to the infinite delight of the people, and so conveyed, through Cheapside to St. George's Bar, to his manor of Kennington. At Kennington Palace, Katherine and her royal son reposed till, the 30th of April, when they set out on a grand procession through the city to Westminster Palace. The little king was held on a great white horse, and the people flocked in multitudes to see him, declaring he had the features of his father, and loading him with blessings. Being come to the palace, Katherine seated herself on the throne in the white hall, where the House of Lords was held, with the infant sovereign on her lap.[1]

Our warlike barons were not a little embarrassed by the mutations of this world, which had snatched from them a leader of singular energies, both as monarch and warrior, and, placing a little babe at their head, made them directors of a nursery. The chivalric earl of Warwick had the guardianship of the king's person at a very early age; a fact illustrated by a beautiful contemporary drawing in the pictorial history of the earl.[2] He is represented holding the king, a most lovely infant of fourteen months old, in his arms, while he is shewing him to the peers in parliament. One of the lords is presenting the infant monarch with the orb. The royal babe is curiously surveying it, and, with an arch look, gently placing one dimpled hand upon the symbol of sovereignty, seems doubtful whether it is to be treated with reverence, or chucked, like a common ball, into the midst of the august assembly. Another representation of the earl of Warwick gives us an idea of the costume of royal infants in the middle ages; for the limners of that age drew what they saw worn, and invented nothing. War-

[1] Parliamentary History, 191, and Holinshed.
[2] See the preceding memoir.

wick is delineated in the Rous Roll,[1] holding his royal charge on his arm. The babe is about eighteen months old; he is attired in a little crimson velvet gown, and has on his head a velvet cap turned up with a miniature crown; moreover, he holds a toy sceptre in his baby hand, which he looks much inclined to whisk about the head of the stout earl, who is so amiably performing the office of a nursery maid. It is to be presumed that the earl carried the little king on all state occasions, while his governess, dame Alice Boteler, and his nurse, Joan Astley, had possession of him in his hours of retirement.

In a very naïvely-worded document, the privy council, writing as if the king were giving his directions to his governess himself, requests dame Alice "from time to time reasonably to chastise us, as the case may require, without being held acccountable or molested for the same at any future time. The well-beloved dame Alice, being a very wise and expert person, is to teach courtesy, and nurture, (good manners,) and many things convenient for our royal person to learn."[2]

After these arrangements were effected, Katherine the Fair retires behind a cloud so mysterious, that for thirteen years of her life we have no public document which tells of her actions, and the biographer is forced to wander in search of particulars into the pleasant but uncertain regions of tradition and private anecdote.

Deep obscurity hangs over the birth and origin of Katherine's second husband, Owen Tudor. Some historians declare that the father of Owen was a brewer at

[1] See the original in the Herald's College.

[2] Many of the infant nobility were educated at the palace with their little sovereign; for provision is made by the privy council for their reception and the entertainment of their tutors. The king was taken out of feminine dominion in his seventh year, and consigned wholly to the management of his governor, the earl of Warwick, who is "to teach us nurture, (*good manners,*) literature, and languages, and to chastise us from time to time according to his discretion." However, Henry, mild as he was, rebelled against the chastisement, and the privy council were forced to interfere.—Privy Council, vol. iii. 297.

Beaumaris.[1] Nevertheless, he drew his line from a prince of North Wales, called Theodore; which, pronounced according to the Saxon tongue, was corrupted into Tudor, and even to the meaner sound of Tidder. There is an ancient house in the county of Anglesey, called Glengauny, still pointed out as the residence of Owen Tudor;[2] and the Welsh say he possessed there property to the amount of three thousand pounds per annum. But this wealthy heritage is by no means consistent with the assertion of his accurate countryman, Pennant, who has proved that Meredith, the father of Owen, was the fourth son of a younger son of the line of Tudor, and that he filled no higher office than that of *scutifer*, or shieldbearer, to the bishop of Bangor. When in this office, Meredith, either by design or accident, killed a man, and, being outlawed, fled with his wife to the fastnesses of Snowdon, where Owen Glendower upheld the banner of defiance against the house of Lancaster. If young Owen were not born in this stronghold of freedom, he was probably baptized there, for a tradition declares he was godson to the great chief, Glendower. He was thus brought up from his cradle as a hardy, predatory soldier.

The next fact regarding Owen is, that he certainly belonged to the brave Welsh band with whom Henry V. most prudently entered into amicable terms on the death of the warlike Glendower. These hardy warriors, it is well known, under the command of Davy the One-eyed,[3] did good service at Agincourt. Tradition says that young Owen Tudor aided his countrymen in repelling the fiery charge of Alençon, and that Henry V. made him, for his bravery, one of the squires of his body;[4] hence his title of armiger.[5] There is great rea-

[1] Rapin. [2] Boswell's Antiquities.

[3] Davy Gam, brother-in-law to Glendower.

[4] Stow's Annals. These squires of the body guarded the person of the sovereign; they were probably the origin of the gentlemen-at-arms. Several of the Welsh band of Gam were thus promoted.

[5] Owen is entitled armiger, or squire, in the Fœdera, but never knight.

son to suppose that the brave and handsome Owen fought only as a common soldier in the Welsh band. But when once he had received the preferment of squire of the body to Henry V., he certainly continued the same office about the person of the infant king, and hence his acquaintance with the queen-mother.

In this station Owen Tudor is next found keeping guard on the infant king and his mother at Windsor Castle, and very soon after the death of Henry V. it appears the handsome Welsh soldier attracted the attention of the royal widow of England. Owen did not certainly possess forty pounds per annum at this time; if he had, he must have taken up his knighthood.

While Owen was on guard at Windsor on some festival, he was required to dance[1] before the queen; and making too elaborate a pirouette, he was not able to recover his balance, but fell into the queen's lap as she sat upon a low seat,[2] with all her ladies about her. The queen's manner of excusing this awkwardness gave her ladies the first suspicion that she was not entirely insensible to the attractions of the brave Welshman. As her passion increased, and she indulged herself in greater intimacy with the object of it, those of her ladies who could take the liberty remonstrated with the queen, and represented how much she lowered herself by paying any attention to a person, who, though possessing some personal accomplishments and advantages, had no princely, nor even gentle alliances, but belonged to a barbarous clan of savages, reckoned inferior to the lowest English yeomen. Upon which the queen declared, "that being a Frenchwoman, she had not been aware that there was any difference of race in the British island."

Afterwards, communicating these strictures to her lover, he held forth very eloquently concerning his high-born kin and princely descent, and the queen concluded by requesting him to introduce some of his family at

[1] Stow's Annals.

[2] This low seat indicates that the infant Henry was in presence.

her court in Windsor Castle. "Whereupon," says Sir John Wynne, "he brought into her presence John ap Meredith, and Howel ap Llewyllyn, his near cousins, men of the goodliest stature and personage, but wholly destitute of bringing up and nurture, (education;) for when the queen had spoken to them in divers languages, and they were not able to answer her, she said,[1] 'they were the goodliest dumb creatures she ever saw;' a proof that Katherine knew several languages, but had no skill in Welsh."

The precise time when Katherine's love led her to espouse the Welsh soldier, it is impossible to ascertain; what priest married them, and in what holy place their hands were united, no document exists to prove; and strange it is, that Henry VII., with all his elaborate boast of royal descent, should not have left some intimation of the time and place of the marriage of Katherine and Owen. All chroniclers of the Tudor era assert confidently that the marriage of the queen-mother and Owen Tudor was at least tacitly acknowledged in the sixth year of her son's reign. Modern historians implicitly follow them, yet there was not a shadow of acknowledgment of the marriage; but in the sixth year of her son's reign some suspicions arose in the mind of the protector, Humphrey of Gloucester, that the queen meant to degrade herself by an unsuitable alliance, and a severe statute was enacted, threatening with the heaviest penalties any one who should dare to marry a queen-dowager, or any lady who held lands of the crown, without the consent of the king and his council.[2]

It is usually affirmed that the regency had ascertained

[1] History of the Gwydyr Family.

[2] Sir Edward Coke is the authority that this statute was passed, but it was never printed, he says, nor does it appear to have been seen by him. The Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 211, expressly declares it is not on the Rolls; it was probably struck off by the authority of Henry VII., because it tended to illegitimate his father. Sir Harris Nicolas has shewn that in order to make the deception more complete, all the membranes or sections were falsely numbered! Sandford declares that the clergy agreed

that the queen was married when this law was enacted. It is possible that such might be the case, but they had not assuredly discovered the object of her attachment; otherwise would they have suffered Owen to abide as an inmate of Katherine's establishment, till at least within the last six months of her life ?—a fact incontestably proved by the minutes of the privy council.[1] He was clerk of her wardrobe, according to the assertion of a great historical antiquarian.

Soon after the prohibitory statute was passed, the queen brought an action against the bishop of Carlisle, for some encroachment on her dower lands. Her cause was carried on in her own name, without the slightest allusion to any second husband.

An office like that borne by Owen Tudor was peculiarly liable to promote personal acquaintance between the queen and her lover: as clerk of the wardrobe, it was Owen's office not only to guard the queen's jewels from robbery, but to pay for, if not purchase, all materials for her dress.[2] Many serious consultations might have taken place on occasion of every new purchase or payment, as to the colours and style most becoming to the royal beauty, and compliments might be implied which the lowly lover could have no other opportunity of expressing.

Katherine lived in the utmost retirement after the third year of her infant's reign. The only notice that occurs of her from that time till 1436 is, that her son, then in his seventh year, by the advice of his governess Alice Boteler, presented his mother, for a New Year's

to this bill only so far "as it contradicted not the laws of God and of the church, and that no deadly sin should be occasioned by it;" a clause which proves there was a suspicion that some marriage displeasing to the crown had already taken place.

[1] Privy Council, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, vol. v. p. 47.

[2] The clerks of the wardrobe bought jewels and cloth of gold for the queen or princesses. See Richard Clifford's purchases for the lady Philippa, daughter of Henry IV., when she married Eric king of Sweden.—Issue Rolls, p. 303, 4.

gift, with the ruby ring given him by his uncle, the duke of Bedford.[1]

Katherine's life of retirement enabled her to conceal her marriage for many years, and, give birth, without any very notorious scandal, to three sons successively. The eldest was born at the royal manor-house of Hadham; from the place of his birth he is called Edmund of Hadham. The second was Jasper of Hatfield, from another of the royal residences. The third, Owen, first saw the light at some inconvenient season when Katherine was forced to appear at the royal palace of Westminster. The babe was carried at once into the monastery, where he was reared, and afterwards professed a monk.

While Katherine was devoting herself to conjugal affection and maternal duties performed by stealth, her royal son was crowned in his eighth year king of England, at Westminster, with great pomp, in which his mother took no share. The next year he crossed the sea, in order to be crowned at Paris. It is natural to suppose that queen Katherine accompanied her son, and supported his claims on her native crown by her personal influence; but no traces are to be found of her presence.

Her mother was alive in Paris, full of years, and, it must be added, of dishonours. The English princes and lords did not condescend to introduce their little king to the degraded woman, and the maternal grandmother of Henry VI. became first known to the son of her daughter, by kissing her hand[2] and making a reverential curtsey to him at a *croissée* (window) of the Hôtel de St. Paul, when it was not considered decent to forbid the young king's request to visit her, and an interview took place between queen Isabeau and her grandson.

Time wore on, and one disaster followed another to the English in France. Three days before the evacu-

[1] Privy Council, vol. iii. p. 285.

[2] Monstrelet.

ation of Paris by the English, the wicked queen Isabeau died. There was scarcely a person found to bury this once powerful princess. Katherine, though in the prime of life, being but thirty-five, survived her wretched mother only one year.

A strong suspicion of the queen's connexion with Tudor seems to have been first excited in the minds of Henry V.'s guardians, towards the end of the summer of 1436, at which time Katherine either took refuge in the abbey of Bermondsey, or was sent there under some restraint. This event is supposed to have occurred just after the birth of her little daughter, Margaret, who lived but a few days. Anxiety of mind soon threw the queen into delicate health, and she remained very ill at Bermondsey during the autumn.

"The high spirit of the duke of Gloucester," says one of our historians,[1] "could not brook her marriage; neither the beauty of Tudor's person, nor his genealogy deduced from Cadwallader kings, could shield him or the queen from a sharp persecution as soon as the match was discovered."

The children to whom queen Katherine had previously given birth in secret, were torn from her by the orders of the council, and consigned to the keeping of a sister of the earl of Suffolk.[2] This cruelty perhaps hastened the death of the unfortunate queen. The pitying nuns who attended her declared she was a sincere penitent, and among other small sins she expressed the deepest contrition[3] for having disobeyed her royal husband Henry V., and perversely chosen the forbidden castle of Windsor as the birth-place of the heir of England. In her youth Katherine had evidently scorned the astrological oracle, "that Henry of Windsor shall lose all that

[1] It was the more cruel and unjust of Gloucester to persecute and torment his sister-in-law for having married a man of unblemished character, since he himself had formed a most degrading alliance with Eleanora Cobham, who had not only previously lived with him on disreputable terms, but had borne an infamous character.

[2] Abbess of Barking, Katherine de la Pole. [3] Speed.

Henry of Monmouth had gained;" but now, although the late disasters in France, and the lowering prospects in England, were plainly the natural consequences of a thirty years' war, superstition seized on the mind that had formerly rejected it, and Katherine, weakened by sorrow and suffering, devoutly believed that her forbidden accouchement at Windsor Castle was the reason of the ill fortune of her son, Henry VI., and duly repented of her supposed crime on her death-bed.

While languishing between life and death, Katherine made her will in terms which fully denote the deep depression of her spirits:—

"The last will of queen Katherine made unto our sovereign lord, her son, upon her departing out of this world.[1]

"Right high and mighty prince, and my full doubted lord, and full entirely beloved son, in due humble wise, with full hearty natural blessing I commend me to your highness. To the which please to be certified, that before the silent and fearful conclusion of this long, grievous malady, in the which I have been long, and yet am, troubled and vexed by the visitation of God, (to whom be thanking and laud in all his gifts!) I purpose, by the grace of God, and under your succour, protection, and comfort, (in whom only, among all other earthly, stands all my trust,) to ordain and dispose of my testament both for my soul and my body.

"And I trust fully, and am right sure, that, among all creatures earthly, ye best may and will best tender and favour my will in ordaining for my soul and body, in seeing that my debts be paid and my servants guerdoned, and *in tender and favourable fulfilling of mine intent.*[2] Wherefore, tenderly I beseech you at the reverence of God, and upon my full, hearty blessing, that to my perpetual comfort and health of soul and body, of your abundant and special grace, (in full remedy of all means that in any wise may *amnentise*[3] or deface the effect of my

[1] This document has, as far as we know, never before been printed; it is partially injured by the fire that damaged the Cottonian MSS. in the last century, but enough remains to be intelligible. Mr. Halliwell has kindly transcribed it in its exact language. The orthography alone has been altered in its introduction into this memoir. *MSS. Cotton. Tiberius* E. viii. fol. 221.

[2] This is the only sentence which can be construed into an allusion to her family; here some intent, supposed to be known to the king, is implied—a mysterious clause evidently distinct from the previously enumerated portions of the sentence—viz., obituary and burial; paying her debts and rewarding her servants.

[3] This word seems to mean *impede.*

last purpose and intent,) grant at my humble prayer and request to be my executor; and to depute and assign such persons to be under you of your servants, or of mine, or of both, as it shall like you to chuse them, which I remit fully to your disposition and election. Beseeching you, also, at the reverence of our Lord God and the full entire blessing of me your mother, that this done, ye tenderly and benignly grant my supplication and request contained particularly in the articles ensuing.

"And if tender audience and favourable assent shall be given by so benign and merciful a lord and son to such a mother, being in (at) so piteous point of so grievous a malady, I remit to your full, high, wise, and noble discretion, and to the conscience of every creature that knoweth the laws of God and of nature, that if the mother should have more favour than a strange person, I remit (refer or appeal) to the same."

From the perusal of this solemn exhortation, a conclusion would naturally be drawn, that it was the preface to the earnest request of Katherine for mercy to her husband, and nurture for her motherless infants. Yet the articles or items which follow, contain not the slightest allusion to them. All her anxiety seems to be centered—firstly, in the payment of her creditors, without which she seems convinced that her soul will never get free; secondly, in obtaining many prayers and masses for her soul; and, thirdly, in payments being made and rewards given to her servants. If Katherine, by this mysterious document, really made any provision for her helpless family, it is all comprised in the dark hints to her son of acting "according to his noble discretion and her interest;" which intention, perhaps, had been confided to the young king in some interview previous to her imprisonment. There is no enumeration of property in the items that follow, excepting the portion of income due at the day of her departing. She declares that her soul "shall pass as naked, as desolate, and as willing to be scourged, as the poorest soul God ever formed."

This piteous exhortation to her son is written, or dictated, a few hours before her death, yet, even at her last gasp, she evidently dared not break regal etiquette so far as to name to her son her plebeian lord or her young children.

Whilst this pathetic document was in course of preparation, the dying queen received a token of remembrance from her son, King Henry, on New Year's day, consisting of a tablet of gold, weighing thirteen ounces, on which was a crucifix set with pearls and sapphires; it was bought of John Pattesby, goldsmith, and was sent to Katherine at Bermondsey.

To use the poor queen's own pathetic words, "the silent and fearful conclusion of her long, grievous malady," took place on the 3rd of January, 1437. When the news was brought to the young sovereign of his mother's death, he was on his throne, presiding in parliament.

Power was given to the poor queen's two persecutors, the cardinal of Winchester and Humphrey duke of Gloucester, to perform the office of executors.

Katherine was buried with all the pomp usual to her high station. On the 18th of February, 1437, her body was removed to the church of her patroness, St. Katherine by the Tower, where it lay in state; it then rested at St. Paul's, and was finally honourably buried in Our Lady's Chapel, at Westminster Abbey. Henry VI. piously erected an altar-tomb to her memory, on which was engraved a Latin epitaph, in all probability the same preserved in the pages of William of Worcester, of which the following is a translation:—

Death, daring spoiler of the world, has laid
Within this tomb the noble clay that shrined
Queen Katherine's soul; from the French king derived:
Of our fifth Henry wife; and of our sixth
Henry the mother. As maid and widow both,
A perfect flower of modesty esteemed;
Here, happy England, brought she forth that king,
On whose auspicious life thy weal depends,
And reft of whom, thy bliss would soon decay.
Joy of this land, and brightness of her own,
Glory of mothers, to her people dear,
A follower sincere of the true faith;
Heaven and the earth combine alike to praise
This woman, who adorns them both e'en now.
Earth, by her offspring—by her virtues, heaven!

In the fourteen hundred, thirty-seventh year,
First month's third day, her life drew to its close,
And his queen's soul, beyond the starry sphere
In heaven, received for aye, reigns blissfully.[1]

This original epitaph has hitherto escaped all modern historians; but it is very probable that its assertion that Katherine died a widow, and not a wife, led to the demolition of the tomb under the reign of her grandson.

Owen Tudor had been put in Newgate when Katherine was sent to Bermondsey.[2] From thence he had escaped, and was at large at Daventry in the July following her death, when the king summoned him before his council, saying, that "he willed that Owen Tudor, the which dwelled with his mother, queen Katherine, should come into his presence." Owen refused to come, unless he had a safe conduct "free to come and free to go." The council gave the king's verbal promise that he should depart unharmed. Owen vowed he would not venture himself within their reach without a written promise. This was granted, when he hastened to London, and threw himself into the sanctuary at Westminster, where he remained many days "eschewing," as a document of the privy council says, "to leave it, although many persons, out of friendship and fellowship, stirred him to come out thereof, and disport himself in the tavern at Westminster Gate." Here, when on duty at Westminster palace, Owen had evidently been accustomed to resort, and, as a retired soldier, tell over with boon companions, all his tales of Agincourt. He was right to resist the temptation of "disporting himself," for the council certainly meant to entrap him there.

At last, he heard that the young king was "heavily informed of him," or was listening to serious charges

[1] William of Worcester, p. 459. This historian was a contemporary. When the peculiar circumstances of Katherine's second wedlock are considered, the epitaph becomes of no little importance, for, instead of acknowledging, it tacitly denies her second marriage.

[2] All our old chroniclers agree on this point; it is evident that Owen broke out of Newgate twice.—See "Leland's Collectanea," vol. ii. p. 492.

against him. Upon which Owen suddenly appeared before the privy council, then sitting in the chapel chamber at Kennington Palace, and defended himself with such manliness and spirit, that the king set him at liberty.

Owen immediately retired into Wales; but the duke of Gloucester, with a base prevarication perfectly inconsistent with the high character bestowed on him in history, sent after him,[1] and in despite of the double safe conduct, had him consigned to the tender mercies of the earl of Suffolk, in the dungeons of the royal castle of Wallingford, under pretence of having broken prison.[2]

The lord constable of England, Beaumont, was paid twenty marks for the expenses he had incurred in catching and keeping Owen, his priest, and servant. The place where the privy council met to arrange this business, is rather remarkable; it was transacted in the *secret chamber* belonging to cardinal Beaufort as bishop of Winchester, in the priory of St. Mary's Overy. There were present in this secret conclave, "the lord cardinal, the lord chancellor, the earl of Suffolk, the treasurer, lord Hungerford, and John Stourton, knight."

It was found convenient to remand Owen back from Wallingford Castle to Newgate, where it may be remembered his priest and servant were committed. No sooner were these three persons in Newgate once more, than its walls were found inefficient to detain them; they all made a second escape, after "wounding foully their gaoler," as an old MS. in the Harleian collection declares. Owen laid his plans so successfully this second time of breaking out of Newgate, that he was

[1] These curious links in the history of the unfortunate Katherine's partner, are filled up from Sir Harris Nicolas' Minutes of the Privy Council, vol. v. p. 46—49.

[2] Fœdera, vol. x. p. 685. The order for his imprisonment there, ends thus—"And, moreover, we will that you send us the four-score and nine pounds that you found on the said priest, which you have now in hand, the which you are to deliver up for our use to the treasurer and chamberlain of our exchequer."

not retaken, but fled with his faithful adherents to the fastnesses of North Wales, where he waited for better times.

It is, perhaps, not too much to infer, that the priest thus connected with Owen was the person who secretly performed the marriage ceremony between him and Katherine, and that the servant was witness to the wedlock. The London Chronicle vindicates the honour of the queen, in words not very complimentary to her spouse. "This year, one Owen, a man *ne*[1] of birth *ne* of livelihood, brake out of Newgate at searching time, the which Owen had privily wedded queen Katherine, and had three or four children by her, unknown to the common people till she was dead and buried."[2]

Katherine's eldest boys must have been very young at the time of her death, since they remained inmates of a nunnery, under the care of the abbess of Barking, till the year 1440. They were wholly neglected by the court; for till the abbess supplicated most urgently, no money had been paid for the sustenance of these neglected little ones, after the death of the mother.[3]

Soon after the abbess had drawn the attention of Henry VI. to the existence of the children of his unfortunate mother, he placed them under the care of discreet priests, to be brought up chastely and virtuously.[4] The king's tutelage had at this time ceased by the laws of England. If Katherine had survived till this period, she would have been differently treated, for an old historian asserts that Henry VI. never forgave his uncle Gloucester the harsh usage his mother had experienced. As soon as the young king attained his majority, he allowed Owen Tudor an annuity of £40 per annum,

[1] Neither.

[2] A chronicler in Leland's Collection uses nearly the same words; but Leland has *appended a note, saying,* "It was the pride of the king's uncles *alone which* sought to cast scorn on Owen's birth;" likewise, "that Owen escaped by aid of the priest."

[3] Fœdera, vol. x. p. 828.

[4] Blackman's Chronicle, printed at the end of Otterbourne's Chronicle.

"which for certain causes him moving, he gave him out of his privy purse by especial grace."[1]

The eldest son of Katherine and Owen was married by the influence of Henry VI. to Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the house of Somerset. At the palace of Reading, his royal half-brother bestowed on him the title of Richmond. This was done amidst the rejoicings for the birth of Edward prince of Wales, and the festivities in celebration of the king's restoration to health and reason. Edmund took precedence of all other English peers. He died in his twentieth year, leaving an infant son, afterwards Henry VII.

The next brother, Jasper Tudor, was created earl of Pembroke the same day that his brother received the title of Richmond.[2] The third son lived and died a monk at Westminster.

Owen Tudor himself was taken into some sort of favour, but never graced with any title, or owned by Henry VI. as his father-in-law; as may be plainly seen by a deed dated so late as 1460, just before the battle of Northampton, where the king declares, "that out of consideration of the good services of *that beloved squire*, our Owinus Tudyr, we for the future take him into our special grace, and make him park-keeper of our parks in Denbigh, Wales."[3] This was granted when the king was in a distressed state, and the old warrior, his father-in-law, had drawn his Agincourt sword in his cause.

After the defeat and death of Richard duke of York, at Wakefield, a Lancastrian army, commanded by Jasper earl of Pembroke, and his father, pursued the earl of March, who, turning fiercely at bay, defeated them near Mortimer's Cross. Jasper made a successful retreat, but his father, with true Welsh obstinacy, positively refused to quit the lost field; he was taken pri-

[1] See several payments of this annuity, 21st and 22nd of Henry VI.'s reign, Issue Rolls, p. 443—449.

[2] Catalogue of Honour.

[3] Fœdera, vol. x. p. 435.

soner, and as he was the first victim on whom Edward had the opportunity of wreaking his vengeance for the death of York and Rutland, he ordered Owen Tudor's head to be smitten off in Hereford market-place, with two or three Lloyds and Howels, his kinsmen and comrades.[1] Such was the end of the second husband of queen Katherine, who lost his life stoutly battling for the cause of Lancaster.[2]

When Henry VII. ascended the throne of England, he caused the Lady Chapel at Westminster Abbey, with the tomb of queen Katherine to be demolished, for the purpose of building a new and stately chapel. In place of the epitaph destroyed, which must, in its assertion that queen Katherine died widow to Henry V., have proved very embarrassing to the Tudors, the following lines were hung up, which were evidently written after Henry VII.'s accession."[3]

" Here lies queen Katherine closed in grave, the French king's daughter fair,
And of thy kingdom, Charles the Sixth, the true undoubted heir.
Twice joyful wife in marriage—matched to Henry the Fifth by name,
Because through her he nobled was, and shined in double fame.
The king of England by descent, and by queen Katherine's right
The realm of France he did enjoy—triumphant king of might.
A happy queen to Englishmen she came right grateful here,
And four days' space they honoured God with lips and reverent fear.
Henry the Sixth this queen brought forth with painful labour plight,
In whose empire France was then, and he an English wight;
Under no lucky planet born unto himself or throne,
But equal with his parents both in pure religion.
Of Owen Tudor, after this, thy next son Edmund was,
O Katherine, a renowned prince, that did in glory pass!
Henry the Seventh, a Britain pearl, a gem of England's joy,
A peerless prince was Edmund's son, a good and gracious roy;
Therefore a happy wife this was, a happy mother pure,
Thrice happy child, but grand-dame she more than thrice happy, sure!"

Although Henry VII. had demolished the tomb of his grandmother, it is certain that he had not caused her re-

[1] Stow's Annals, and Pennant.

[2] "A report had previously existed," says Biondi, "that Owen had been put to death by Humphrey, duke of Gloucester."

[3] Stow's London.

mains to be exhumed, since he mentions her in his will as still interred in the chapel, and it is evident that he intended to restore her monument.

"Specially as the body of our grand-dame of right noble memory, queen Katherine, daughter of the king of France, *is* interred within our monastery of Westminster, and we propose shortly to translate thither the reliques of our uncle of blessed memory, Henry VI., and whether we die within the realm or not, our body is to be buried in the said monastery—that is to say, in the chapel where our said grand-dame lies buried."

When Henry VII. was interred, the corpse of Katherine was exhumed; and as her ungracious descendant, Henry VIII., did not fulfil his father's intention of restoring her tomb, the bones of the unfortunate queen never found a final resting-place till the commencement of the present century. At its exhumation, the queen's corpse was found to be in extraordinary preservation; it was, therefore, shewn as a curiosity to persons visiting Westminster Abbey, for at least three centuries. Weever, in his Funeral Monuments, thus mentions its state in the time of Charles I.

"Here lieth Katherine, queen of England, wife to Henry V., in a chest or coffin, with a loose cover, to be seen and handled of any who much desire it, and who, by her own appointment, inflicted this penance on herself, in regard to her disobedience to her husband for being delivered of her son, Henry VI., at Windsor, which place he forbade."

In the reign of Charles II., the poor queen was made a common spectacle; for that quaint compound of absurdities, Pepys, journalizes, with infinite satisfaction, that he had "this day kissed a queen," and that he might make this boast, he had kissed the mummy of Katherine the Fair, shewn for the extra charge of two-pence to the curious in such horrors. Late in the reign of George III., the same disgusting traffic was carried on; for Hutton reprobates it in his Tour through the Sights

of London. This exordium probably drew the attention of the then dean of Westminster; for the wretched remains of Katherine the Fair have reposed since then, sheltered from public view, in some nook of the vaults in Westminster Abbey.

# MARGARET OF ANJOU,

## QUEEN OF HENRY VI.

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## CHAPTER I.

Parentage and descent of Margaret—Her birth—Baptism—Misfortunes of her father—Conjugal heroism of her mother—Margaret betrothed in infancy—Her residence at Tarascon—Charms and early promise—Goes with her mother to Naples—Her Italian education—First proposal of Henry VI.—Margaret courted by count de Nevers—Poverty of her parents—Fame of her beauty and talents—Henry VI. obtains her portrait—Secret negotiations—Treaty of Tours—Henry appoints Suffolk his procurator—Margaret married to king Henry at Nanci—Bridal fêtes and tournaments—The daisy her badge—Sorrowful parting with her family—Poverty of Henry VI.—Attendants—Progress of Margaret through France—Dines with the duke of York—Margaret's scanty equipment—Bridal wardrobe purchased by the king—Margaret embarks for England—Lands at Porchester—Falls sick at Southampton—Married to king Henry at Tichfield Abbey—Splendid pageants at London—Her coronation—Foreign followers—Ambassy of congratulation—Friendship with cardinal Beaufort—Death of the duke of Gloucester—Queen Margaret's influence in the government—Founds Queen's College—Banishment and murder of Suffolk—Cade's rebellion—Terror of the queen—Persuades the king to retire—Revolt suppressed—Queen persecutes John Payn—Queen favours Somerset—Wars of the Roses—Talbot MS. presented to the queen—Death of her mother—King's aberration of mind—Birth of prince Edward—Queen's churching—She exercises regal power—Loses it—King's recovery—Battle of St. Albans.

THE history of Margaret of Anjou, from the cradle to the tomb, is a tissue of the most striking vicissitudes, and

replete with events of more powerful interest than are to be found in the imaginary career of any heroine of romance; for the creations of fiction, however forcibly they may appeal to our imaginations, fade into insignificance before the simple majesty of truth.

When we consider the stormy grandeur of the character of this last and most luckless of our Provençal queens, her beauty, her learning, her energetic talents, and the important position she occupied for more than a quarter of a century in the annals of this country, first as the unconstitutional, but certainly supreme, director of the power of the crown, and lastly as leader and rallying-point of the friends of Lancaster, it is remarkable that no complete and authentic memoir of this princess has ever been given to the world.

René of Anjou, the father of Margaret, was the second son of Louis II., king of Sicily and Jerusalem, duke of Calabria and Anjou, and count of Provençe, by Yolante of Arragon. In 1420, René was, in his thirteenth year, espoused to Isabella, the heiress of Lorraine, who was only ten years old at the period of her nuptials. This lady, who was the direct descendant of Charlemagne, in addition to her princely patrimony, brought the beauty, the high spirit, and the imperial blood of that illustrious line, into the family of Anjou. Her youngest daughter, Margaret, was, in all respects, a genuine scion of the Carlovingian race; she also inherited her father's love of learning, and his taste for poetry and the arts.

Some of the English historians, following Monstrelet, place the date of Margaret's birth in 1425; but this is a palpable error, for her mother, who was scarcely fifteen at that time, did not give birth to her eldest child, John of Calabria, till the following year.[1] Then came prince Louis, followed by Nicolas and Yolante, twin-children, who were born October 2, 1428. After the decease of René and his sons, Yolante took the title of queen of

[1] Moreri. Wassaburg. Villeneuve. Chron. de Lorraine.

Sicily, as the next heir; and this circumstance, together with her marriage settlements, sufficiently attests the fact that she was the elder sister of our Margaret,[1] since the dates of the birth of children having claims to a disputed succession are generally strictly authenticated by the records of their own country. Thus we see that Margaret of Anjou was four years younger than has been generally supposed. According to the best authorities,[2] Margaret was born March 23, 1429, at Pont à Mousson, her mother's dower-palace, one of the grandest castles in Lorraine. She was baptized under the great crucifix in the cathedral of Toul, by the bishop of that diocese. Her sponsors were her uncle Louis III., king of Naples, and Marguerite duchess of Lorraine, her maternal grandmother.

Margaret was yet in the arms of her father's faithful nurse Theophanie,[3] by whom she was reared, when the fierce contest for the succession to Lorraine commenced between her father and her mother's uncle, Anthony of Vaudemonte, on the death of her grandfather, Charles duke of Lorraine.[4]

She had scarcely completed her second year, when her royal sire was defeated and made prisoner by his adversary at the battle of Bulgneville. We learn from the chronicles of Lorraine that the infant princess Margaret

[1] Again, this fact is incontestably demonstrated by the deed in which Margaret yields the reversion of her father's inheritance to Louis XI., in case the heirs of her elder sister, Yolante, should fail.

[2] Richard Wassaburg, a contemporary chronicler. M. M. de St. Marthe. Moreri. Limiers. Prevost. Villeneuve.

[3] The kind-hearted René raised a beautiful monument to this humble friend, who died in the year 1458, just as queen Margaret's troubles commenced. The good king had the effigy of his nurse carved, holding in her arms two children, himself and queen Marie, the consort of Charles VII.; he added an epitaph of his own writing, the lines very naïve and pleasing.— *Vie du Roi René.*

[4] This prince dying without male issue, the duchy of Lorraine was claimed by his brother, Anthony of Vaudemonte, on pretence that it was a fief too noble to fall to the spindle side. Réné of Anjou asserted the right of his consort to the succession which had been renounced by her two elder sisters.—*Mezerai.*

was her mother's companion during the agonizing hours of suspense in which she remained at Nanci, awaiting tidings of the issue of that disastrous fight. The event was too soon announced by the arrival of the fugitives from the lost battle. "Alas!" exclaimed the duchess, clasping her little Margaret to her bosom, "where is René my lord?—he is taken—he is slain!"[1]

"Madam," said they, "be not thus abandoned to grief; the duke is in good health, though disabled and prisoner to the Burgundians." "But the duchess was inconsolable. The council of Lorraine regarded her with the deepest sympathy, for she was left with four helpless children, two boys and two girls, the most beautiful ever seen."

While her widowed mother, the duchess Marguerite, rallied the dispirited friends of René for the defence of Nanci, Isabel, the tenderest and most courageous of conjugal heroines, sought an interview with her hostile kinsman, in the hope of obtaining the release of her captive lord, and a cessation from the horrors of civil strife. Moved by her pathetic eloquence, Antoine granted a truce of six months, dated August 1, 1431.

Her supplications in behalf of René were fruitless, for he had been already given up to the duke of Burgundy, by whom he was consigned to a long imprisonment at Dijon, at the top of a high tower, still in existence.[2]

[1] "René," says the Lorraine Chronicle, "had fought like a lion, and was not overcome till he was blinded by the blood from a wound on the left brow, whose scar he carried to the grave."

[2] Here, to dissipate the sorrow of his captivity, René employed himself in painting. The chapel of the castle of Dijon is still enriched with beautiful miniatures and painted glass by the royal hand of the father of our Margaret of Anjou. It was this exertion of his talents that finally terminated his captivity, for Philip the Good was so much pleased with the sight of his own portrait painted on glass by his interesting prisoner, that he sought an interview with him, clasped him in his arms, and, after expressing the greatest admiration for his talents, offered to mediate with Antoine de Vaudemonte for his liberation. This portrait, together with one of Jean-sans-Peur, the father of duke Philip, was placed in the window of the church of Chartreuse at Dijon, but was demolished at the revolution.

The only condition on which the sire of Margaret could obtain even a temporary release from his thraldom was at the price of bestowing his eldest daughter, Yolante, then in her ninth year, on the heir of his rival, the young Ferry or Frederic of Vaudemonte, with part of the disputed lands of Lorraine for her portion. The little Margaret was at the same time betrothed to Pierre of Luxemburg, count St. Pol, whose squire had cut René down at the battle of Bulgneville.[1]

René, being pledged to pay a heavy sum of money to the duke of Burgundy for his ransom, was obliged to give his two boys as his hostages, and to resign Yolante to her new mother-in-law; so that, of their four beautiful children, the infant Margaret was the only one who returned to Nanci with her parents. Such a meeting and such a parting as that of René with his family was never witnessed, and the "*petite créature*," Margaret, as she is called by the chroniclers of Lorraine, is said to have testified the utmost sensibility on this occasion.[2]

The death of the virtuous Margaret of Bavaria, the grandmother of this princess, at the close of the year 1434, increased the affliction of her family. But a heavier trial awaited Margaret and her parents. King René, being unable to fulfil the conditions of his release, was compelled to deliver himself up to his captors. His imprisonment was shared by his eldest son, Jean of Calabria, but Louis was restored to the arms of his sorrowing mother and sister.

In 1436, on the death of René's eldest brother, Louis king of Naples, the succession of his realms devolved on the royal captive, and his faithful consort Isabel prepared to assert his rights. Among the illustrious females of the fifteenth century, the mother of Margaret of Anjou holds a distinguished place, alike for her commanding talents, her great personal endowments, her courage, and conjugal tenderness. It was from this illustrious parent

[1] Chronicles of Lorraine. Mezerai. [2] Villeneuve.

that Margaret inherited those energies which the sternest shocks of adversity were unable to subdue. With such a mother as Isabella of Lorraine, who was the patroness of Agnes Sorel, and the contemporary of Joan of Arc, born and nurtured amidst scenes of civil warfare and domestic calamity, it is scarcely wonderful if the characteristics of Anjou's heroine partook of the temper of the times in which she was unhappily thrown.

While arranging her measures for asserting by force of arms the claims of her captive lord to the disputed succession of Naples, the mother of Margaret, who had now assumed the title of queen of the Two Sicilies, took up her abode with Margaret and Louis at the château of Tarascon, on the banks of the Rhone. "The singular beauty and graces of these illustrious children," says the chronicler of Provençe, "caused them to be regarded almost in the light of angel visitants."

The Provençals, whose poetic feelings were passionately excited by the advent of the consort and lovely children of their captive prince, followed them in crowds wherever they appeared, singing songs in their praise, strewing flowers at their feet, presenting them with votive wreaths, and nightly kindling bonfires before the palace, to preserve them from infection. Nostradamus adds a very marvellous story, of a number of witches and evil fairies, who intruded themselves among the loyal throngs who came to gaze on those very beautiful and excellent creatures, "the Infanta[1] Marguerite and her brother."

The fearful visitation of the plague compelled the queen of the Sicilies to hurry her precious little ones from Tarascon. They embarked with her at Marseilles for Naples; where, however, the pestilence, from which they had fled at Provençe, was raging. The royal strangers

[1] The old Provençal writers constantly call our Margaret of Anjou the Infanta. There was a horrid sacrifice of human life, by burning these pretended witches when the plague reached Tarascon, the ignorant in all ages believing pestilence to be occasioned by magic.

took up their abode at Capua, the ancient palace of the family of Anjou in Naples.

Queen Isabel caused her captive husband to be proclaimed as king of the Two Sicilies, at which ceremony the young Margaret and her brother were seated by their royal mother in the triumphal chair of state, covered with velvet and embroidered with gold, in which this conjugal heroine was borne through the streets of Naples.

René was chiefly indebted for his deliverance from bondage to the exertions of his faithful consort. In the treaty for his liberation the following remarkable article was proposed by the duke of Burgundy, which affords an indication that the English alliance was contemplated as early as 1435-6:—"And to cement the peace between the two powers, Margaret of Anjou, second daughter to the king René, shall espouse the young king of England." This was nine years before the marriage took place, the bride being but six years old; it appears a mere suggestion on the side of Burgundy,[1] without any sanction of the English, and was opposed by Charles VII.

Margaret of Anjou remained at the Capua palace with her heroic mother till the year 1438, when René, having obtained his freedom, made his entry into Naples with a Provençal army, mounted on a stately white charger. After tenderly embracing Margaret and her mother, he transferred their abode to the elegant palace finished with the utmost profusion of luxury by his voluptuous predecessor, Joanna II. Here, in the soft air of Italy, our young Margaret of Anjou proceeded in her education, under the care of her mother, and her brother's learned tutor, Antoine de Salle, author of some of the earliest romances of French literature, which, it is said, he wrote for the amusement of Margaret's brother; "Because," says Antoine, in his dedication, "you were al-

[1] Isabella, duchess of Burgundy, was a princess of the Lancastrian blood, being the daughter of the king of Portugal by Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt.

ways very fond, my prince, of hearing me tell you little tales."

This literary education in the sweet and voluptuous clime of Naples was an indifferent preparation for Margaret, destined as she was to govern a people who had retrograded from the civilization they had attained under the Provençal alliances of England.

In the year 1443, Margaret returned to Lorraine with her royal mother, having first experienced the grief of losing her brother prince Louis, with whom she had been educated. Previous to that event, the contract of marriage with the count de St. Pol having been broken off, her hand was sought by the count de Nevers, nephew to the duke of Burgundy, and matters were so far advanced that a day was appointed for the articles to be signed; but when it was discovered that a clause had been inserted disinheriting the children that might be born of her elder sister Yolante and Ferry of Vaudemonte, Charles VII., whose consort, Mary of Anjou, was aunt to both princesses, would not permit the alliance to take place on such conditions.

The proposals of the count St. Pol were renewed after the death of prince Louis, but Nostradamus thinks the idea of the more splendid alliance with the king of England prevented them from being accepted.

Meantime the valuable territories of Anjou and Maine, king René's patrimony, were occupied by the troops of England; so that he could scarcely be said to possess a single undisputed town or castle, and his family and himself were reduced to a state of penury, which their illustrious descent and lofty titles only rendered the more conspicuous. But, however painfully these adversities might be felt by his consort and children, René regarded the frowns of fortune with philosophical indifference,[1] and, retiring into Provençe, occupied himself

[1] So little resemblance was there in character between René and his energetic daughter Margaret, that it is related of him that when the news of the loss of one of his kingdoms was brought to him while he was en-

with writing verses and composing music, for which he possessed no ordinary talents.[1]

Scarcely had Margaret of Anjou entered her teens, when her precocious charms and talents created the most lively sensation at the court of her aunt, the queen of France. "There was no princess in Christendom," says Barante,[2] "more accomplished than my lady Marguerite of Anjou. She was already renowned in France for her beauty and wit, and all the misfortunes of her father had only given her an opportunity of displaying her lofty spirit and courage."

"The report of these charms," according to another learned, but somewhat imaginative, French author, "first reached Henry VI., the young bachelor king of England, through the medium of a gentleman of Anjou, named Champchevrier, a prisoner at large, (belonging to Sir John Falstolf,) with whom king Henry was accustomed to converse occasionally; and he gave so eloquent a description of the rare endowments which nature had bestowed on the portionless daughter of the impoverished king of the Two Sicilies, that Henry despatched him to the court of Lorraine, to procure a portrait of the young princess." This statement is quite consistent with Henry's proceedings, in regard to the preliminaries for his alliance with a daughter of the count of Armagnac; for we find, by the curious correspondence between the two courts, that a painter named Hans was em-

gaged in painting a partridge from nature, he paid no attention to the communication, nor would he see the messenger till he had given the finishing strokes to his design.

[1] René's original compositions in music are at this very time the delight of his native country, and, indeed, of Europe. He was the inventor of the opera ballet; and the drama of *La Tentation*, lately revived with so much splendour at Paris, in 1832, was originally composed by this prince. The wild story is his own, and the delightful melodies his composition, which have been merely tamed and regulated by modern art. This prince, adored for his beneficence by his people, who named him the Good, was scorned by the destructive nobles of his era as *fainéant* and feeble-minded.

[2] The learned chronicler of the duke of Burgundy.

ployed by the youthful monarch to paint the portraits of the three daughters of that prince for his satisfaction. Henry was very explicit in his directions that the likenesses should be perfect, requiring that the young ladies "should be painted in their kirtles simple, and their visages like as ye see, and their stature, and their beauty, the colour of their skin, and their countenances."[1] The commissioners "were to urge the artist to use great expedition, and to send the picture or *ymagine* over to the king as quickly as possible, that he might make his choice between the three."[2]

Champchevrier, more successful in his mission than the reverend plenipotentiaries who had endeavoured to negotiate the matrimonial treaty with the court of Armagnac, obtained a portrait of Margaret painted by one of the first artists in France, who was employed, our author adds, by the earl of Suffolk. This is not unlikely, for Suffolk was the ostensible instrument in this marriage; but the real person with whom the project for a union between Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou originated, appears to have been no other than cardinal Beaufort, the great uncle of the king.[3] The education of Henry VI. having been superintended by the cardinal, he was fully aware of the want of energy and decision in his character, which rendered it desirable to provide him with a consort whose intellectual powers would be likely to supply his constitutional defects, and whose acquirements might render her a suitable companion for so learned and refined a prince.[4] In Margaret of Anjou all these requisites were united with beauty, eloquence,

[1] Beckington's Journal, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 9.

[2] There is much correspondence in Beckington's Journal, as to these portraits, which were painted in oil on canvas; The count of Armagnac, who, it seems, was only amusing the English with negotiations he never intended to fulfil, states, "that one of the portraits is done, and the others shall be completed with all speed;" but they certainly never reached England.

[3] Barante's Chronicles of the dukes of Burgundy. Guthrie's fol. Hist. of England.

[4] Ibid.

and every feminine charm calculated to win unbounded influence over the plastic mind of the youthful sovereign. She was, moreover, at that tender and unreflective age, at which she might be rendered a powerful auxiliary in the cardinal's political views. Under these circumstances, there can be little doubt that Champchevrier had received his cue from the cardinal, when he described to Henry, in such glowing colours, the charms and mental graces of the very princess to whom he had determined to unite him, both for the reasons we have before stated, and as a means of concluding a peace with France.

In the meantime Sir John Falstolf, who was not in the secret, being greatly enraged at the departure of his prisoner without having made any agreement for the payment of his ransom, employed the duke of Gloucester, with whom he enjoyed some credit, to write a letter to the king of France, explaining the circumstance, and entreating that he might be restored to him.[1] According to the laws of chivalry, no prince was justified in extending his protection to a captive who had forfeited his *parole* of honour; and king Charles issued orders for the arrest of Champchevrier, who was taken on his way from the court of Lorraine towards England. He was brought before the King of France at Vincennes, and fully cleared himself from all imputations on his honour, by producing a safe conduct to Lorraine, signed by king Henry, and explaining the nature of the mission on which he had been employed by his captor's sovereign.

Charles VII. was highly amused at the information thus obtained of his nephew's love affairs; and being struck with the great advantages that might result to himself and his harassed kingdom, if an alliance were actually to be formed between Henry and his fair kinswoman, he released Champchevrier, and enjoined him

[1] This letter is still in existence in the royal archives of France.—*Prevost.*

to return to the court of England without delay, and make use of every representation in his power to incline king Henry to choose the lady Margaret for his queen.

The re-appearance of Champchevrier at Windsor, and his frequent conferences with the king, caused, it is added, suspicions as to the nature of the business on which he had been employed, in the mind of the duke of Gloucester, who kept up a jealous espionage on the actions of his royal nephew. These suspicions were confirmed when king Henry undertook himself to satisfy Sir John Falstolf for the ransom of his prisoner, and despatched him a second time on a secret mission to the court of Lorraine.

Henry VI. was then in his four-and-twentieth year, beautiful in person, of a highly cultivated and refined mind, holy and pure in thought and deed, resisting with virtuous indignation every attempt that had been made by the unprincipled females of his court to entangle him in the snares of illicit passion;[1] yet pining for the sweet ties of conjugal love and sympathy. The loneliness of his condition, and "his earnest desire to live under the holy sacrament of marriage," are pathetically set forth by the bachelor monarch, in his curious instructions to the commissioners empowered by him, two years before, to conduct the negotiations between him and the court of Armagnac.[2]

The choice of a consort for the young king was the deciding contest for political mastery between those fierce rival kinsmen, the duke of Gloucester and cardinal Beaufort. Gloucester's favourite project for uniting his royal nephew with a princess of the house of Armagnac was rendered abortive by Henry's determination not to commit himself in any way till he had seen the portraits

[1] When the ladies presented themselves before him immodestly attired, the young king turned away with this primitive rebuke—"Fie, fie, forsooth, ye be much to blame."

[2] Beckington's Journal, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. 7.

of the ladies;[1] and while the count of Armagnac, who was playing a double game with the court of France, delayed the artist's progress for diplomatic reasons, the lively transcript of the charms of his lovely kinswoman, Margaret of Anjou, made an indelible impression on the heart of the youthful monarch, and he resolved to obtain her hand at any sacrifice. The sacrifice was, after all, much less than has been represented; and Henry VI., in his ardent desire to give peace to his exhausted realm, proved himself a more enlightened ruler than his renowned sire, who had deluged the continent with blood, and rendered the crown bankrupt, in the vain attempt to unite England and France. The national pride of the English prompted them to desire a continuance of the contest, but it was a contest no less ruinous now to England than to France; and cardinal Beaufort, with the other members of Henry's cabinet, being destitute of the means of maintaining the war, were only too happy to enter into amicable negotiations with France, on the grounds of a matrimonial alliance between king Henry and Margaret of Anjou, who, through her grandmother Margaret of Bavaria, was nearly related both to Charles VII. and to Henry.

In January, 1444, the commissioners of England, France, and Burgundy, were appointed to meet at Tours, to negotiate a truce with France preparatory to a peace, the basis and cement of which were to be the marriage of the young king of England with the beautiful niece of the queen of France. Many historians are of opinion that the matrimonial treaty, with all its startling articles, had been privately settled between the courts of England, France, and Lorraine, before the publication of the commission for negotiating the truce.[2]

Suffolk, who was appointed the ambassador extraordinary on this occasion, was so much alarmed at the responsibility he was likely to incur, that he actually

[1] Beckington's Journal, edited by Sir H. Nicolas.
[2] Guthrie. Barante. Speed.

presented a petition to the king, praying to be excused from the office that had been put upon him;[1] nor could he be prevailed upon to undertake it, till he was secured from personal peril by an order from the king under the great seal, enjoining him to undertake without fear and scruple the commission which had been given him. Thus assured, Suffolk was, in an evil hour for himself and all parties concerned, persuaded to stand in the gap, by becoming the procurator of the most unpopular peace and fatal marriage that was ever negotiated by a prime minister of England. As a preliminary, a truce for two years was signed, May 28th, 1444.

Neither money nor lands were demanded for the dowry of the bride, whose charms and high endowments were allowed by the gallant ambassadors of England "to outweigh all the riches in the world."[2]

When the proposal was made in form to the father of the young Margaret, he replied in the spirit of a knight errant, "That it would be inconsistent with his honour to bestow his daughter in marriage on the usurper of his hereditary dominions, Anjou and Maine;[3] and he demanded the restoration of these provinces, as an indispensable condition in the marriage articles. This demand was backed by the king of France, and, after a little hesitation, ceded by king Henry and his council.

The handsome and accomplished count de Nevers, who was a prince of the house of Burgundy, a soldier and a poet, was at the same time a candidate for the hand of the royal Provençal beauty, to whom he was passionately attached;[4] and it is probable that the idea of this formidable rival, who was on the spot withal, to push his suit in person, might have had some effect in influencing king Henry to a decision, more lover-like than politic.

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. It is remarkable that Suffolk, Molyns, and Wenlock, the commissioners in this treaty, all came to violent ends.
[2] Speed. Rapin. Guthrie. Barante. [3] Rapin.
[4] Villeneuve.

As soon as the conditions of the marriage were settled, Suffolk returned to bring the subject before parliament, where he had to encounter a stormy opposition from the duke of Gloucester and his party, who were equally hostile to a peace with France, and a marriage with a daughter of the house of Anjou. Suffolk, however, only acted as the agent of cardinal Beaufort, who possessed an ascendency not only in the council, but with the parliament; and, above all, the inclinations of the royal bachelor being entirely on his side, his triumph over Gloucester was complete.

Suffolk was dignified with the title of marquess, and invested with full powers to espouse the lady Margaret of Anjou as the proxy of his sovereign.[1]

There is, in Rymer's Fœdera, a letter from the king addressed to Suffolk, as the grand seneschal of his household, dated Oct. 28th, 1444, in which he says:—

"As you have lately, by the divine favour and grace, in our name and for us, engaged verbally the excellent, magnificent, and very bright Margaretta, the serene daughter of the king of Sicily, and sworn that we shall contract matrimony with her, we consent and will that she be conducted to us over seas from her country and friends at our expense."

Suffolk, accompanied by his lady and a splendid train of the nobility, sailed from England on this fatal mission some time before, and proceeded to Nanci. The king, queen, and the dauphiness of France, the dukes of Bretagne and Alençon, and, in short, all the most distinguished personages of the courts of France and Lorraine, were there assembled to do honour to the espousals of the youthful Margaret.[2]

Historians vary as to the time and place of this ceremonial; but, according to the best authorities, it was solemnized, in November 1444, by Louis d'Harancourt, bishop of Toul, at Nanci, in St. Martin's church, where,

[1] Rymer's Fœdera. Guthrie. Parliamentary Rolls.
[2] Stow. Monstrelet. Barante. Villeneuve.

in the presence of her illustrious parents, the royal family of France, and a concourse of nobles and ladies, the marquess of Suffolk espoused the lady Margaret, in the name and as the proxy of his sovereign, Henry VI. of England.[1]

Drayton, in his poetical chronicle, after quaintly enumerating the rank and number of the distinguished guests at queen Margaret's espousals, thus elegantly alludes to the charms of the royal bride:—

> "Whilst that only she,
> Like to the rosy morning towards its rise,
> Cheers all the church as it doth cheer the skies."

King René indulged his passion for pageantry and courtly games, at these nuptials, to his heart's content. A tournament was proclaimed in honour of the young queen of England, at which throngs of princely knights and gallant warriors wore garlands of daisies in the lists, out of compliment to the royal bride of fifteen, who had chosen this flower for her emblem.[2]

Among those who particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion, were Charles of Anjou, the gallant uncle of the bride, and Pierre de Bresé, lord of Varenne and seneschal of Normandy, one of the commissioners who negotiated the marriage treaty of the beautiful Margaret, in whose service, during the melancholy period of the wars of the Roses, he afterwards performed such romantic exploits.[3] Charles VII. appeared in the lists more than once in honour of his fair kinswoman; he bore on his shield the serpent of the fairy Melusina. He tilted with the father of the royal bride, by whom, however, he was vanquished. The most dis-

[1] Stow. Monstrelet. Barante. Villeneuve.

[2] The following passage is in the original words of Richard Wassaburg, a contemporary of Margaret, who was personally known to him, and his testimony as to her age is of great importance. Madame Margaret d'Anjou, *fille du roi René, estante en age quinze ans. Car nous trouvons qu'elle fut née en l'an mil quatre cent vingt neuf,* fiancée au Henri roi d'Angleterre.

[3] Barante. Monstrelet.

tinguished renown was won by Margaret's forsaken spouse, the count St. Pol, who received the prize from the hands of her aunt, the queen of France, and her mother the queen of Sicily.[1]

It is to be observed that Suffolk took no part in the jousts or games. Such exercises were, in fact, little suited to his grave years, which greatly outnumbered those of the father of the youthful bride, notwithstanding all that poets and romancing historians have feigned on the subject of the imaginary passion of Margaret for the hoary proxy of her lord.

The bridal festivities lasted eight days, and the spot where the tournament was held is still called, in memory of that circumstance, the *Place de Carrière*. All the noble ladies in Lorraine came from their Gothic castles to be present at these *fêtes*, where all the beauty and chivalry of France, and England, and Burgundy were assembled.[2] The long-delayed marriage of Margaret's elder sister with her cousin, Ferry of Vaudemonte, was completed at the same time, under the following romantic circumstances: "Ferry, who was passionately enamoured of his beautiful *fiancée*, Yolante, to whom he had been betrothed upwards of nine years, rendered desperate by the delays of her father, who never intended to allow her to fulfil her forced engagement with the son of his adversary, formed and executed a plan with a band of adventurous young chevaliers, for carrying her off at the nuptial tournament of her younger sister Margaret.

[1] Wassaburg. Barante.

[2] Agnes Sorel, the all-powerful mistress of Charles VII., who had twelve years previously been maid of honour to queen Margaret's mother, made a conspicuous appearance at this tournament. She was called "the Lady of Beauty," and on this occasion assumed the dress of an Amazon, wearing a suit of fanciful armour blazing with jewels, in which she came on the ground mounted on a superb charger, splendidly caparisoned. Such were the morals at the court of the last of the Provençal sovereigns, that the presence of "*La Belle Agnes*," far from being regarded as an insult to the virgin bride, in whose honour the tournament was held, or to her aunt the queen of France and the dauphiness, was considered to add the greatest *éclat* to the *fêtes*.—*Barante.*

King René was very angry at first, but was induced by the mediation of the king and queen of France, and the rest of the royal company, to forgive the gallant trespass of the long-defrauded bridegroom; and a general reconciliation took place, in which all past rancours were forgotten, and the pageants and games were renewed with fresh spirit."[1]

At the conclusion of the eight days' fête, Margaret was solemnly delivered to the marquess and marchioness of Suffolk, and took a mournful farewell of her weeping kindred and friends. "Never," say the chroniclers of her native land, "was a young princess more deeply loved in the bosom of her own family." Charles VII. of France, who was tenderly attached to the accomplished niece of his queen, accompanied her two leagues from Nanci, clasped her at parting many times in his arms, and said, with his eyes full of tears—

"I seem to have done nothing for you, my niece, in placing you on one of the greatest thrones in Europe, for it is scarcely worthy of possessing you." Sobs stifled his voice—the young queen could only reply with a torrent of tears—they parted and saw each other no more. Charles returned to Nanci with his eyes swollen with weeping.[2] A harder parting took place with her father, who went with her as far as Bar; there he commended her to God, but neither the father nor the daughter could speak to each other, but turned away with full hearts, without uttering a single word.[3]

These regrets, in which persons who were by the etiquettes and restraints of royalty, taught to conceal every emotion of the heart, so passionately indulged on this occasion, are sufficient evidence of the amiable and endearing qualities of the youthful Margaret, or her loss would not have been so deeply lamented when she was departing from a precarious and care-clouded home, to

[1] Villeneuve. Wassaburg.
[2] Barante. Monstrelet. Wassaburg. [3] Villeneuve.

fulfil a destiny whose perspective was at that time brilliant.

Margaret's eldest brother, John duke of Calabria, and the duke of Alençon, attended her on her route, but she travelled with her own train, as queen of England, under the protection of the marquess of Suffolk and his wife.[1] This lady, who was the grand-daughter and heiress of Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was also first cousin to cardinal Beaufort, and was doubtless, on that account, selected by him as the *chaperon* or state governess of the virgin bride of Henry VI. It was, probably, through the influence of the marchioness of Suffolk, that the young queen formed that inviolable bond of friendship with all the princes of the house of Beaufort, which afterwards involved her in such great unpopularity.

The countess of Shrewsbury and the lady Emma de Scales were also in the personal retinue of the young queen. There were, besides, five barons and baronesses in attendance on her, who were paid for their services 4*s.* 6*d.* per day; seventeen knights, including her two carvers, at 2*s.* 6*d.* per day. Breknoke, the clerk of her comptroller's wages, and those of his coadjutor, John Everdon, were equal to those of the knights. Sixty-five squires received 1*s.* 6*d.* per day; 174 valets at 6*d.* per day; nineteen palfreymen and sumptermen 4*d.* per day; and in addition to those who received wages, many persons were attached to the *suite* who served gratuitously.[2]

[1] Through the especial kindness and courtesy of the Rev. George C. Tomlinson, the learned vicar of Staughton, Huntingdonshire, in favouring me with various important extracts from the curious MS. accounts of the clerk of the comptroller of queen Margaret's household, called the "Breknoke Computus," we are enabled to give many interesting facts connected with the bridal of this queen not contained in the first edition of the Lives of the Queens of England, and perfectly new to the public. The generosity of Mr. Tomlinson is the more deserving of gratitude as the "Breknoke Computus" is preparing for the press, under his able editorship, and stands the first in the list of historical treasures which the Dugdale Society are about to publish.

[2] Breknoke Computus.

In anticipation of Margaret's arrival, king Henry wrote a quaint and earnest letter to the Goldsmith's Company, "entreating them to do their *devoir* at the coming of his entirely well-beloved wife the queen, whom he expected, through God's grace, to have with him in right brief time." This letter is dated Nov. 30th, 1444, but the advent of the royal bride was delayed nearly four months.

We are indebted to the Breknoke Computus for the following diary of the last three weeks of Margaret's journey to England.

"Pontoise, March 18th. This day the lady Margaret, the queen, came with her family to supper at the expense of our lord the king. Cost, £12. 11*s.* 1*d.*

"Friday, 19th. The queen went to sup with the duke of York, at Mantes. Cost, £5. 5*s.* 1*d.*

"Saturday, 20th. To dine with the duke of York, at the same place. Cost, £4. 7*s.* 5½*d.*"

These were important days in the journal, not only of the bridal progress, but in the life of Margaret of Anjou, for it was her first introduction to the prince, whose rival claims to her husband's throne engendered those deadly animosities which proved in the end fatal to them both. The entertainment received by the royal bride must have been agreeable to her, as she repeated her visit. We gather from this entry that Margaret's acquaintance with the duke of York preceded her introduction to the king her husband. On the 20th, she proceeded from Mantes to Vernon, where she slept. On the 23rd, she arrived at Rouen. There is an item of 4*s.* 9*d.* for fourteen pairs of shoes, bestowed by Margaret on various poor women, on her journey from Mantes. At Rouen she remained a week, and there two curious entries occur. The first certifies the fact that the young queen made purchase of some articles of second-hand plate of a goldsmith of that town;[1] the second, that her

[1] To John Tabaude, goldsmith, at Rouen, for taking out and removing the arms of Henry de Luxemburgh, lately chancellor of France, from

want of money was so pressing that she was compelled to pawn divers vessels of mock silver to the duchess of Somerset,[1] to raise funds for some of the expenses of her journey.

On the 31st, Margaret left Rouen, and slept at Bokamshard monastery. On the 1st of April, she proceeded to Pountamdeur, and on the 3rd, she reached Hounfleet. There she remained several days, and on the 8th, a small English vessel, called the "Trinity of Colchester," transported her and her *suite* to the port of Kiddecaws, where the "Cokke John," of Cherburgh, the ship appointed for her voyage, had been long waiting her arrival. The Breknoke Computus proves a payment of £5. 4*s.* 10*d.* to the pilot attending in the "Cokke John," also to the purser of the same, £13. 6*s.* 8*d.*, for a large cable bought by him for the security of the said ship whilst riding at anchor near Kiddecaws, and of £9. 7*s.* for making conveniences in the vessel—viz., divers chambers and cabins, and a bridge for the ingress and egress of the lady queen. These ships had been in commission ever since the 5th of September, 1444.[2]

Margaret's long sojourn on the continent was caused by the necessity of the king's summoning a new parliament, for the purpose of obtaining the needful supplies for his marriage. It met at Westminster, February 25th, 1445. The king remained seated in his chair of state, while his chancellor Stafford, archbishop of Canterbury,

sundry silver vessels bought from him by the lady the queen, together with . . . . . of the aforesaid silver vessels. and the polishing of the same. In reward given to him on the 12th day of March, 1445, by the hands of William Elmesley, valet of the jewels to the lord the king, £2. 3*s.* 4*d.*—*Breknoke Computus.*

[1] In money paid to Thomas Dawson, Esq., in the service of the lady duchess of Somerset, coming from Rouen to London, with divers vessels of *mock silver*, belonging to the lady the queen, mortgaged to the said duchess for a certain sum of money advanced by her, for the wages of divers mariners, &c. In reward to him for his expenses and safe carriage of the said vessels, &c., £2. 13*s.* 4*d.* [This entry is cancelled in the original MS.]—*Ibid.*

[2] They were paid off the 11th of April, 1445.

explained the cause for which parliament was summoned, in a species of political sermon, commencing with this text, "Justice and peace have kissed each other." He then proceeded to notify the suspension of hostilities in France, and the marriage between the king and Margaret, daughter of the king of Sicily; "by which two happy events, he nothing doubted but, through God's grace, justice and peace should be firmly established throughout the realm."[1] The parliament granted a half-fifteenth on all moveable goods to the king, to defray the expenses of the late commission for the truce with France and his marriage, and was then prorogued till the 29th of April, to allow the necessary interval for the arrival of the new queen, and the solemnization of the royal nuptials.

There is a curious document in the Fœdera, in which the needy sovereign makes an assignment of part of his half-fifteenth, granted, but not yet raised, to a certain knight, for the purchase of his jewel of St. George, and also as security for the sum of two thousand marks, "which," says Henry, "our beloved knight has now lent us in *prest* (ready) money, at the contemplation of the coming of our most best beloved wife the queen, now into our presence."

The records in the Fœdera from the Pell Roll, 23rd of Henry VI., bear melancholy testimony to the utter destitution of the royal privy purse at this period, and the pitiable expedients to which the unfortunate sovereign was reduced, in order to meet his bridal expenses. Among other items, there is an order directing that the third part of one of the crown jewels, called the "rich collar," which had already been broken and pledged in two separate pieces to his uncle cardinal Beaufort, for two thousand marks, in the time, as Henry pathetically observes, "of our great necessity, should be delivered to the said most worshipful father in God," and a patent made out securing to him the first two parts, and for

[1] Parliamentary History.

the delivery of the third. This jewel was never redeemed by the impoverished king, who was, in fact, compelled to pawn all his private jewels and household plate, to provide the equipages and other indispensable articles required for his marriage and the coronation of the young queen.

The wars so ruthlessly carried on with France for the third of a century, had made the English crown nearly bankrupt. Henry could with difficulty keep his royal state, though he was anxious that a great display should be made to welcome his bride. Poverty was the plague which pursued Margaret all her life at her father's court, and was ready to receive her in Henry's palace.

The funds necessary for her reception having been at length obtained, the royal bride embarked with her train at Kiddelaws, March 8th, and on the following day landed at Porchester. She was so much indisposed with the voyage, that Suffolk carried her from the boat to the shore in his arms. A terrible storm greeted Margaret of Anjou, almost as soon as she set foot on shore. But the people, notwithstanding the thunder and lightning, ran in crowds to look at her, and the men of Porchester courteously strewed their streets with rushes for her to pass over. She was conducted to a convent at Portsmouth, called Godde's House, where having reposed a little, she entered the church and there made her oblation of 6*s.* 8*d.* The following day, Saturday, 10th, she was conveyed by water to Southampton with great state. The sum of £1. 3*s.* 4*d.* was paid to seven foreign trumpeters for playing on the decks of two Genoese galleys, as they passed our lady queen between Portsmouth and Southampton. Margaret was conveyed by rowing. At Southampton, as well as at Portsmouth, the young queen lodged in a religious hospital, called Godde's House.[1] Here she was seized with a dangerous

[1] The house of this name at *Portsmouth*, was founded by Peter de Rupibus, bishop of Winchester; whilst God's House at Southampton was founded by two merchants. Both were termed "hospitals," and were

cutaneous malady, which, from king Henry's quaint and homely description of its symptoms, in his letter to his chancellor, appears to have been no other than the small-pox.[1] This sickness "of his most dear and best beloved wife the queen" is stated by Henry to be the cause why he could not keep the feast of St. George, at Windsor Castle."[2] He had been waiting some days at Southwick to welcome his long-expected bride, and remained there in anxious suspense, during the period of her alarming illness, till she was sufficiently recovered to join him there.

"In the 'Breknoke Computus' we have the following entry of money paid to master Francis, the physician, who had attended the queen on her journey and voyage to England, for divers spices, confections, and powders, bought and provided by him, for making medicines for the safe keeping of the person of the said lady the queen, as well by land as by sea, by precept of the marquess of Suffolk, at Southampton, on the 10th day of April, in the 23rd year of the reign of the king, £3. 9*s.* 2*d.*" A very reasonable doctor's bill our readers will allow, considering the importance of the patient.

Our records bear witness of the fact that Margaret's bridal wardrobe was so scantily furnished, that king Henry was under the necessity of supplying her with array suitable to a queen of England, before she could appear publicly in that character. As soon as she arrived at Southampton, indeed, an express was forwarded to London for an English dress-maker to wait on her, as we find from the following payment:—"To John Pole, valet, sent from Southampton to London, by command of the marquess of Suffolk, with three horses, for Margaret Chamberlayne, tyre-maker, to bring her into the presence of the lady queen, for divers affairs touching

free to all sick travellers, from the humblest voyager to the monarch or his bride.

[1] Preface to Sir Harris Nicolas's Acts of the Privy Council, vol. i. p. 18. [2] Ibid. p. 16.

the said lady queen. For the expenses going and coming, by gift of the queen, £1."[1]

The nuptials of Margaret of Anjou and Henry VI. were solemnized on the 22nd of April, 1445, in Tichfield Abbey.[2] The bridal ring had been made in the preceding January, from a ring of gold, garnished with a fair ruby, which had formerly been presented to the king by his uncle, cardinal Beaufort, "with the which," he says, "we were sacred on the day of our coronation at Paris." A jewel of inauspicious omen.[3]

The beautiful young queen received from one of her new subjects on the occasion of her bridal, a present, not of a lap-dog, but the more characteristic offering of a lion, and the following entry by Breknoke specifies the cost incurred by the addition of this royal pet, to the charges of the household:—"To John Fouke and Peryn Galyman, for the food and keeping of a lion, presented to the lady the queen, at Tichfield, together with the carriage of the same lion from thence to the Tower of London, for the expenses thereof, and of the said lion, £2. 5*s*. 3*d*."

Margaret had completed her fifteenth year exactly one month before her marriage with king Henry; and notwithstanding the dissatisfaction of the nation at her want of dower, their contempt for the indigence of her father, and the prejudice created by her close connexion with the royal family of France, her youth, her beauty, and noble presence procured her an enthusiastic welcome wherever she appeared. The people pressed in crowds to gaze upon her, and all the nobility and chivalry of England wore her emblem flower, the daisy,[4] in their

[1] Breknoke Computus. [2] Stow. Hall.

[3] There is in the same document a curious inventory of rings and ouches, with other jewels, which the king bestowed as New Year's gifts on his uncles and nobles, who were in far better condition to make presents to their impoverished sovereign than he to them, in honour of his nuptials. —*Rymer's Fœdera*, vol. xi. p. 75.

[4] Drayton's Chronicle. Stow, likewise, says—"her badge was the daisy flower."

caps and bonnets of estate, when they came with their retainers and servants, clad in sumptuous liveries, in all the pomp and pride of feudality, to meet and welcome the royal bride on her Londonward progress.

Drayton alludes to this picturesque compliment in the following couplet:—

> "Of either sex who doth not now delight
> To wear the daisy for queen Marguerite?"

King Henry, in compliment to his lovely and beloved consort, caused her emblem flower to be enamelled and engraved on his plate.[1]

By no one was Margaret treated with more peculiar marks of respect, on her bridal progress, than by the duke of Gloucester, who, as if to atone for his opposition to her marriage with his royal nephew, came to meet her at Blackheath, with five hundred men wearing his livery and badge to do her honour,[2] and so conducted her to his palace at Greenwich, where she was refreshed. Great preparations had been made in London and its vicinity for the reception of the young queen. Triumphal arches were erected across the road through which she was to pass, and "many costly pageants were made ready," says Fabyan, "of divers old histories, to her great comfort, and that of such as came with her."

"On the 28th of May, queen Margaret was met at Blackheath by an equestrian procession, consisting of the mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs of the city of London, in scarlet, and the crafts of the same, all riding on horseback, in blue gowns, with embroidered sleeves, and red hoods, who conveyed her with her train through Southwark and so on to the city of London, which was then beautified

[1] Among the recently published records of the royal jewels, we find these entries:—"Item, one saltcellar of gold, and cover, enamelled with the arms of the king and the flowers called Marguerites, the boss garnished with one balass, given by the lord king to queen Margaret. Likewise a pitcher or jug of gold, the foot garnished with a sapphire, given by the king to queen Margaret."

[2] Stow's Annals.

with pageants of divers histories and other showes of welcome, marvellous costly, and sumptuous, of which I can only name a few. At the bridge-foot towards Southwark was a pageant of peace and plenty; and at every street-corner, in allusion to the text of the parliamentary sermon, two puppets in a moving pageant, called Justice and Peace, were made to kiss each other. Noah's ship (the ark) upon the bridge, with verses in English. At Leadenhall, Madam Grace, the chancellor of God. At the inn in Cornhill, St. Margaret. At the great conduit in Cheapside, the five wise and five foolish virgins. At the cross in the Cheap, the heavenly Jerusalem, with verses. At Paul's Gate, the general resurrection and judgment, with verses accordingly, all made by John Lydgate."[1]

On the 30th of May, Margaret was crowned at Westminster, with a degree of royal splendour little suited to the exhausted treasury of her enamoured consort; but doubtless to the no slight satisfaction of the faithful steward, squire, and minstrels of her father, who came to witness the coronation of their princess, and report the same in their own land.

A few notices of the grants bestowed on those hungry Anjevins and Italians are to be found in the Issue Rolls.[2]

[1] Stow.

[2] To John d'Escose, an esquire of the king of Sicily, who, as the subject of the queen's father, left his own occupations abroad, and came in the queen's retinue, to witness the ceremony of her coronation, in money paid to him, £66. 13*s.* 4*d.* To five minstrels of the king of Sicily, who lately came to England to witness the state and grand solemnity on the day of the queen's coronation, and to make a report thereof, £10 each. To two minstrels of the duke of Milan, who came on the same errand, to report the same to the princes and people of their country, the king, by the advice of his council, to each of the said minstrels paid five marks. To John de Serrencourt, king René's steward, who came to witness queen Margaret's coronation, and report the same, thirty-three marks.—*Issue Rolls*, 452. King Henry's bounties on this occasion were certainly not confined to the queen's foreign followers. He granted to William Adams, the master of the vessel which conveyed his beloved consort queen Margaret safely to England, an annuity of twenty-one marks for life, as a reward "for that good and acceptable service." He also granted a hundred

In addition to all the splendid pageantry in honour of Margaret's bridal and coronation, a tournament was held at Westminster, which lasted three days, and was brilliantly attended. The lists occupied the whole space from Palace-yard to the Sanctuary.[1]

A few weeks after the coronation of Margaret of Anjou, an ambassy of congratulation arrived from her uncle the king of France, and another from her father, to Henry VI.[2] July 16th, the king gave them audience at Westminster palace, seated in a very high chair of state, called a sallete, covered with tapestry of blue diaper, the livery of Henry V. He was dressed in a long robe of vermillion cloth of gold, which swept the ground; and was attended by his uncle, the duke of Gloucester, Suffolk, and other peers. When the ambassadors delivered their credentials, the king raised his hat a little from his head, and when they had addressed their speech to him on the blessings of peace and the love and good-will borne him by his uncle of France, he again raised his hat from his head, and said several times, "St. John, thanks; great thanks to St. John." He then told them by the marquis of Suffolk, "That he did not hold them as strangers, as they belonged to the household of his uncle of France, whom, of all persons in the world, after the queen his wife, he loved the best."

The following day after the arrival of M. de Presigny, he gave them an audience in his privy chamber. The king was then dressed in a long robe of black velvet. The real object of this embassy was to extend the two years' truce into a permanent peace. They introduced the subject by great professions of love and amity of the king of France to his nephew, and apologies for the long delay of the queen's arrival. They added, "that they

pounds, to be paid out of the customs on wool and skins at Southampton, to his secretary, William Andrews, for his services during his attendance on the queen in foreign parts.—*Rymer's Fœdera.*

[1] Chronicle of London.

[2] From the ambassador's reports, 1445, Bibliothèque du Roi, copied by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, through whose kindness I have been favoured with this extract.

now came to inquire after her health, and to wish them both much joy and a long-continued posterity, and that perpetual amity might be established between the kindred royalty of France and England." Henry repeated (probably translated) what was said to his nobles, with a countenance full of satisfaction, and bade Suffolk tell the ambassadors, "That he had great joy in hearing news of the high and mighty king his uncle, whom he loved better than any person in the world, excepting the queen his wife, and that he desired the continuance of peace beyond anything on earth;" to which all present responded "Amen."

Henry then called the ambassadors close to him, and conversed with them familiarly. Suffolk repeated that the king loved his uncle of France the second best in the world, on which Henry exclaimed in English, "St. John, yes!"

Extensive repairs and improvements had been made in all the royal palaces previously to Margaret's arrival. This was very necessary; for so many years had elapsed since a queen-consort had held her state in England, that those portions of the abodes of royalty, known by the name of the queen's lodgings, were absolutely desolated and unfit for her reception, till a considerable outlay had been expended upon them. The royal residences at the Tower, Westminster, Eltham, and Shene, in particular, were restored to their pristine splendour, in honour of the new queen.[1]

For the two first years of Margaret of Anjou's union with Henry VI., cardinal Beaufort was the supreme director of the power of the crown. King Henry, new to the delights of female society, was intoxicated with the charms, the wit, and intellectual powers of his youth-

[1] Acts of the Privy Council, by Sir H. Nicolas, vol. vi. p. 32. The poverty of Henry VI.'s exchequer at this period is deplorably evidenced by the piteous supplication of William Cleve, chaplain to the king and clerk of the works, "for money to pay the poor labourers their weekly wages," which, he states, "he has the utmost pain and difficulty to purvey."

ful bride, of whom an elegant French historian thus speaks:—"England had never seen a queen more worthy of a throne than Margaret of Anjou. No woman surpassed her in beauty, and few men equalled her in courage. It seemed as if she had been formed by Heaven to supply to her royal husband the qualities which he required, in order to become a great king."[1] Another chronicler, quoted by Stow, says—"This woman excelled all others, as well in beauty and favour as in art and policy, and was in courage inferior to none."

With all these brilliant characteristics, Margaret of Anjou was unfortunately called to share the throne of England at a period of life when her judgment was immature, and the perilous endowments of wit, genius, and lively perceptiveness were more likely to create enemies than to secure friends. She had been deeply piqued and offended at the opposition the duke of Gloucester had made to her marriage, and, with the petulance of a spoiled child, she took every occasion of mortifying him by a foolish display of her unbounded influence over the king, and her regard for cardinal Beaufort and the duke of Suffolk, his sworn foes.

To cardinal Beaufort, indeed, she was indebted for her elevation to the pride and power of royalty, and, with all the devotion of a young heart, she resigned herself wholly to his direction. Independently of political considerations, cardinal Beaufort was exceedingly fond of Margaret, who was a frequent visitor at his house in Waltham forest, where there was a state chamber magnificently fitted up for her sole use, called the queen's chamber, with hangings of cloth of gold of Damascus. These the cardinal afterwards bequeathed to queen Margaret.[2]

[1] Orleans.

[2] "I bequeath to my lady, the queen, *lectum blodium de panno aureo de Damasco*, which hung in her chamber in my mansion of Waltham, in which my said lady the queen lay when she was at the said manor. *Item*, I bequeath to my lord the king, my dish or plate of gold for spices, and my cup of gold enamelled with images. *Item*, I bequeath to Thomas Bar-

The great riches of this ambitious prelate enabled him to administer, from time to time, in a very acceptable manner, to the necessities of the royal pair; and the flattering attention with which he treated the young queen so completely won her confidence, that, under his direction, the talents and fascinations of this accomplished girl became the powerful spells through which he obtained unbounded ascendancy over the councils of his royal nephew.

It was in the second year of Margaret's marriage that the memorable parliament of February, 1447, was summoned to meet at Bury, the ministers of king Henry having business to accomplish which they dared not venture in the vicinity of the metropolis. This was the destruction of the duke of Gloucester, the darling of the people, and the heir-presumptive to the throne. Gloucester, probably with a view to counteract the queenly influence, had shewn an alarming inclination to make common cause with the duke of York, who had been lately superseded in his office of regent of France in favour of his enemy the duke of Somerset, cardinal Beaufort's nephew; and by some historians it has been supposed that it was to avert a coalition so perilous to the government of king Henry, that the crooked politicians of whom his cabinet was composed devised their plans for ridding themselves of their formidable opponent.[1] The king and queen proceeded to Bury with their court, and all the commonalty of Suffolk were summoned to attend the king there in their most defensible array; a proof that some danger to the royal person was apprehended.

The parliament met, February 10th, in the refectory of St. Edmund's Abbey. The session was opened, not by the king, but by his chancellor Stafford, archbishop

nnaby, page to my lady the queen, £20 and a cup of silver gilt."—*Codicil to Cardinal Beaufort's will, quoted in Cassan's Lives of the Bishops of Winchester.*

[1] Carte. Guthrie.

of Canterbury.[1] On the first day, business proceeded smoothly; a speaker was chosen, and an exchange of queen Margaret's revenues of £4666. 13*s.*, out of the customs for certain lands and hereditaments settled on her for life, was confirmed; but, on the second day of the session, all England was astounded by the arrest of the duke of Gloucester on a charge of high treason.[2] He was committed to close custody under a strong guard. "What evidence the king had of his uncle's guilt," says Whethampstede, "we know not, but nothing could persuade him of his innocence."

Seventeen days after his arrest, the duke of Gloucester was found dead in his bed, but without any marks of violence on his person.[3] His body was produced in both houses of parliament, and exposed to public view for several days; but these measures failed to remove the suspicions which so sudden a death, under such circumstances, naturally excited throughout England. No actual proof, however, exists that he was murdered, and Whethampstede, a contemporary and warm partizan of Gloucester, states, "that he died of an illness that seized him on his arrest;" so does William of Worcester; and no writer of that period attempts to implicate the queen as a party concerned in that transaction. Rapin, indeed, suffers his prejudices against Margaret to betray him into the following unauthenticated assertions as to her share in the supposed murder. After stating that Henry's ministers had resolved to compass the destruction of the duke of Gloucester, he says—"The queen, who was of a bold and enterprising genius, was the person who first encouraged this resolution. At least, the historians insinuate as much, if they have not said it."

Who these historians are Rapin has not thought proper to inform his readers; but, in the same conclusive strain

[1] Parliamentary History.

[2] He was arrested by John viscount Beaumont.

[3] Lingard. Fabyan says six, and Stow twenty-four days, after his arrest. Rapin and Hall assert that he was found dead on the following morning.

of reasoning, proceeds to say—"And, indeed, the ministry would never have ventured upon such an action without having her at their head."

A responsible leader, in sooth, would a girl of queen Margaret's age have made in a business of that kind; if, indeed, cardinal Beaufort, who had treasured up the accumulated rancours of six-and-twenty years of unquenchable hatred against Gloucester, and before she was born had threatened to decide their deadly quarrel "by setting England on a field,"[1] would have asked her sanction for wreaking his long-cherished vengeance on his adversary. Did Rapin remember that these ministers, of whom cardinal Beaufort was the master-spirit, were the same people who, three years before Margaret of Anjou set a foot in England, had devised, and successfully carried into effect, the subtlest plot that ever was imagined, against the duchess of Gloucester?[2] and could *they* have required the prompting and advice of a girl of seventeen to work out their scheme of vengeance on the duke, of which that blow was the sure prelude? There can be little doubt that the destruction of the duke of Gloucester would have been accomplished if Margaret of Anjou had never entered this country; and it is scarcely probable that she was even entrusted with so important a secret, since her greatest misfortunes were caused by unguarded manifestations of her prejudices and partialities, for which she is greatly condemned by Philip de Comines, her contemporary.

Within eight weeks after the death of Gloucester, cardinal Beaufort was summoned to his great account, leaving the court to struggle with the storm he had conjured up, bereft of the support of his talents, his experience, and his all-powerful wealth.

[1] See cardinal Beaufort's letter to the duke of Bedford, 1426, in the old Chronicles, and Parliamentary History, where there is a curious account of the quarrels between Beaufort and Gloucester.

[2] The accusation and disgrace of Eleanor Cobham, duchess of Gloucester, are too familiar to every reader to require recapitulation. Beaufort, Suffolk, and the archbishop of Canterbury, were her judges.

King Henry, absorbed in his studies and heavenward contemplations, shrank from the toils and cares of empire, and certainly evinced more interest in the prosperity and regulations of his newly-founded college at Eton than in the government of his kingdom; and Margaret, then only just entering her eighteenth year, found the executive power of the crown of England left to her sole direction. Alas! for any female on whom so fearful a responsibility devolves at such a tender and unreflective age, ere the difficult lessons of self-government have been learned, or the warm confiding impulses of the youthful heart have been taught the necessity of restraint and concealment! Margaret of Anjou had, doubtless, acted with the best intentions, when, on her first arrival in England, instead of allying herself with foreign advisers or female favourites, she resigned herself to the guidance of her royal husband's favourite uncle and counsellor, a man of cardinal Beaufort's venerable years and reputation for wisdom. At his death, she naturally, unacquainted as she was with the manners, customs, and prejudices of her consort's subjects, continued her confidence to the cabinet he had formed, at the head of which was her first English friend and acquaintance, the duke of Suffolk.

Shakspeare has greatly misled his readers with regard to the nature of the *liaison* between this unpopular minister and Margaret of Anjou, by representing her first as his prisoner, and, after her marriage with the king, as his paramour. The one she certainly never was, and the great disparity in their ages renders the other very unlikely. Suffolk, at the period when his acquaintance with the royal beauty, then just fourteen, commenced at her father's court, far from being the gallant, gay Lothario that poetry and romance have portrayed, was a gray-haired soldier-statesman, who had served thirty-four years in the French campaigns, before he became a member of Henry VI.'s cabinet. He must, therefore, have been on the shady side of fifty when he acted as his sovereign's proxy at the nuptials of Margaret of Anjou.

Suffolk, be it remembered, too, was a married man, devotedly attached to his wife, who held the principal place of honour about the person of the queen; and even after his death, his duchess continued to retain her post and influence in the court of Margaret, where she appears to have been almost as unpopular as her unfortunate lord; for her name stands the second in the list of those whom the parliament, in 1451, petitioned the king to banish from his household and realm;[1] a request that was not complied with by the sovereign, as the queen would not consent to be deprived of the company and services of her first English friend, who was, after all, most probably the person to whom Suffolk was indebted for the credit he enjoyed with their royal mistress.

It was no enviable season for queen Margaret, and the unpopular minister by whom her marriage had been negotiated, when the expiration of the truce with France left the government of her royal husband the alternative of fulfilling the conditions of the treaty on which it was based, or renewing the war without the means of supporting the honour of England.

Not even that consummate politician, cardinal Beaufort, had ventured to declare to the parliament the secret article by which Maine, the key of Normandy, was to be restored to the house of Anjou; and now the responsibility of that article fell on Suffolk and the queen. Most unfortunate it was for Margaret, that her own family were the parties who received the benefits of these sacrifices, for which her misjudging interference in the government at this crisis rendered *her* accountable, though they had been solemnly guaranteed by king Henry and his council, at the treaty of Tours, before she was even affianced to him.

Bellicose, as the character of Margaret of Anjou became in after years, when the stormy temper of the times, and the nature of the circumstances with which

[1] Parliamentary Rolls.

she had to contend, kindled all the energies of her spirit into Amazonian fierceness, not even her meek and saintly consort laboured more earnestly, at this period, than herself, to preserve that peace of which her own strong sense taught her England was in such need.

During the brief interval that preceded the ruinous war into which the government of England was soon after forced, Margaret commenced the foundation of Queens' College, Cambridge. This college was dedicated to the honour of Almighty God by the royal foundress, and devoted by her to the increase of learning and virtue, under the tutelary auspices of St. Margaret, her patroness, and St. Bernard. The first stone was laid by Sir John, afterwards lord Wenlock, in behalf and as deputy for queen Margaret, with this inscription in Latin:—

"The Lord shall be a refuge to our sovereign lady, queen Margaret, and this stone shall be for a token of the same."[1]

Margaret also sought to turn the attention of the people to manufactures in woollen and silk; but the temper of the times suited not the calm tenour of peaceful employments. A spirit of adventurous enterprise had been nourished during the French wars, and from the princes of the blood-royal to the peasantry, there was a thirst for fighting fields, and a covetous desire of appropriating the spoils of plundered towns and castles, pervading all classes. The very misery of the people of England rendered them combative, and eager to ex-

[1] This college was involved in the misfortunes of its foundress, but was preserved by the care of Andrew Ducket, a Carmelite friar, who for forty years held the office of provost. Queen Margaret made over to her college possessions to the amount of £200, which, though no mean sum in those days, was but a slender endowment; but her liberal designs were not frustrated. What she began was continued and completed by Elizabeth, consort to king Edward IV. The usual similarity between the armorial bearings of founders, and of their foundations, is observable in the arms of Queens' College. The only difference between the arms of Margaret, as given in "Regal Heraldry," and those of the college, as now borne, are, that the college arms are surrounded by a *bordure vert*.

change the monotony of reluctant and ill-paid labour for the excitement of war. It was no easy matter to convert the men who had fought at Agincourt, or their sons, into tillers of the soil, or weavers of woollen cloths. As for the silk manufactures, they were chiefly carried on by a company of females, who went by the name of the silk women, and were regarded with jealous displeasure by the London mercers, who petitioned the king against the establishment of this industrious sisterhood, as an infringement on their manly rights and privileges.

In the commencement of the year 1449, Charles VII. renewed hostilities with England, and in the course of two years re-conquered most of the towns in Normandy. The details of the losses and disasters of the English forces, under the command of the duke of Somerset, belong rather to general history than to the memoirs of queen Margaret, although they had a fatal influence on her fortunes, by rendering her an object of suspicion and ill-will to the nation; causing the name of Frenchwoman to be applied to her as a term of reproach by those who well knew the art of appealing to the prejudices, and exciting the passions, of the vulgar against her. The partizans of the duke of York failed not to attribute all the losses in France and Normandy to the misgovernment of the queen, insinuating, "that the king was fitter for a cloister than a throne, and had, in a manner, deposed himself, by leaving the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a woman, who merely used his name to conceal her usurpation, since, according to the laws of England, a queen-consort hath no power, but title only."[1] Queen Margaret, willing to procure the absence of the duke of York at any price, blindly increased his political power by investing him with the government of Ireland. York had left a strong party in England, at the head of which were those powerful nobles, Richard Neville earl of Salisbury, and his son, the earl of Warwick, the brother and nephew of his

[1] Parliamentary History.

duchess. These were the great political opponents of the queen, whom they ventured not publicly to attack otherwise than by directing the voice of the people against the measures of the court, and attributing the disastrous state of the country to the treasonable practices of her favourite minister.

Suffolk boldly stood up in the House of Lords, and complained that, "he had been traduced by public report; and demanded of his enemies, if they had aught to lay to his charge, that they should specify his crimes."[1] He adverted to the services his family and himself had performed for their country, and stated that his father and three of his brethren had been slain in France; that he had himself served in the wars thirty-four years, and being but a knight when he was taken prisoner,[2] he had paid 20,000 crowns for his ransom; that he had been of the Order of the Garter thirty years, and a counsellor of the king fifteen years, and had been seventeen years in the wars without returning home; and asking God's mercy, as he had been true to the king and realm, he required his purgation."[3]

It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more frivolous than the series of articles which were exhibited against the luckless premier. In the first of these, he is charged with "having intended to marry his son John to Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the late John duke of Somerset, with the design of murdering and destroying the king, and then declaring her to be the heiress

[1] Rolls of Parliament.

[2] This event happened in 1429, the same year Margaret of Anjou was born, when the Maid of Orleans took Jargeau by storm. Suffolk was the governor of the town, and when great part of the garrison was slain, being hard pressed to surrender, by William Renaud, the following colloquy passed between them in the breach:—"Are you a gentleman?" demanded Suffolk, finding it impossible to escape. "I am," replied Renaud. "But are you a knight?" rejoined the earl. "I am not," answered Renaud. "Kneel down, then," said Suffolk, "that I may make you one, for I cannot otherwise yield to you." This was accordingly done, and affords a rich characteristic of the age of chivalry.—*Guthrie.*

[3] Parliamentary Rolls, 28 Henry VI. No. 17.

of the crown, for lack of heirs of the king's body."[1] This most absurd accusation is in itself a refutation of all the scandalous imputations which modern historians have cast upon the friendship between the duke of Suffolk and queen Margaret, since her ruin must have been comprehended in the murder and destruction of the king. Margaret was, at that period, only nineteen; and though childless as yet, there was a possibility of her having many children, as she was considered one of the finest women in the world. It was, perhaps, this very article which first gave the aspiring family of Beaufort an eye to the succession to the throne, in the event of a failure of the royal Plantagenet line of Lancaster. The accusation was treated with infinite contempt by Suffolk, and his replies to the other articles being such as to baffle his enemies, they, at the end of three weeks, exhibited eighteen fresh charges against him; but it is to be observed, that neither in these, nor in the previous catalogue of misdemeanours, is there the slightest allusion to queen Margaret, nor is her name mentioned in any record or contemporary chronicle in connexion with Suffolk; not even in the satirical anonymous verses that were circulated on the arrest and imprisonment of that unpopular minister.[2]

Yet Rapin and other modern writers have not scrupled to assert, "that queen Margaret, in her anxiety to preserve her favourite, caused the parliament, on his arrest, to be prorogued to Leicester, where he attended king Henry and herself, and appeared publicly in his place as prime minister." Now the incontestable evidence of the records of parliament prove that the parliament was summoned to meet at Leicester, September, 1449, five months before the arrest of Suffolk; but the Peers and Commons, taking warning by the events of the par-

[1] Parliamentary Rolls, 28 Henry VI. No. 17.

[2] For specimens of these political squibs of the fifteenth century, see Excerpta Historica, p. 160—162, and 279, and Cottonian MSS., Charters, ii. 23.

liament that sat at Bury St. Edmunds, refused to meet anywhere but at Westminster.[1] Therefore the writs were re-issued, commanding them to meet at Westminster, November 6th. The same day they were prorogued to London on account of the plague; adjourned from London again to Westminster, December 4th, and on the 17th adjourned till January 22nd,[2] at Westminster, where Suffolk, as we have seen, in a fatal hour for himself, introduced the discussion of which the Commons took advantage to obtain his arrest.

These records prove that Suffolk was never released from his imprisonment after he was once committed to the Tower, till after his sentence of banishment for five years was pronounced, March 17th, by king Henry, who resorted to that temporizing expedient in the vain hope of preserving him from the fury of his enemies.[3] On the 30th of March, the parliament was prorogued and ordered to meet at Leicester, April 29th, the day before Suffolk embarked to fulfil his evil destiny. Two thousand persons assembled in St. Giles's to intercept him on his discharge from the Tower, March 18th. They surprised his servants, but Suffolk succeeded in escaping to Ipswich, where, after arranging his affairs, he wrote that beautiful and pathetic letter to his son, which affords such touching evidence of his loyalty to his sovereign, and his devotion to his beloved wife. He sailed from Ipswich, April 30th, with two small vessels, and sent a pinnace before him to inquire whether he might be permitted to land at Calais; but the pinnace was captured by a squadron of men of war, and immediately the Nicolas of the Tower[4] bore down upon the duke's

[1] Rolls of Parliament, 28 Henry VI.

[2] Parliamentary History. [3] Rolls of Parliament, 28 Henry VI.

[4] It is a memorable fact that this vessel, thus acting in defiance of the crown, (and indeed the whole squadron by which the exiled duke was pursued,) was part of the royal navy placed at the disposal of the confederate peers by Henry Holland, the young duke of Exeter, heir presumptive to the royal house of Lancaster by the legitimate female line. He had lately succeeded his father in the office of high admiral, and this

vessels. He was ordered on board, and received with the ominous salutation of "Welcome, traitor!"[1] He underwent a mock trial from the sailors, by whom he was condemned to suffer death. On the second morning after his capture a small boat came alongside, in which were a block, a rusty sword, and an executioner. They lowered the duke into it, telling him he should die like a knight, and at the fifth stroke his head was struck off, and was left with the severed body on Dover sands, where they were found by his chaplain, and received honourable interment in the collegiate church of Wingfield, in Suffolk.

The consummation of this tragedy, far from calming the feverish state of excitement to which the public mind had been stimulated, was only the first sign and token of the scenes of blood and horror that were in store for England. Pestilence had aggravated the woes of a starving and disaffected population, and the inflammatory representations of political incendiaries, acting upon the misery of the lower classes, caused the terrific outbreak of national frenzy which immediately after this event manifested itself in the rebellion under Jack Cade. It was to suppress this formidable insurrection that Henry VI. prepared for his first essay in arms, by setting up his standard, and going in person to attack Cade and his rabble rout, who were encamped on Blackheath in formidable array. At the news of the sovereign's approach at the head of fifteen thousand men, the hot

was the lawless use he made of its power. He did not anticipate the hour when his own corpse would be left on the sands of the same coast. The death of the elder Exeter is commemorated in the political poem, before alluded to as among the Cottonian MSS., with those of the dukes of Bedford, Gloucester, and Exeter. These Lancastrian princes are personified by their respective badges:—"The root is dead," Bedford; whose device was the root of a tree. "The swan is gone," Gloucester; whose device was a swan. "The fiery cresset hath lost his light," this alludes to the high-admiral, Exeter, whose picturesque device was the badge of the Admiralty, a flaming cresset, or fire-basket, raised on a pole, being a sort of signal along the coast, serving for light-houses. See Excerpta Historica, p. 161.

[1] Lingard, vol. i. p. 135.

valour of the captain of the great assembly of Kent, and his followers, received an immediate check, and they fled to Seven Oaks.

Queen Margaret accompanied her lord on this expedition; but so little of the warlike spirit for which she was afterwards so fatally renowned did she manifest at this crisis, that when king Henry would have followed up his success by pursuing the insurgents to their retreat, her feminine terrors and anxiety for his safety prevailed upon him not to imperil his person by going any further.[1] He therefore, in compliance with her entreaties, gave up the command of his army to Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother William, and returned to London with her.[2]

Never did Margaret commit a greater error than by thus allowing her tenderness for her royal husband to betray him into conduct so unbecoming the son of the conqueror of France and Normandy.

The rebels, attributing the weakness of the king to fear, took courage, rallied, and defeated the royalists, who, with their two generals, were cut to pieces. The victors then returned to Blackheath; and when the archbishop of Canterbury, and the duke of Buckingham, were dispatched from the court to treat with them, they found Cade, dressed in a suit of gilded armour, the spoils of Sir Humphrey Stafford, encompassed by his victorious troops, and giving himself the airs of a sovereign. He positively refused to treat with any one but the king himself, nor with him unless he would come to the Blackheath in person, and grant all their demands.

When this answer was returned to the king and queen, together with the news that the rebels were ready to march to London, they were thrown into such alarm, that, leaving the Tower under the command of the lord Scales, and the valiant Sir Matthew Gough, they fled to Kenilworth Castle.[3] We fear this cowardly proceeding

[1] Guthrie. [2] Ibid. [3] Guthrie. Stow.

must be attributed to the same fond weakness on the part of queen Margaret, which influenced the retreat of the king from Blackheath; and it is to be observed, that till she became a mother, and the rights of her child were at stake, no trait of fierce or warlike propensities was ever manifested by her.

On the 2nd of July, the rebels, who had previously taken up their quarters at Southwark, entered London, and Cade smote his staff on London-stone with these memorable words, "Now is Mortimer lord of London."[1]

The proceedings of this motley company of reformers, and their punchinello leader, in London, belong to general history; and it may suffice here to notice that the pacific influence of two churchmen, the archbishop of Canterbury, and Waynflete, bishop of Winchester, succeeded in calming a storm, which had, in its brief but terrific progress, shaken the throne, deluged the capital of England with blood, and threatened to subvert law, social order, and the sacred rights of property.

The worthy prelates prevailed on the insurgents to lay down their arms, by affixing king Henry's seal to a general pardon, to which Cade was the only exception.[2]

An infringement of these conditions was most improperly attempted by queen Margaret, on her return to London with king Henry. The fact is evidenced in a private letter from John Payn, an esquire in the service of Sir John Falstolf, who, after pitifully detailing the manner "in which he had been despoiled and maltreated by the rebels, and how he had been carried off by them sorely against his will, and exposed to the peril of the battle of the bridge," adds, "and after that *hurling* was

[1] Cade pretended to be Sir John Mortimer. (See Memoir of Joanna of Navarre.)

[2] Cade, finding himself abandoned by his followers, seized a small vessel in the river, and set sail for Rochester, where the vessel and cargo were stopped by the officers of government. Cade made his escape, but was slain in a garden at Heyfield, by Alexander Iden, the sheriff of Kent, who received the benefit of the reward that had been offered for his head—viz., £1000.

over, the bishop of Rochester impeached me to queen Margaret, and so I was arrested, and was in the Marshalsea, in right great *duress* and fear of my life. They would have had me impeach my master, Sir John Falstolf, of treason, and, because I would not, had me up at Westminster, and there would have sent me to the gaol-house at Windsor; but two cousins of my wife's and mine, who were yeomen of the crown, went to King Henry, and got grace for me."[1]

Margaret's desire to implicate Sir John Falstolf, probably had reference to his previous conduct with regard to her countryman, Champchevrier, no less than to the suspicions she entertained of his loyalty. Subsequent events, however, prove that the queen had correct information as to Falstolf's practices against the government, for he became one of the most zealous partisans of the house of York.

Margaret and Henry returned to the metropolis about the 10th of July, 1450, and the disclosures of some of Cade's accomplices in the late insurrection left no doubt on the mind of the queen that the duke of York had been the instigator of the revolt. This conviction was confirmed by the return of that prince without permission from his government in Ireland. He was attended on his road to London by a retinue of four thousand men, to the great terror of the court. York, having extorted from the king a promise to summon a parliament, withdrew to his castle of Fotheringay.[2]

The return of the duke of Somerset, at this crisis, inspired the timid sovereign with some degree of political courage, and Margaret soon transferred to this prince the partial confidence she had formerly reposed in his uncle, cardinal Beaufort. Their near relationship to the king, by whom the ties of kindred were very powerfully felt and acknowledged, sanctioned the queen in the close

[1] Sir John Fenn's Collection of the Paston Letters.
[2] Lingard.

friendship which, from first to last, subsisted between her and the Beaufort princes of the house of Lancaster. Unfortunately, however, the unpopularity in which the disasters in France and Normandy had involved Somerset very soon extended to herself, when it was perceived that he was shielded by court favour from the fury of the commons and the jealousy of the peers. He was impeached by parliament, and committed to the Tower, but, immediately the short and stormy session was over, he was released, and promoted to the high office formerly enjoyed by Suffolk. He has been said to owe his elevation entirely to the influence of the queen, but he appears to have been the especial favourite of his royal kinsman, king Henry.

The violent temper of Somerset was the means of precipitating the direful collision of the rival factions, whose strife for twenty years deluged England with kindred blood. According to historical tradition, those fatal badges of the contending houses of York and Lancaster, "the pale and purple rose," were first chosen during the memorable dispute between Somerset and the earl of Warwick, in the Temple gardens, when Somerset, to collect the suffrages of the by-standers, plucked a red rose, and Warwick a white rose, and each called upon every man present to declare his party by taking a rose of the colour chosen by him whose cause he favoured. This was the prologue to that great national tragedy which ended in the extinction of the royal line and name of Plantagenet. That enlightened statesman-historian, Philip de Comines, who was well acquainted with queen Margaret, attributes all the misfortunes that afterwards befel her, and the overthrow of the house of Lancaster, to her rash interposition in the feud between Somerset and Warwick, in which she indicated her preference for the former in a way that was never forgiven by Warwick. "The queen had acted much more prudently," says Comines, "in endeavouring to have adjusted the dispute between them, than to have said, 'I am of this

party, and I will maintain it;'" and so it proved by the event.

It is probable that the red rose was originally worn by Margaret as a compliment to Somerset, in token that she espoused his cause, and that his great political opponent, the duke of York, assumed the white, as a symbol of hostility to him and his adherents.[1]

Rosettes of white and crimson ribbon, or even of paper, among the common soldiers, were worn as the substitutes of these ill-omened flowers, by the partisans of the royal claimants of the throne, during the struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, poetically called, from these badges, the "War of the Roses."

The duke of York, having assumed a very formidable position in the state, even that of an armed dictator to the sovereign, Margaret united with Somerset in persuading Henry that the time for concessions and temporizing measures was past, and that his best policy now would be to crush rebellion in its nest, by marching to attack his foe. In pursuance of this advice, king Henry took the field in person, February 16th, 1452, and advanced towards the Welsh border. York, instead of standing his ground, took a circuitous route towards the metropolis, and encamped on Burnt-heath, in Kent. The king, a few hours afterwards, took up his post about four miles distant. The tenderness of Henry's heart, and his scruples at the idea of shedding his people's blood, led him to negotiate when he ought to have

[1] Shakspeare, in his spirited version of the scene in the Temple gardens, errs in chronology, by placing it prior to the marriage of the king and Margaret of Anjou. He also uses a poetical licence in representing Richard duke of York as the leading character engaged in the dispute, while Warwick, merely acting as his second, says, "I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet." Suffolk, who had been dead some months when the veritable dispute occurred, is made to exclaim—"I pluck this red rose with young Somerset." These badges were only revived; for Edmund earl of Lancaster, the brother of Edward I., had, as Camden declares, red roses emblazoned on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and Edward the Black Prince wears a coronet of white roses in his portrait drawn in Richard II.'s missal in the Harleian Collection.

fought. York demanded that his old adversary, Somerset, should be placed under arrest, preparatory to an arraignment for his misdemeanours. Henry conceded this point by the advice of his prelates; York then disbanded his army, and came unattended to confer with his sovereign in his tent.[1] Somerset, meantime, having represented to the queen the impolicy of sacrificing a faithful friend to purchase a deceitful reconciliation with an audacious foe, obtained his liberation by her orders. By Margaret's contrivance, Somerset was concealed behind the arras of the royal pavilion, as a secret witness of the conference between his adversary and the king.

York, who imagined the minister was safely bestowed in the Tower, assured the king "that it was on account of Somerset alone that he had been induced to take up arms, in order that he might be brought to condign punishment." On this, Somerset, unable to restrain his choler, rushed from his hiding-place and defied York, charging him to his face with designs on the crown.[2] York fiercely retorted on Somerset, by upbraiding him with his misgovernment in France, and the loss of Normandy, and finished by reproaching Henry with his violation of his royal word. Henry, who does not appear to have been aware of the proximity of his premier, remained speechless and amazed during this stormy scene, which was closed by the arrest of the duke of York as he quitted the tent. According to most historians, this was done by the order of the queen.[3] Henry, however, would not permit him to be harmed;[4] and he was released on condition of swearing a solemn oath of fealty to the king in St. Paul's cathedral, March 10th; after which he was permitted to retire to his castle of Wigmore, where his son, the earl of March, afterwards king Edward IV., was raising an army for his rescue.

Queen Margaret, having gained her point, in retaining

[1] Guthrie.
[2] Guthrie. Speed. Rapin. Hall.
[3] Guthrie. Speed. Rapin. Hall.
[4] Hall. Stow. Rapin. Guthrie.

Somerset at the head of the government, was, in consequence, subjected to aspersions from the other party, derogatory to her reputation. Somerset was, like his predecessor, Suffolk, a man in the decline of life, the father of sons older than the queen, and so devotedly attached to his own wife, that he had sacrificed his honour to his tenderness for her person during his disastrous regency in France.[1] But what is there of falsehood that the demon of party will not invent to vilify its victims, or of improbability that the vulgar will not believe and circulate, especially if in the shape of scandal on royalty?

During the deceitful calm that for a brief interval succeeded the late tempest, Margaret turned her attention to foreign affairs, and, through her influence, the renowned Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, was dispatched, with such forces as could be raised, to the assistance of the English party in Guienne. The aged hero achieved some brilliant successes in the first instance; but it was impossible for the queen, struggling as she was with the mighty faction that opposed her in parliament, to support a war against the overwhelming force of France. Talbot was borne down by numbers, and slain in his eightieth year; his brave adherents were cut to pieces.

In the valiant Talbot, Margaret lost one of her most devoted friends—one of the few out of the many warrior peers of England, at that rude era, who possessed a mind sufficiently cultivated to appreciate the learning and accomplishments of the fair Provençal queen. The magnificent illuminated manuscript volume which he presented to her, is a surviving monument of his exquisite taste in the fine arts, while his dedicatory lines, addressed to his royal patroness, contain a delicate testimonial of his opinion of her talents and acquirements. He requests her "to explain to his sovereign anything that may appear difficult to understand in the book; for,"

[1] Hall.

says he, "though you speak English so well, you have not forgotten your French."

The illuminated title-page represents the queen seated by Henry VI., and surrounded by their court, receiving the volume from the hands of Talbot.[1] The state-hall in which they are assembled is worthy of attention; the royal seat fills up a rich oriel, with vaulted ceiling, groined and painted blue, with gold stars; the clustered windows are long and lancet-shaped, but the tops of the lancets are rounded. Probably the scene took place in some hall of the destroyed apartments in the tower or Westminster palace. An arras of gold and colours, representing the royal arms in numerous chequers, is stretched from pillar to pillar, and forms the background of the royal seat, which is a broad, low divan, covered with cloth. On this, Margaret, robed in queenly costume, sits with her right hand locked in Henry's hand, who sits by her in regal array. Margaret wears a royal crown; her hair, of a pale golden colour, is most gracefully flowing from under her diadem, and falls in profusion down her back and shoulders, and over her regal mantle, which is pale purple, fastened round the bust with bands of gold and gems. The dress beneath the mantle is the furred *cote-hardi*, precisely the same as in our frontispiece.[2] She is exquisitely lovely, and very majestic, in this carefully finished portrait, which does not represent her older than in her twentieth year. Talbot is kneeling before her, presenting the very folio from which this description is taken. His dog is in attendance.[3] The title-page of the magnificent volume is redolent of Margaret's emblem flower. Daisies are seen growing in the garden of the palace,—daisies, with their little red buttons, are arranged in profusion up the side

[1] As this mighty warrior died in 1453, Margaret's portrait must have been limned some time before that period. This magnificent folio is still in the finest preservation in the British Museum. King's MSS.

[2] Our frontispiece is taken from the painted glass of the cathedral of Angers, and represents her at a different period of life.

[3] The cognizance of the Talbots.

of the title-page,—daisies swarm in clusters round her armorial bearings, and flourish in every corner of the illuminated pages of the volume. Amongst other embellishments may likewise be noted a crowned M., the queen's initial, surrounded by the garter and its motto. The queen's ladies are seen behind the royal seat, attired in heart-shaped caps, which were a graceful modification, at Margaret's court, of the monstrous horned cap of the preceding half-century; they were formed of a stuffed roll, wreathed with gold and gems, and fixed in a fanciful turban shape over a close caul of gold cloth or net-work, brought to a point, low in front, and rising behind the head. Henry's nobles are assembled in crowds to the right of the royal seat; they are clothed in full surtouts like the beef-eaters' dresses, but of whole colours, and trimmed with fur. They either wear round black caps, or their hair is cropped close to the head,—a fashion always prevalent in the time of war, when the helmet prevented the growth of hair.

The artists employed by the earl of Shrewsbury in the splendid illuminations of this volume, have complimented Margaret by portraying the queen Olympias with *her* features, and arrayed in her royal robes. The kirtle of the Macedonian queen is also powdered with Margaret's emblem-flower, the daisy. At the end of the volume is an allegorical piece, representing queen Margaret and the principal ladies of her court, as the Virtues. Margaret, wearing her diadem and purple robe, is characterised as Faith, king Henry as Honour.

The death of the chivalric veteran by whom Margaret had been held in such especial honour, and who was regarded by England as the greatest captain of the age, was a severe blow to the court, and a national calamity which was mourned by all classes of the people. It was at this gloomy period, when the ill success that attended the arms of England abroad increased the clamours of the enemies of the government at home, that queen Margaret for the first time afforded a prospect of bring-

ing an heir to the throne. About six months before the birth of her child, Margaret had to mourn over the death of her beloved mother, the high-minded and heroic Isabella of Lorraine, who died, February 28, 1453, aged only forty-three.[1] Margaret's mourning weeds were blue, probably of that deep, dark, melancholy tint which has recently been called French black.[2]

The loss of a mother—of such a mother, too, as Isabella of Lorraine, could not have been otherwise than keenly felt by Margaret, who had been, in childhood and early youth, the sharer and solace of so many of her trying adversities; but a heavier calamity than even the death of that dearly beloved parent oppressed the royal matron, as the dreaded hour of peril and anguish drew near, from which the consorts of monarchs are no more exempted than the wives of peasants.

When Margaret was in the eighth month of her pregnancy, and the political horizon became daily more gloomy, in anticipation of an event more feared than wished by all parties, king Henry was seized with one of those alarming attacks of malady to which his grandfather, Charles VI. of France, was subject. The agitating character of public events, and the difficulties with which the court had to contend for the last four years, had been too much for a prince of acute sensibility and hereditary tendency to inflammation of the brain; for a time both mind and body sank under the accumulated

[1] Isabella, queen of Sicily, died in the arms of her daughter Yolante, and her son-in-law, Ferry, of Vaudemonte, by whom she had been tenderly watched in her long and painful illness, while Margaret, her youngest and best beloved, was detained by many cares in England. Isabella was succeeded in the duchy of Lorraine by her heir, John of Calabria. King René married, secondly, Jeanne de Laval, who was at that time courted by Margaret's former lover, the count de Nevers; shepreferred king René. She was of so grave a character, that she was never known to laugh but once, at a pageant devised by her royal husband—namely, a boat filled with water-pipes, which played on every side, and completely drenched the spectators that did not use some agility in getting out of the way.—*Villeneuve.*

[2] Arundel MSS. No. xxvi. p. 30.

pressure, and he remained in a state that left little hope for his life, and none for his reason.

Margaret had doubtless been long aware of the dark shadow that impended over her royal lord, and felt the strong necessity of thinking and acting for him, at seasons when his judgment could not be trusted to form decisions for himself on any matter of importance. She has been blamed for encouraging him to spend his time in pursuits fitter for the cloister than the throne; but considering the circumstances of his case, she acted with equal tenderness and prudence, in directing his attention to tranquil and sedative amusements, instead of perplexing him with the turmoils and strong excitement of politics.

King Henry was at Clarendon when he was first seized with his dangerous malady; but after a few days he was, by slow degrees, conveyed to his palace at Westminster, where queen Margaret, on the 13th of October, 1453, gave birth to a prince, the unfortunate Edward of Lancaster, whom Speed pathetically calls "the child of sorrow and infelicity."

Henry remained vibrating between life and death, and perfectly unconscious of an event the anticipation of which had, a few months earlier, been hailed by him with transports of joy. The Parliamentary Rolls bear witness of the munificent reward he bestowed on Richard Tunstal, his squire of the body, whose office it was, by a strange etiquette of the middle ages, to announce publicly to the king at court the hopeful situation of the queen. Forty marks per annum were granted from the duchy of Lancaster by king Henry, in these words, "Because Richard Tunstal, Esq., made unto us the first comfortable relation and notice that our most dearly beloved wife the queen was *enceinte*, to our most singular consolation, and to all true liege people great joy and comfort."[1]

[1] Vol. v., Par. Rolls, 318.

A writ of summons under the privy seal was issued to the ladies of the highest rank in England to attend queen Margaret at the ceremony of her purification, which took place at the palace of Westminster on the 18th of November, in the thirty-second of the reign of Henry VI. The ladies summoned were the duchesses of Bedford, York, Norfolk the elder, Norfolk the younger, Buckingham, Somerset the elder, Somerset the younger, Exeter the elder, Exeter the younger, and Suffolk, with eight countesses, among whom may be noted the countess of Warwick, besides a viscountess and seventeen baronesses.[1] There is also an entry in the Pell Rolls of the sum of £554 16*s.* 8*d.*, paid to Margaret the queen, for a richly embroidered christening mantle, called the crysom, used at the baptism of the prince; also for twenty yards of russet cloth of gold to array the font, and five hundred and forty brown sable backs for her own churching-robe.

As the royal infant was born on St. Edward's day, queen Margaret, in the hope of propitiating the people, bestowed that name, so dear to England, on her son.

This fair boy, as he is called in chronicle, was baptized by Waynflete, bishop of Winchester, cardinal Kemp, archbishop of Canterbury; the duke of Somerset and the duchess of Buckingham were his sponsors.[2]

The birth of an heir to the long childless Lancastrian sovereign, to whom the duke of York had hitherto stood presumptively in that position, was regarded by the majority of the nation as the herald of a bloody succession war; while the partisans of York failed not to throw all the suspicion they could on the legitimacy of the royal infant, by insinuations prejudicial to the honour of the queen.[3] It was also pretended by some that it

[1] Manuscripts of Sir Matthew Hale, left by him to the Society of Lincoln's Inn. 75 Selden Collec. See Catalogue published by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, p. 277.

[2] The monks of Westminster were remunerated by the crown for the tapers provided by them for the christening of the infant prince.

[3] Rapin. Guthrie. Hall.

was a spurious child, and by others that the son of the king and queen died soon after his birth, and another had been substituted in his place.[1]

Queen Margaret had not completed her twenty-fourth year, and the king was just thirty-three, when they became the parents of this their only son, whose birth, so far from being of the slightest political advantage to them, had the worst possible influence on their fortunes, by determining the duke of York to contest the crown of England with Henry at swords' points, instead of waiting for its natural reversion to him at the death of his royal kinsman.

Queen Margaret, at this period, exercised the royal power in the name of the king, assisted by the duke of Somerset, and cardinal Kemp, archbishop of Canterbury and chancellor of England. This prelate, who had been in king Henry's cabinet before his marriage with Margaret of Anjou, and enjoyed his royal master's confidence, died in the December following the birth of the prince, and the House of Lords took advantage of his death to depute a committee from their body to ascertain the real state of the king, for the purpose of learning his pleasure touching the appointments left vacant by the death of the cardinal.[2] The commissioners proceeded to Windsor, whither the king had been removed by queen Margaret and his physicians for change of air. They were admitted into his chamber, and declared their errand; but the king made no reply, and appeared to have lost all consciousness of the things of this world. His reason must at that time have been under a total eclipse. On the 25th of March, 1454, the committee reported to the parliament "that they had been to wait upon the king at Windsor, and, after three interviews with him, and earnest solicitation, they could by no means obtain an answer, or token of answer, from him."[3]

When the situation of the king was made known to his peers of parliament, they, on the 27th of March,

[1] Fabyan. [2] Parliamentary Hist. [3] Ibid. Acts of the Privy Council.

appointed the duke of York protector and defender of the king during the king's pleasure, or till such time as Edward the prince should come to age of discretion.[1] The parliament thus evidently acted under the impression that the king's indisposition was a mental aberration that would last as long as he lived, and at the same time they shewed a desire of preserving the rights of the reigning family, by reserving this office for an infant not six months old.

Patents, bearing the name of the king's letters patent, were read in the parliament on the 3rd of April, granting to the infant prince the same allowance that was made for his royal father in the first year of his reign, with the yearly fee of two thousand marks only, besides allowances for learning to ride, and other manly exercises, "provided the same grant be in no ways prejudicial to any grant made to Margaret queen of England."

King Henry, though incapable at that time of business, is made, by similar instruments, to create his son Edward, prince of Wales and earl of Chester. This was confirmed by the hands of all the Lords and by the Commons in parliament.[2] By the same authority queen Margaret received the grant of £1000 per annum for life out of the customs, and subsidies on wools at the port of Southampton, besides sundry manors and hereditaments in the counties of Northampton, Southampton, and Oxfordshire, which were confirmed to her by this parliament.[3] These concessions to the queen and her infant boy were probably granted to induce her to acquiesce in the appointment of the duke of York to the office of protector. A medical commission of five physicians and surgeons was appointed by the duke of York and his council to attend on the person of the king, and to watch over his health.[4]

[1] Parliamentary History. Rymer's Fœdera.
[2] Parliamentary History. [3] Ibid.
[4] Rymer's Fœdera. The date of this commission is April 6th, and empowers those beloved masters, John Arundel, John Faceby, and

Margaret, meantime, engrossed between the first sweet cares of a mother and the melancholy office of watching over the fluctuations of her royal husband's afflicting malady, remained passive amidst these great political changes. As she always cherished a confident hope of king Henry's recovery, she patiently abided that time, without imperilling their only child by entering into any plots for getting the reins of government into her own hands. Any queen-consort under such circumstances might reasonably have expected to be placed at the head of a council of regency, and few women of her age would have conducted themselves with equal prudence and dignity. Though bereft of power, Margaret persisted in maintaining the state of queen of England, and continued to hold her courts and grant audiences. The duke of Somerset was, we find, arrested in her presence-chamber by the order of the duke of York, immediately after he was constituted by the parliament protector of England. Margaret resented this insult greatly, but was unable to do anything openly for the protection of her friends. York proceeded to depose Somerset from his office of captain of Calais, and by letters patent, issued in the king's name, bestowed it on himself.[1]

William Hacliff, physicians, and Robert Warreyn, and William Marschall, surgeons, to administer to the king, at their discretion, electuaries, potions, and syrups, confections, and laxative medicines, in any form that may be thought best; baths, fomentations, embrocations, unctions, plasters, shavings of the head, scarifications, and a variety of other inflictions in the way of medical treatment. John Faceby was the favourite physician who had attended King Henry all his life. The king granted a pension of £100 per annum to him at the time of his marriage with queen Margaret, as the reward of his faithful services. From the same authority we find the court dress of the king's physician was a green cloth robe and miniver cap.

[1] There is in the Patent Rolls of this year an order under the privy seal, dated November 12, granting to a physician of the name of William Hately, in consideration of his faithful services to king Henry, and at the earnest desire of queen Margaret, an annuity for life. This physician's name is not included in the medical junto who had been appointed by the authority of the duke of York's council to attend on the sovereign, but was probably introduced by the anxious solicitude of the queen; and as Henry's convalescence took place about this time, we can have little doubt of his being indebted to the skill of William Hately for his cure.

Henry VI. began to amend in November, and on the ensuing Christmas he was so much recovered that on St. John's day he sent his almoner to Canterbury with his offering, and his secretary to make his oblation to the shrine of St. Edward. From the testimony of a contemporary witness, who describes the state of the king at this period, Henry appears to have been like a person just awakened from a long dream, when reason and convalescence returned. It was not till that auspicious moment that Margaret, who had for so many months of agonizing solicitude watched over the fluctuations of his alarming malady, ventured to present their lovely boy to Henry. The touching particulars of the infant Edward's first introduction to his royal father are thus quaintly narrated in the letter to which we have just alluded:[1]

"On Monday at noon the queen come to him and brought my lord prince with her, and then he asked, 'what the prince's name was?' and the queen told him, 'Edward;' and then he held up his hands, and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time, nor wist what was said to him, nor wist where he had been, whilst he had been sick, till now; and he asked who were the godfathers, and the queen told him, and he was well apaid (content.) And she told him the cardinal was dead,[2] and he said he never knew of it till this time; then he said one of the wisest lords in this land was dead. And my lord of Winchester, (bishop,) and my lord of St. John of Jerusalem, were with him the morrow after Twelfth day, and he did speak to them as well as ever he did, and when they came out they wept for joy. And he saith he is in charity with all the world, and so he would all the lords were. And now he saith matins of our lady and evensong, and heareth his mass devoutly."

Margaret immediately took prompt measures for Henry's restoration to the sovereign authority, by causing

[1] Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 80. [2] Cardinal Kemp.

him to be conveyed, though still very weak, to the House of Lords, where he dissolved the parliament,[1] and the duke of Somerset was immediately released and reinstated in his former post.

The triumph of the queen and her party was short-lived. The duke of York retired to the marches of Wales, raised an army, with the assistance of his powerful friends and kinsmen, Salisbury and Warwick, and marched towards London, with the intention of surprising the king there.[1] All the troops that could be mustered by the exertions of the queen and Somerset scarcely amounted to two thousand men.[1] On the 21st day of May the royal army lay at Watford, and the next day the king took up his head-quarters at St. Albans. The royal standard was erected in St. Peter's-street. The duke of York and his men lay at Heyfield.

King Henry was not deficient in personal courage, but his holy nature revolted from being the cause of bloodshed, and he sent a message to the duke of York, to ask, "wherefore he came in hostile array against him?" York replied "that he would not lay down his arms, unless the duke of Somerset were dismissed from king Henry's councils, and delivered up to justice." Henry for once in his life manifested something of the fiery temperament of a Plantagenet, when this answer was reported to him by the agents of the duke of York; for with a loud imprecation—the only one he was ever known to utter—he declared, "that he would deliver up his crown as soon as he would the duke of Somerset or the least soldier in his army, and that he would treat as a traitor every man who should presume to fight against him in the field."[3] The earl of Warwick, who commanded York's van-guard, commenced the attack, by breaking down the garden wall which stood between the Key and the Chequer in Hollowell-street,[4] and led his men on through the gardens, shouting, "A Warwick! a Warwick!"

[1] Parliamentary History. [2] Guthrie. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

The battle lasted but an hour. The king's army, made up almost of gentlemen, was inferior in numbers, and pent up in the town. They fought desperately, but a dreadful slaughter ensued in the narrow streets. The king, who stood under his own standard, was wounded in the neck with an arrow at the commencement of the fight. He remained till he was left solus under his royal banner, when he walked very coolly into a baker's shop close by,[1] where York immediately visited him, and bending his knee, bade him, "rejoice, for the traitor Somerset was slain." Henry replied, "For God's sake stop the slaughter of my subjects." York then took the wounded king by the hand, and led him first to the shrine of St. Albans, and then to his apartments in the abbey.[2]

When the slaughter, according to his entreaty, was stopped, Henry consented to accompany the victor to London on the following day, May 24th.

[1] Newcome's History of the Abbey of St. Albans, p. 357.
[2] Lingard, vol. v. p. 200.

# MARGARET OF ANJOU,

## QUEEN OF HENRY VI.

## CHAPTER II.

Queen at Greenwich—News of defeat at St. Albans—Her despair—She is censured in Parliament—Royal family sent to Hertford—Queen's secret council at Greenwich—King restored—Queen in power—Goes to Coventry—Her tapestry portrait—Pacific negotiations—Walks in procession with York—She breaks the peace—Court at Coventry—Battle of Blor-heath—Margaret's flight with the king—Success at Ludlow—Her visit to Norfolk—Defeat at Northampton—Queen's flight—Taken by plunderers—Escapes with her son to Harlech—King in captivity—Queen goes to Scotland—Return—Her victory at Wakefield—York's head presented to her—Her victory at St. Albans—Delivers king Henry—Retreats to York—Ferrybridge—Towton—Queen's flight to Alnwick—Skill in archery—Alliance with Scotland—Letter to the queen—She goes to France with the prince—Her champion Brezé—She sails for England—Repulsed at Tynemouth—Her perilous escape—Temporary successes—Flight from Hexham—Romantic adventures—Retires to France—Adventures at the court of Burgundy—Her residence at Verdun—Education of her son—Reconciliation with Warwick—Marriage of her son—She goes to Paris—Departs for England—Contrary winds—Lands at Weymouth—Defeat at Barnet—Her despair—Takes sanctuary—Battle of Tewksbury—Murder of her son—Brought to king Edward—Led captive to London—Lodged in the Tower—Her widowhood—Five years' captivity—Ransomed by her father—Attacked by English emigrants—Arrives at her father's court—Her residence there—Loss of beauty—Death of her father—Sale of her reversionary rights—Retires to Dampriêrre—Her death—Annual commemorations at her grave.

QUEEN MARGARET, on the approach of York's army, had retired to Greenwich, with her ladies and the infant

prince, where she remained in a state of agonized suspense during the battle of St. Albans. The news of the fatal blow the royal cause had received, by the slaughter of her brave friends and the captivity of the king her husband, plunged her into a sort of stupor of despair, in which she remained for many hours.[1] Her chamberlain, Sir John Wenlock, who from a simple esquire she had advanced to great honours and loaded with benefits, took that opportunity of forsaking her, and strengthening the party of her foe. He was chosen speaker of the Yorkist parliament, which king Henry had been compelled to summon.[2] The king's wound was dangerous, and the alarm and excitement he had undergone brought on a relapse of his malady; so that when the parliament assembled at Westminster, July 4th, he was declared incapable of attending to public business, and the duke of York was commissioned to attend in his name.[3]

It was in this parliament, made up of her enemies, that queen Margaret was for the first time publicly censured for her interference in affairs of state, it being there resolved, "that the government, as it was managed by the queen, the duke of Somerset, and their friends, had been of late a great oppression and injustice to the people."[4]

The king was petitioned to appoint the duke of York protector or defender of the realm, "because of his indisposition, and *sith* he would not come down to them, that his Commons might have knowledge of him." Henry, being then in the duke of York's power, was not permitted to reject this petition, but it was repeated and urged upon him many times before he would accede to it.[5]

As soon as the duke of York got the executive power of the crown into his hands, he resigned the custody of the king's person to the queen, and enjoined her to withdraw with him and the infant prince[6] to Hertford without

[1] Prevost. [2] Parliamentary History.
[3] Guthrie. Rapin. Parliamentary History. [4] Rapin. [5] Ibid.
[6] The rights of Prince Edward were still recognised, and the reversion

fail.[1] Margaret was not in a condition to resist this arrangement, but soon after found means to remove to the palace of Greenwich, with these helpless but precious objects of her care, and appeared entirely absorbed in the anxious duties of a wife and mother. "It seemed," says one of her French biographers, "by her conduct at this period, as if she deemed nothing on earth worthy of her attention but the state of her husband's health and the education of her son, who was a child of early promise."[2] Meantime, however, she strengthened the party of the red rose, by holding frequent secret conferences in her retreat at Greenwich with the surviving princes of the Lancastrian family, and the half-brothers of king Henry, the young gallant Tudors, who were nearly allied in blood to herself.[3] She had gathered round her, withal, a band of ardent and courageous young nobles and gentlemen, the sons of those whose fathers were slain at St. Albans, and who were panting to avenge their parents' blood.

Having thus prepared herself, Margaret remained no longer passive than the arrival of the eagerly anticipated moment when the abatement of the king's indisposition warranted her in presenting him before his parliament. A great meeting of her adherents was previously convened at Greenwich,[4] unknown to the duke of York, in which the preliminary steps for this design were arranged, and on the 24th of February, 1456, king Henry entered the House of Lords, in the absence of the duke of York and the leading members of his faction, and declared, "that being now, by the blessing of God, in good health, he did not think his kingdom was in any need of a

of the protectorate secured to him when he came of age. It was enacted also that the young prince should be at diet and sojourn in the king's court till the age of fourteen years; allowing yearly to the prince, towards his wardrobe and wages, ten thousand pounds, until the age of eight years, and from the age of eight till fourteen years, twenty thousand marks yearly."— *Rolls of Parliament.*

[1] Paston Papers. [2] Prevost. [3] Guthrie.
[4] Speed. Hall.

protector,[1] and requested permission to resume the reins of empire." The parliament, being taken by surprise at the unexpected appearance of their sovereign, among them, and the collected and dignified manner in which he addressed them, immediately acceded to his desire. The same day an order was sent by king Henry to the duke of York, demanding the resignation of his office. York, Salisbury, and Warwick, were fairly checkmated by this bold move of the queen, and retired into the country. Margaret then caused the heir of the late duke of Somerset, Henry Beaufort, to take the office of prime minister, and Henry bestowed the seals on his beloved friend Waynflete, bishop of Winchester. Henry's health being still in a perilous state, queen Margaret took great pains to amuse him with everything that was likely to have a soothing influence, and to keep him in a tranquil frame of mind.[2] There is, in Rymer's Fœdera, an order in council, stating, "that the presence of minstrels was a great solace to the king in his sick state, and therefore the bailiffs and sheriffs of his counties were required to seek for beautiful boys who possessed musical powers, to be instructed in the art of minstrelsy and music for his service in his court, and to receive good wages." Henry was also amused and comforted by receiving daily requests from his nobles and others of his subjects, for leave to go on pilgrimages to various shrines in foreign parts, to pray for the re-establishment of his health;[3] and, not unfrequently, he was beguiled with hopes that his bankrupt exchequer was about to be replenished with inexhaustible funds, by the discovery of the philosopher's stone, by one or other of the learned alchemists who were constantly at work in the royal laboratory.[4]

The regal authority was, at this period, exercised in

[1] Public Acts. Rapin. [2] Guthrie's folio History of England.

[3] Ibid. John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk, called "the good duke," actually performed his vow, and offered his petitions at the Holy Sepulchre for the restoration of his sovereign's health.—*Paston Papers.*

[4] Rymer's Fœdera. Guthrie.

his name by queen Margaret and her council, with great wisdom and ability; yet the impetuosity of her temper betrayed her into the great imprudence of attempting to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Londoners, by sending the dukes of Buckingham and Exeter with the royal commission into the city, for the purpose of trying the parties concerned in a riot in which several persons had been slain; but the populace raised a tumult, and would not permit the dukes to hold a court. After several riots, queen Margaret, not considering the person of the king safe in London, removed him to Shene, where she left him under the care of his brother Jasper, while she visited Chester[1] and other towns in the midland counties, to ascertain how the country gentry stood affected to the cause of the crown. Having every reason to confide in the loyal feelings of that portion of their subjects, Margaret decided on bringing the king in royal progress through the midland counties, and keeping court for a time at Coventry. Nothing could exceed the enthusiastic welcome with which the king, queen, and infant prince of Wales were received by the wealthy burgesses of that ancient city. On their arrival, Margaret was complimented with a variety of pageants, in which patriarchs, evangelists, and saints obligingly united with the pagan heroes of classic lore, in offering their congratulations to her on having borne an heir to England, and tendered their friendly aid against all adversaries.[2]

There are curious original portraits of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, wrought in tapestry, still preserved in St. Mary's Hall at Coventry, probably the work of a contemporary artist in that species of manufacture, which, we need scarcely remind our readers, is not very favourable for the delineation of female beauty, but highly valuable as affording a faithful copy of the costume and general characteristics of the personages represented. Margaret appears engaged in prayer; her figure is whole-length;

[1] Paston Papers. [2] Sharp's Antiquities of Coventry.

her hands rest on an open missal, which is before her, on a table covered with blue cloth; her head-dress is a hood richly bordered with pear pearls, which hang round her face; on the summit of the hood is a crown of fleur-de-lis, which bends to the shape of the hood at the back of the head; behind the hood hangs a veil, figured, and fringed with drops shaped like pears. On the temples and in front of the hood are three oval-shaped gems of great size. The queen wears a rich collar necklace, made up of round pearls and pendent pear pearls; a chain is suspended round her neck. Her dress appears brocaded; it is of a yellow colour, cut square round the bust; the sleeves are straight on the shoulders, but gradually widen into great fulness, which turns up with ermine. This style is called the *rebras* sleeve, and nearly resembles the modes of Anne of Bretagne, queen of Charles VIII. of France, who was almost a cotemporary of Margaret. With the exception of the crown, so oddly placed on the top of the hood, the whole costume is similar to the dress of that queen.[1]

The maternal tenderness of the queen, and the courageous manner in which she had upheld the rights of her royal husband, and devoted herself to the care of his health, her brilliant talents, her eloquence, and majestic beauty, were at that time calculated to produce a powerful effect on the minds of all whose hearts the rancour of party had not steeled against her influence. The favourable impression made by Margaret in that district was never forgotten; and Coventry, where she held her court, was ever after so devoted to her service, that it went by the name of queen Margaret's *safe harbour.*

[1] The Coventry tapestry likewise presents a figure of Henry VI. kneeling; cardinal Beaufort kneels behind the king; and there are seventeen of the English nobility standing in attendance on the royal pair. The figures are the size of life. This noble historical relic is thirty feet in length, and ten feet in height. William Staunton, esq., of Longbridge-house, near Warwick, has had the figures of Margaret and Henry engraved, and has kindly favoured us with a copy of the print, and with his own description of the present state of the tapestry.

York, Salisbury, and Warwick were summoned to attend the council at Coventry; but these lords, mistrusting the queen and Somerset, retired to three remote stations: York to his demesnes on the Marches, where he had the state and power of a sovereign; Salisbury to his castle of Middleham, in Yorkshire; and Warwick to his government of Calais, of which he, unfortunately for the cause of Lancaster, retained possession.[1]

The French and Scotch availed themselves of the internal troubles of the realm to attack England this year; on which the Yorkists took advantage of the aggressions of her countrymen to work upon the strong national prejudices which were more powerfully felt at that era, perhaps, than at any other period, to excite the ill-will of the people against the queen;[2] as if Margaret could have preferred the interests of her aunt's husband to her own, and that of the father of the child whom she loved with such proud and passionate fondness. So alarming, indeed, did the conduct of France appear to Margaret at this crisis, that she was the first to suggest the expediency of a reconciliation between the court and the adverse party of York and Warwick, that the whole strength of the realm might be employed against foreign invaders. York and Warwick, by whom Margaret was equally hated and mistrusted, paid little attention to her pacific overtures; but when king Henry, in the simplicity and sincerity of his heart, wrote with his own hand a pathetic representation of the evils resulting from this protracted strife, and protested, upon the word of a Christian and a king, that no vengeance should be inflicted on any individual for past offences against the crown, they felt it was impossible to doubt the honour and honesty of his intentions.[3]

A general congress of pacification between the belligerent lords was then resolved upon. To the lord mayor of London, Sir Godfrey Boleyn, was assigned the ar-

[1] Hall. Speed. [2] Rapin.
[3] Hall. Stow. Holinshed. Guthrie.

duous office of guardian of the public tranquillity on this extraordinary occasion; and for this purpose ten thousand of the citizens were armed, and patrolled the streets day and night, to prevent plunder and bloodshed, or the tumults that were only too likely to arise from quarrels between the followers of the hostile peers. On the 15th of January, 1458, the earl of Salisbury, with five hundred men, arrived, and took up his quarters at his own mansion at Cold Harbour. The duke of York, with four hundred, lodged at Baynard's Castle. The earl of Warwick arrived from Calais in February, with a pompous retinue of six hundred men in scarlet coats. The dukes of Somerset and Exeter, with eight hundred followers, lodged without Temple-bar, in and about Holborn, and other places in the suburbs. The earl of Northumberland and his kinsman, lord Egremont, maintained the feudal state of the Percys,[1] by bringing fifteen hundred followers, being more numerously attended than any of the other adherents of the red rose.[2]

How such a congress ever came to anything in the shape of an amicable treaty, must ever remain among the most marvellous of historic records. Two whole months were spent in fierce debates and angry recriminations, before the mediations of the archbishop of Canterbury, and the other prelates, produced the desired effect. The king and queen were easily satisfied, for they required nothing more than a renewal of homage, in which the names of queen Margaret and her son Edward prince of Wales, were to be included; but the lords demanded pecuniary compensation of each other, for the damage they had sustained, not only in the plundering of their respective castles and estates, but for the loss of kinsmen.[3]

[1] Stow. Hall. Rapin. [2] Stow. Hall. Holinshed.

[3] The duke of York actually consented to pay the widowed duchess of his great enemy, Edmund duke of Somerset, £5000, to console her for the loss of her husband slain at St. Albans; this sum to be divided among her younger children. Warwick and Salisbury paid two thousand marks to the younger sons of lord Clifford.

On the 24th of March the agreement was ratified by the court, and passed the great seal. On the 27th, the king and queen, who had not considered it prudent to trust their persons before among the armed negotiators of the peace, made a public entry into London, and took up their abode in the bishop's palace, which was a central position. The feast of the Annunciation was appointed as a day of public thanksgiving for this pacification, when the king and queen, wearing their crowns and royal robes, and attended by all the peers and prelates, walked in solemn procession to St. Paul's cathedral; and, in token of the sincerity of their reconciliation, the leading members of the lately adverse factions walked hand in hand together, being paired according to the degree of deadly animosity that had previously divided them. The duke of Somerset, coupled with his ancient foe, the earl of Salisbury, headed the procession, followed by the duke of Exeter and the earl of Warwick, in unwonted fellowship. Then, behind the King, who walked alone, came the duke of York, leading queen Margaret by the hand, apparently on the most loving terms with each other. The delight of the citizens of London at this auspicious pageant manifested itself, not only in acclamations, bonfires, and other signs and tokens of popular rejoicings, but called forth some of the halting lyrical effusions of their bards in commemoration.[1]

No sooner was "this dissimulated love-day," as Fabyan calls it, over, than York withdrew to the Marches, Salisbury to Yorkshire, and Warwick to his government of Calais.[2] He was at that time lord-admiral by patent,

[1] Here is a specimen:—

"Our sovereign lord, God keep alway,
And the queen and archbishop of Canterbury,
And other that have laboured to make this love-day—
O God preserve them, we pray heartily,
And London for them full diligently:
Rejoice, England, in concord and unitie."

*Cottonian MSS. Vespasian*, b. xvi. p. 111, 5.

[2] Rapin. Public Acts. Guthrie.

and thus the whole naval force of England was at the duke of York's command—a great oversight on the part of the queen, undoubtedly.

The animosity between the queen and Warwick was not of a political nature alone, but, having been founded on a personal pique, was marked with all the bitter and vindictive feelings of private hatred. It was possible for Margaret to assume an appearance of regard for York, but she never could mask her antipathy to Warwick. It was, in all probability, from him that the scandalous imputations on her honour had first emanated—an injury no woman can be expected to forgive, much less a queen. Warwick complained of the rigour with which the queen caused an inquiry to be pushed against him, for a recent act of piracy he had committed, by plundering the Lubeck fleet on the high seas. He accused her of insincerity in the recent act of reconciliation, and the little regard she had for the glory of the English arms. These expressions being repeated in the city, caused a seditious tumult against the queen, in which her attorney-general was killed; and the governors of Furnival's, and Clifford's, and Barnard's Inns, with Taylor, the alderman of the ward in which the fray took place, were committed to prison. This was followed by a personal attack on Warwick by the royal servants, as he was returning from the council at Westminster palace.[1] Warwick construed this riot into a premeditated plot devised by the queen for his destruction. Margaret retaliated

[1] According to Fabyan, the dispute commenced while Warwick was in the council-chamber, and originated in an assault made by one of the king's servants on a person belonging to his retinue. Stow and Polydore Vergil assert that Warwick's man was the aggressor, and severely wounded the king's servant; whereupon the *black* guard, (as the scullions, cooks, and kitchen band, were called,) armed with clubs, spits, and cleavers, rushed forth to revenge their comrade. In the midst of this fray, the council broke up, and Warwick, coming forth to take barge, was immediately assailed by the culinary champions of the palace; and so fierce an attack was made upon his person, that it was with difficulty he fought his way to the barge with his retinue, many of whom were severely maimed and wounded.

the charge by accusing him of causing a tumult at the palace; and, according to Fabyan, she actually procured an order in council for him to be arrested and committed to the Tower. This fracas, whether originating in design or accident, occurred in a fatal hour for the queen, by affording a plausible excuse to the great triumvirs of the adverse party, York, Salisbury, and Warwick, for drawing the sword once more against the house of Lancaster, which was never again sheathed till it had drank the life-blood of those nearest and dearest to Margaret, her husband and her son.

King Henry leaving his queen to struggle with these difficulties, retired to pass that Easter at the Abbey of St. Albans. At his departure, having nought else to bestow, he ordered his best robe to be given to the prior. His treasurer heard the command with consternation, well knowing the poverty of the royal wardrobe was such, that Henry had no other garment suitable for state occasions, nor the means of providing one at his need; so, stepping up to the prior, he offered to redeem the robe for fifty marks. Henry unwillingly complied with this prudent arrangement, but he charged the prior to follow him to London for the money, which he made the reluctant treasurer disburse in his presence. The following June, 1459, the court departed from the metropolis. Queen Margaret took the king in progress through the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Cheshire, under the pretence of benefiting his health by change of air and sylvan sports. She was accompanied by her son the young prince of Wales, then in his sixth year, a child of singular beauty and promise, for whom she engaged the favour of all the nobles and gentlemen in those loyal counties, by causing him to distribute little silver swans as his badge wherever he came, and to all who pressed to look upon him. Margaret displayed peculiar tact in adopting for her boy the well-remembered device which had distinguished his renowned ancestor, Edward III., whose name he bore. So well were her impassioned

pleadings in his behalf seconded by the loveliness and winning behaviour of the princely child, that ten thousand men wore his livery at the battle of Blore-heath.

Queen Margaret witnessed this fierce conflict from the tower of Muccleston church, a small village seated on a rising-ground in Staffordshire. King Henry was then at Coleshill, in Warwickshire; and Margaret, fearing for his safety, sent lord Audley to intercept the earl of Salisbury, then on his march from Middleham castle, with a reinforcement of four or five thousand Yorkists. Margaret sternly bade Audley bring Salisbury before her dead or alive. Audley posted himself on Blore-heath at the head of ten thousand Cheshiremen, distinguished by the red rosette of Lancaster, and their leaders by the silver swans worn on their breasts in honour of Edward prince of Wales. Nearly three thousand of the flower of Cheshire, cavaliers and yeomen, perished with Audley their leader. When Margaret, from Muccleston tower, beheld the fall of Audley's banner, she fled to Eccleshall castle.[1] King Henry, who was dangerously ill at Coleshill, lay stretched on a pallet during the battle of Blore-heath, and the only token of consciousness he gave was that, when his people were removing him, he asked in a feeble voice "who had got the day."

Salisbury, through this victory, was enabled to form a junction with the duke of York's army, and it was expected that the duke, who now boldly asserted his title to the crown, would speedily attain the object to which all his actions, for the last twelve years, had tended.

The energies of queen Margaret's mind increased with the perils and difficulties with which the cause of her royal husband was beset. She had, for the first time in her life, looked upon a battle, and though it was the disastrous defeat of Blore-heath, far from being dismayed, or regarding it as the death-blow of the hopes of Lancaster, it appears to have had the effect of rousing a

[1] Pennant.

dormant faculty within her soul—the courage and enterprise of a military leader. Hitherto she had fought her enemies from the cabinet; now she had caught the fierce excitement of her combative nobles, and kindled with the desire of asserting the rights of her husband and her son in battle-fields. It must be remembered that this martial fever was one of the epidemics of the times in which Margaret of Anjou lived, that the warlike blood of Charlemagne was thrilling in her veins, and moreover that she was the countrywoman, and was born the cotemporary, of Joan of Arc, who had proved herself a more successful general against the English than all the princes and chivalry of France.

Having fallen back to Coventry, she there made a general rally of the friends of Lancaster, and succeeded in getting together an efficient army once more; and before the end of October, finding the king sufficiently recovered to take the field in person, she prevailed with him to march to Ludlow, where the duke of York and his adherents were assembled in warlike array.

So greatly had the popularity of king Henry increased, in consequence of his appearance in the provinces, that the duke of York, to his astonishment and confusion, found his own vassals so little disposed to fight against the anointed sovereign, that he thought proper to circulate a report of the king's death, and caused a solemn mass for the repose of his soul to be sung in his camp at Ludeford,—fancying he might by this *ruse* deprive his adversaries of the sacred shield of Henry's name. But the sturdy Marchers shewed not a whit more inclination to attack the queen, or impugn the title of the infant son of Henry, than they had done to draw the sword against himself. Margaret, having good information of what was passing in the enemy's camp, caused a pardon to be proclaimed in the king's name to all who would return to their allegiance. This was, in the first instance, treated with contempt by the Yorkist leaders, who replied, "they knew better than to rely on such a

staff of reed, or buckler of glass, as the promises of the king under his present guidance."[1]

Urged by his energetic consort, Henry then advanced within a mile of Ludlow castle. The duke of York, relying on Henry's conscientious antipathy to fighting, endeavoured to play over the same game he had, under similar circumstances, done at Burnt-heath, by addressing a letter to him full of protestations of his loyal and good intentions, and praying his sovereign to redress the grievances of the people by eschewing his evil counsellors. But Henry, while under the immediate influence of Margaret's master-mind, shewed he was not now to be trifled with, and, therefore, answered the letter of the insurgents by marching up to the gates of Ludlow, where the royal pardon was again proclaimed. This being followed by the submission or desertion of many of the Yorkist soldiers, the duke, with his second son, Edmund earl of Rutland, fled to Ireland and the earls of Salisbury and Warwick, with the heir of York, Edward earl of March, sailed for Calais, leaving the duchess of York to defend the castle as she could. She and her two youngest sons were made prisoners by the king, who sacked and plundered the town and castle of Ludlow to the bare walls.[2] Such was the result of the first campaign that was shared by the queen, and, if we are to credit the assertions of all historians, directed by her councils.

This signal victory having been happily achieved without bloodshed, Margaret returned in triumph with her royal spouse to her trusty friends at Coventry, where Henry commanded a parliament to meet, November 20th. King Henry appears to have been more offended at the mass that was said for his soul in the camp of his enemies, than at any of their less innocent acts of treason. It is mentioned with peculiar acrimony in the bill of attainder passed against York and his party, in this parliament, as the very climax of their villanies.

[1] Speed. [2] Guthrie. Speed.

For the security of Margaret and the young prince, a new and solemn oath of allegiance was framed and sworn to by the peers and prelates of this parliament, in which each liegeman, after engaging to do his true devoir to king Henry, added these words: "Also to the weal, surety, and preserving of the person of the most high and benigne princess Margarete, the queen my sovereign lady, and of her most high and noble estate, she being your wife, and also to the weal, surety, and honour of the person of the right high and mighty prince Edward, your first-begotten son."[1] The king, by the authority of the same parliament, granted to queen Margaret the manor of Cosham, with the appurtenances, in Wilts, and £20 yearly out of the aulnage of cloth in London, in exchange for the manor of Havering Bower, which had been settled on her.[2]

The triumph of the royal cause was brief; Calais and the naval power of England were at the command of Margaret's determined adversary, Warwick, and from that quarter the portentous storm-clouds began once more to threaten.[3]

Margaret was, at this period, personally engaged in courting popularity among the aristocracy of Norfolk. Dame Margaret Paston describes some of her proceedings, while in Norfolk, in a familiar epistle to her husband, which appears too rich a specimen of the manners of the times, and the arts used by the queen to ingratiate herself individually with the ladies of Norfolk, to be omitted.

LETTER FROM MARGARET PASTON.

"As for tidings, the queen came into this town on Tuesday, last past, afternoon, and abode there till it was Thursday three o'clock; and she sent after my cousin Elizabeth Clere, by Sharinham, to come to her, and she durst not disobey her commandment, and came to her; and when she came in the queen's presence, the queen made right much of her, and desired her to have a husband, the which ye shall know of

[1] Parliamentary History. [2] Ibid.
[3] Lingard, vol. v. ch. xi. p. 213.

hereafter; but as for that, he is never the nearer than before. The queen was right well pleased with her answer, and reported her of the best wise, and saith, 'by her troth she saw no jantylwoman since she came into Norfolk that she liked better than she doth her.' When the queen was here, I borrowed my cousin Elizabeth Clere's device, (necklace,) for I durst not for shame go with my beads amongst so many fresh gentlewomen (fashionably dressed ladies) as here were at that time.

"Norwich, Friday before St. George."[1]

How vigilant and unremitting a scrutiny Margaret, by some indirect means, kept upon the conduct of the nobility and gentry at this period, and how minute and particular was the information she contrived to obtain of all their actions, and even of the proceedings of their servants, may be gathered from the following extract from a contemporary letter, addressed to Sir John Paston:—

"I beseech you to remember that I have aforetime been accused unto the king's highness and the queen's for owing my poor good-will and service unto my lord of York and others, &c., whereof I suppose that Sir Thomas Bagham is remembered that I brought him once from my lady (duchess of Norfolk) a purse and five marks (£3. 6*s*. 8*d*.) therein; and to Sir Philip Wentworth another, and an hundred shillings therein for their good-will and advice therein to my lady, and all of us that were appealed for that case. Notwithstanding the king wrote to my lord,[2] by the means of the duke of Somerset, that we should be avoided from him, and within this two years we were in like wise laboured against to the queen, so that she wrote to my lord to avoid us, saying, 'that the king and she could nor might in no ways be assured of him and my lady, as long as we were about him;' and much other

[1] Fenn dates this letter, from conjecture, in 1452, but adds, "That Margaret of Anjou, alarmed at the approach of Edward earl of March towards London with a great power, endeavoured to make what friends she could, and, amongst other places, on her journeys for that purpose, visited Norwich, Jasper and Edmund, the king's brothers, attending her. Her familiarity and obliging address pleased the Norfolk gentry." Now, as Edward earl of March was a child in 1452, it must have been when he appeared in hostile array against king Henry, June 1460, just before the battle of Northampton, that Margaret was seeking to strengthen her husband's cause in Norfolk. (Paston Papers, vol. i p. 377.)

[2] John Mowbray duke of Norfolk, in whose household the writer, R. Southwell, had an appointment.

things, as may be sufficiently proved by the queen's writing, under her own signet and sign manual, which I shewed to the lord of Canterbury and other lords.'[1]

Meantime, the band of veterans which Warwick had brought from Calais had swelled into a puissance, whose numbers have been variously reported by historians, from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand men. With this force he and his military *élève*, Edward earl of March, triumphantly entered London on the 2nd of July, 1460, the citizens throwing open their gates for their admittance. On the 9th of the same month, they measured swords with the royal army at Northampton.

So ardently devoted to her service did queen Margaret find the chivalry whom she had arrayed beneath the banner of the red rose to defend the rights of her husband and her son, that imagining herself secure of victory, she induced the king to quit the town of Coventry, and, crossing the river Nene, to encamp with his army in the plain between Harsington and Sandifford.[2]

The fiery heir of York then advanced his father's banner, and attacked the host of Lancaster, at seven in the morning, with one of his tremendous charges. The battle lasted but two hours, and was decided by the treachery of lord Grey de Ruthyn, who admitted the Yorkists into the heart of the royal camp. "Ten thousand tall Englishmen," says Hall, "were slain or drowned in attempting to repass the river, and king Henry himself, left all lonely and disconsolate, was taken prisoner."

[1] The letter addressed by queen Margaret to the duchess of Norfolk on this occasion has been vainly sought for by the Rev. Mr. Tierney, the historian of Arundel, among the archives of the Howard family. Some strange fatality, indeed, appears to have attended the correspondence of this remarkable woman, since, of the many private letters written by her, not even a copy of one appears to have been preserved. Sir Henry Ellis is of opinion that none of Margaret's letters are in existence, and certainly no success has at present attended the friendly efforts of M. Michelet, the president of the Historical Society at Paris, or any other of the learned antiquarians of the age, who have generously endeavoured to facilitate our object, by searching the royal archives at Paris, and the manuscript collections of Rouen and Lorraine, for documents of the kind.

[2] Hall. Lingard.

The dukes of Somerset and Buckingham were the leaders of the royal army. Buckingham was slain in the battle, where also fell another stanch friend of Margaret and the cause of the red rose, John Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, a son not unworthy of his renowned sire—"Talbot, our good dogge," as he was called in the quaint but significant parlance of his party. Somerset escaped to fulfil a darker destiny.

Queen Margaret was not herself in the battle, but, with her boy, the infant hope of Lancaster, was posted at a short distance from the scene of action, on a spot whence she could command a prospect of the field, and communicate with her generals. When, however, she witnessed the treachery of lord Grey, and the headlong rush of her disordered troops to repass the river they had crossed that morning so full of hope and ardour, the pride and courage of the heroine yielded to maternal terror, and, forgetful of every other consideration than the preservation of her boy, she fled precipitately with him and a few faithful followers, towards the bishopric of Durham. But Durham was no place of refuge for the queen, who had previously incurred the ill-will of the citizens by some arbitrary measure or imprudent burst of temper.

William of Wyrcester relates, that queen Margaret and the prince of Wales were actually captured while flying from Eggeshal to Chester, by John Cleger, one of lord Stanley's servants, and spoiled of all their jewels; but while they were rifling her baggage, of which her attendants had charge, she seized an opportunity of escaping with the prince. On the road she was joined by the duke of Somerset, and after a thousand perils succeeded in reaching Harlech Castle, an almost impregnable fortress in North Wales, where she was honourably received and manfully protected by Dafyd ap Jeuan ap Einion, a Welsh chieftain, who, in stature and courage, resembled one of the doughty Cambrian giants of ancient metrical romance.[1]

[1] Notes to the Warkworth Chronicle, by J. O. Halliwell, esq. Pennant.

In this rocky fastness, which appeared as if formed by nature for the shelter of the royal fugitives, they remained safe from the vindictive pursuit of their foes, while the unfortunate king was conducted to London by those whom the fortunes of war had rendered the arbiters of his fate. He was treated with external marks of respect by the victors, but was compelled by them to summon a parliament for the purpose of sanctioning their proceedings, and reprobating those of his faithful friends. During the interval before it met at Westminster, and while all parties remained in uncertainty as to what had become of the queen and the prince of Wales, Henry was removed for a short time to Eltham, and permitted to recreate himself with hunting and field sports, in which, notwithstanding his mild and studious character, Henry VI. appears to have taken much pleasure. He was under the charge of the earl of March, who kept a watch over him.[1]

On the 10th of October, the duke of York, having received the news of the signal triumph of his party, entered London at the head of a retinue of five hundred horsemen, with a sword of state borne before him; and, riding straight to Westminster, he passed through the hall into the House of Lords, advanced to the regal canopy, and laid his hand upon the throne, with a gesture and look that implied he only waited for an invitation to take possession of it. But a dead silence prevailed even among his own partisans, which was at length broken by the archbishop of Canterbury asking him, "If he would be pleased to visit the king?"[2] who was in the queen's suite of apartments, those belonging to the sovereign having been appropriated to York's use.[3] "I know of no one in this realm who ought not rather to visit me," was the haughty rejoinder of the duke. With these words he angrily left the house.

The peers by whom these rival claims were to be de-

[1] Paston Papers. [2] Lingard. [3] Lingard. Hall. Rapin.

cided, had, to a man, sworn their liegemen's oaths to king Henry, and to him they referred the question as to which had the legal claim to the crown, himself or his cousin Richard duke of York. Henry, though a captive in the power of his rival, replied in these words:—"My father was king; his father was also king; I have worn the crown forty years, from my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, and your fathers have done the like to my father and grandfather. How, then, can my right be disputed?"[1]

The king, notwithstanding, agreed that if he were permitted to wear the crown during his life, the duke of York or his heirs should succeed to the royal dignity at his decease. Henry was next compelled, by those who had the custody of his person, to give the regal sanction to a peremptory mandate for the return of his consort and son to the metropolis, attaching no milder term than that of high treason to a wilful disobedience of this injunction.

Margaret was a fugitive, without an army, without allies, kindred, or money, when she received this summons, together with the intelligence that the rights of her boy had been passively surrendered by his unfortunate sire to the hostile princes of the line of York. Tidings that would have overwhelmed any other female with despair, had the effect of rousing all the energies of her nature into that resistless determination of purpose which for a time redeemed the cause of Lancaster from ruin.

The king of Scotland was the son of a Lancastrian princess; his sister Margaret, the late dauphiness of France, had been closely connected with Margaret of Anjou, both by marriage and friendship, and she resolved on trying the efficacy of a personal application to that monarch for assistance in this emergency. Having

[1] Blackman, p. 300. Lingard. Hall.

caused a report to be circulated that she was raising forces in France, Margaret quitted her rocky eyrie among the wilds of Snowdon, where her beauty, her courage, and the touching circumstances under which she appeared, had created among her loyal Welsh adherents an interest not unlike that which is occasionally felt for the distressed queens of tragedy and romance. The popular Welsh song, "*Farwel iti Peggy ban*,"[1] is said to have been the effusion of the bards of that district on the occasion of her departure.

The communication between Wales and Scotland was facilitated for Margaret by the proximity of Harlech Castle to the Menai, on which it is supposed she embarked with her son and a few trusty followers.[2] Her negotiations at the court of Scotland were prosperous, and her measures so vigorous, that, in less than eight days after she had received the order, in king Henry's name, for her immediate return to London, she was at the head of an army, had crossed the Scottish border, unfurled the banner of the red rose, and, strengthened by all the chivalry of Northumberland, Cumberland, Lancashire, and Westmorland, presented herself at the gates of York, before the leaders of the white rose party were fully aware that she was in England.

The duke of York, who had by no means anticipated this prompt and bold response to the proclamation he had enforced his royal captive to send to the fugitive queen, left London with the earl of Salisbury, at the head of such forces as could be hastily collected, to check the fierce career of the lioness whom they had rashly roused from her slumberous stupor of despair.

On Christmas eve, the duke reached his strong castle of Sandal, where, with five thousand men, he determined to await the arrival of his son Edward, who was raising the border forces. Before this could be effected, queen Margaret advanced to Wakefield, and, appearing

[1] Notes to the Warkworth Chronicle, by J. O. Halliwell, esq.
[2] Pennant.

under the walls of Sandal Castle, defied the duke to meet her in the field day after day; and used so many provoking taunts on "his want of courage in suffering himself to be tamely braved by a woman,"[1] that York, who certainly had had little reason to form a very lofty idea of Margaret's skill as a military leader, determined to come forth and do battle with her.

Sir Davy Hall, his old servant, represented to him "that the queen was at the head of eighteen thousand men, at the lowest computation, and advised him to keep within his castle, and defend it till the arrival of his son with the border force. The duke, disdaining this prudent counsel, indignantly replied—"Ah, Davy, Davy, hast thou loved me so long, and wouldst thou have me dishonoured? Thou never sawest me keep fortress when I was regent in Normandy, where the dauphin himself, with his puissance, came to besiege me, but like a man, and not like a bird in a cage, I issued and fought with mine enemies, to their loss ever, I thank God! and if I have not kept myself within walls for fear of a great and strong prince, nor hid my face from any man living, wouldest thou that I, for dread of a scolding woman, whose only weapons are her tongue and her nails, should incarcerate myself, and shut my gates? Then all men might of me wonder, and report to my dishonour that a woman hath made me a dastard, whom no man could ever yet prove a coward."[2] The duke concluded by declaring his intention to advance his banner in the name of God and St. George, and with his brother-in-law, the earl of Salisbury, issued from his stronghold, and set his battle in array, in the hope of driving his female adversary from the field.[3]

Margaret had drawn up her puissance in three bodies; the central force was commanded by Somerset, under her directions, it is said, but it is by no means certain

[1] Hall, p. 250.
[2] Ibid. Sir Davy Hall was the historian's grandfather.
[3] Hall.

that she played the Amazon by fighting in person on this, or any other occasion. The other two squadrons were ambushed to the right and left, under the orders of the earl of Wiltshire and lord Clifford; and as soon as York had entered the plain, and was engaged by the van-guard, they closed him in on either side, "like," says Hall, "a fish in a net or a deer in a buck-stall, so that in less than half an hour he, manfully fighting, was slain, and his army discomfited." Two thousand of the Yorkists lay dead on the field, and the ruthless Clifford, on his return from the pursuit, in which he had slain the young earl of Rutland in cold blood on Wakefield-bridge, severed the head of the duke of York from his lifeless body, crowned it with paper, and presented it to queen Margaret on the point of a lance, with these words:—"Madame, your war is done; here is your king's ransom."[1]

The Lancastrian peers who surrounded the queen raised a burst of acclamation, not unmixed with laughter, as they directed the attention of their royal mistress to the ghastly witness of their triumph. Margaret at first shuddered, turned pale, and averted her eyes, as if affrighted by the horrid spectacle thus unexpectedly offered to her gaze; but the instinctive emotions of woman's nature were quickly superseded by feelings of vindictive pleasure; and when she was urged to look again upon "this king without a kingdom," who had endeavoured to wrest the crown of England from her husband and her son, she looked and laughed—laughed long and violently—and then commanded the head of her fallen foe to be placed over the gates of York.[2] She likewise ordered the earl of Salisbury, who was among the prisoners, to be led to the scaffold the following day, and caused his head to be placed by that of his friend and brother-in-law, the duke of York.[3] In the blindness of her presumption, when issuing these orders, she bade the ministers of her vengeance "take care that room were left between the

[1] Hall. [2] Prevost. [3] Hall. Lingard. Guthrie.

heads of York and Salisbury for those of the earls of March and Warwick, which she intended should soon keep them company." The demons of war were now let loose in all their destroying fury, and the leaders of the rival parties emulated each other in deeds of blood and horror.

On the 1st of February, Edward earl of March won a battle at Mortimer's Cross, which was followed by a sanguinary execution, in reprisal for his brother's murder, and the outrage offered to his father's remains.

Margaret, however, pushed on with resistless impetuosity to the metropolis, with the intention of rescuing her captive lord from the thraldom in which he had been held ever since the battle of Northampton. It must have been at this time she published two remarkable manifestoes, addressed to the English people.

"By the queen.

"Right trusty and well beloved, we greet you heartily well.

"And whereas the late duke of N——[1] (York) of extreme malice, long hid under colour, imagining by many ways the destruction of my lord's good grace, (Henry VI.,) whom God of his mercy ever preserve, hath now late, upon an untrue pretence, feigned a title to my lord's crown and royal estate, (contrary to his allegiance, and divers solemn oaths of his own,) and fully purposed to have deposed him of his regality, *ne* had been (but for) the said unchangeable and true dispositions of you and other his true liegemen. For the which your worshipful dispositions we thank you as heartily as we can. And howbeit the said untrue, *unsad*, (unsteady,) and unadvised person, of very pure malice disposed to continue in his *cruelness*, to the utter undoing (if he might) of us and of our said lord's son and ours, the prince, (which, of God's mercy, he shall not have the power to perform, by the help of you and all other my lord's faithful disposed subjects,) hath thrown among you, as we be certainly informed, divers untrue and feigned matters and surmises; and in especial that we and my lord's said son and ours should newly draw towards you with an uncivil power of strangers, disposed to rob and despoil you of your goods and *havours*; we will that ye shall know for certain that at such time as we

[1] Harleian, 543, 48 V. 14. This manifesto, in which the queen's personal feelings are much mingled, is a rough draft in the original, with the letter N for *nomen*, where York is meant. We owe these curious documents to the research of the Rev. Mr. Tomlinson.

or our said son shall be disposed to see my lord, (Henry VI.,) as our duty is, ye, nor none of ye, shall be robbed, despoiled, or wronged by any person or any other sent in our name. Praying you in our most hearty way that in all earthly thing ye will diligently *intend* (attend) to the safety of my lord's royal person, so that, through the malice of his said enemy, he be no more troubled, vexed, and jeoparded; and in so doing we shall be to you such lady as of reason ye shall be largely content.

"Given under our signet."

Margaret, in this proclamation, endeavoured at the same time to counteract the report that her northern allies had received from her the promise of pillaging all England south of the Trent, to shield the person of her lord from injury. She added another manifesto, in the name of her young son, much to the same purpose, but meant more particularly to re-assure the city of London; for young Edward is made to assert how improbable it was "that he, descended of the blood royal, and inheriting the pre-eminence of the realm, should intend the destruction of that city which is our lord's (king Henry's) greatest treasure." The address concludes with most earnest entreaties for all men to have such care of king Henry's royal person, "that by the malice of my said traitor he may take no hurt."

While Margaret was thus providing as far as possible for the safety of her consort, Warwick, leading his royal prisoner in his train, intercepted her army at the head of his forces. The earl took possession of St. Albans, and filled the streets with archers to oppose her passage. When the queen attempted to pass through the town, she was driven back by a storm of arrows from the market-place; but, with dauntless intrepidity, she forced her way through a lane into St. Peter's-street, and drove Warwick's archers back upon the van-guard of his army, which was encamped on Barnet-heath. Here a furious conflict took place almost hand to hand, neither party giving quarter.

Warwick's army was chiefly composed of Londoners, who proved no match for the stout northern men whom

Margaret kept pouring upon them. Lovelace, who commanded a large body of the city bands, having a secret understanding with the queen, kept aloof till the fortunes of the day were decided in her favour. On the approach of night, the Yorkists dispersed and fled, leaving their royal prisoner, king Henry, nearly alone in a tent, with lord Montague, his chamberlain, and two or three attendants. His life was in absolute peril from the fierce northern muster whom the queen had arrayed under the banner of the red rose, for they were unacquainted with his person, and equally athirst for plunder and for blood.

The queen was not herself aware of the proximity of her captive lord to the scene of her triumph, till his faithful servant Howe ran to lord Clifford's quarters to announce the fact. Attended by Clifford, she flew to greet him, and they embraced with the most passionate tokens of joy.[1]

Margaret exultingly presented the young prince of Wales, who had been her companion during the perils of that stormy day, to his enfranchised sire and sovereign, and requested Henry to bestow knighthood on the gallant child, and thirty more of their adherents who had particularly distinguished themselves in the fight.

The victorious queen, with the king, the prince of Wales, and the northern lords, went immediately to return thanks to God in the abbey church of St. Albans, for the deliverance of the king. They were received by the abbot and monks, with hymns of triumph, at the church door. After this solemn office was performed, the king and queen were conducted to their apartments in the abbey, where they took up their abode.[2]

It is deeply to be regretted that the queen sullied this victory by the execution of the lord Bonville and sir Thomas Kyriel. Some historians have said they were beheaded in the presence of herself and the young prince her son, in defiance of king Henry's promise that their

[1] Carte. Lingard. Prevost. [2] Holinshed.

lives should be spared, if they remained in the tent with him to assist in protecting him during the rout at St. Albans.

Unfortunately for Margaret, the provocations she had received were of a nature calculated to irritate her no less as a woman than as a queen. The imputations which had been cast by party insinuations on the legitimacy of her son, had naturally kindled feelings of the bitterest indignation in her heart; and the attempt to exclude him from the succession, in favour of the hated line of York, acting upon her passionate maternal love and pride, converted all the better feelings of her nature into fierce and terrific impulses, till at length the graceful attributes of mind and manners by which the queen, the beauty and the patroness of learning, had been distinguished, were forgotten in the ferocity of the amazon and the avenger.

The parties of the rival roses were so nicely balanced in point of physical force at this period, that one false step on either side was sure to prove fatal to the cause of the person by whom it might be taken. That person was queen Margaret; flushed with her recent triumphs, and cherishing a wrathful remembrance of the disaffection of the Londoners, she sent a haughty demand of provisions for her army to the civic authorities. The lord mayor was embarrassed by this requisition; for though he was himself faithfully attached to the cause of Lancaster, his fellow-citizens were greatly opposed to it. However, he exerted his authority to procure several cart-loads of salt-fish, bread, and Lenten fare, for the use of the queen's army; but the populace, encouraged by the news that the earl of Warwick had formed a junction with the army of the victorious heir of York, and that they were in full march to the metropolis, stopped the carts at Cripplegate. Margaret was so greatly exasperated when she learned this, that she gave permission to her fierce northern auxiliaries to plunder the country

up to the very gates of London.[1] The lord mayor and recorder, greatly alarmed, sought, and through the influence of the duchess of Bedford, lady Scales, and Elizabeth Woodville, succeeded in obtaining an audience with the queen at Barnet, for the purpose of dissuading her from her impolitic revenge. Margaret would only agree to stop the ravages of her troops on condition of being admitted with her army into the city. The lord mayor represented the impossibility of complying with her wish, as he was almost her only adherent in London.

Before the queen and the lord mayor had ended their debate, the northern troops, whom Margaret had lured across the Trent with promises of plunder in the rich southern counties, had already commenced their depredations in the town of St. Albans; and king Henry broke up the conference between the queen, her ladies, and the lord mayor, by imploring her assistance in preserving the beautiful abbey of St. Albans from fire and spoil.[2]

The danger that threatened their lives and properties, and the disgust created by the rash and vindictive conduct of the queen, decided all London and its vicinity to raise the white rose banner, on the approach of the heir of York with Warwick at the head of forty thousand men; and the firm refusal of the Londoners to admit the queen and her ill-disciplined and lawless troops within their walls, compelled Margaret with her forces to fall back towards the northern counties. She carried with her king Henry and their son the prince of Wales. The next day Edward entered London in triumph; he was received by the citizens as their deliverer; and on the 4th of March he was proclaimed king, with universal acclamations, by the style and title of Edward IV.[3]

It is worthy of notice that in three great political struggles the suffrages of the city of London turned the

[1] Hall. Carte. Guthrie.
[2] Whithampstede. [3] Lingard. Hall. Carter.

balance. The empress Maud, Margaret of Anjou, and Charles I. lost all with the good-will of the Londoners.

The recognition of Edward IV. by the Londoners, though generally considered as the death-blow to the cause of Lancaster, only served to rouse the queen to greater energy of action. She was the heroine of the northern aristocracy and the midland counties, who, though they had suffered so severely for their devotion to her cause, were still ready to rally at her need round the banner of the red rose. An army of sixty thousand men was in the course of a few days at her command, but her generals, Somerset and Clifford, prevailed on Margaret to remain with the king and the young prince of Wales, at York, while they engaged the rival sovereign of England.[1]

Edward, with nearly equal forces, advanced with the earl of Warwick to Ferrybridge, where, on the 28th of March, Clifford and his men early in the morning won the bridge, and surprised the advanced guard of the Yorkists. The able generalship and hot valour of king Edward retrieved the fortunes of the fight, and when darkness parted the combatants, he remained in possession of the battle-field. The contest was renewed in the fields between Towton and Saxton, with redoubled fury, at nine the following morning, being Palm Sunday, "which," says the chronicler, "was celebrated that day with lances instead of palms." A heavy snow-storm drifting full in the faces of the Lancastrian party, blinded their archers, who shot uncertainly, while those of York with fatal effect discharged their flight arrows, and then advancing a few paces, shot a second shower among the chivalry of the red rose.[2]

The result of this dreadful battle, where the strength and flower of the Lancastrians perished, is best described in the immortal verse of Laureate Southey:—

> "Witness Aire's unhappy water,
> Where the ruthless Clifford fell,

[1] Hall. Lingard. Guthrie. [2] Ibid.

And where Wharfe ran red with slaughter.
On the day of Towcester's field,
Gathering in its guilty flood
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poictiers but a pageant vain,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament."

Margaret fled, with her consort and her son, to New castle, and from thence to Alnwick castle. A mournful welcome awaited her there, for its gallant lord had fought and fallen in her cause at Towton. It is recorded by Leland that, during her temporary sojourn in this neighbourhood, though so hotly pursued by the vindictive conqueror who had deluged the scaffolds with the blood of her unfortunate partisans, queen Margaret with her own hand shot a buck with a broad arrow in Alnwick park. This anecdote implies that the royal fugitives enjoyed the relaxation of sylvan sports while partaking of the generous hospitality of the loyal and courageous house of Percy, on their disastrous retreat to the Scottish border. It is, moreover, the only proof of Margaret's personal prowess in the use of deadly weapons, and shews that she possessed strength of arm, and no inconsiderable skill in handling the long-bow. She had been always accustomed to accompany the king in hunting, hawking, and other field sports, in which Henry VI. so much delighted, and in which he was encouraged by her, as beneficial to his peculiar constitution.

From Alnwick, Margaret proceeded to Berwick with her husband, her son, and a few faithful ladies and followers, who attended the perilous wanderings of the Lancastrian court. While there, the desperation of her husband's cause betrayed the distressed queen into the unpopular measure of surrendering Berwick to the Scotch.[1]

She also negotiated a treaty of marriage between the

[1] Lingard, vol. v. 235. Guthrie. Rapin.

young prince of Wales, then in his eighth year, and the lady Margaret of Scotland, sister to the young king James III., having won the friendship of the queen-regent, Mary of Gueldres, and purchased the good offices of the powerful earl of Angus by the promise of an English dukedom.[1] Warwick, with shrewd policy, endeavoured to traverse this negotiation by proffering to the queen-mother of Scotland the hand and crown of the handsome bachelor sovereign, Edward of York, for herself, in lieu of a marriage between her little daughter and the young heir of Lancaster. But Margaret's personal influence prevailed over all opposing interests, and the prince of Wales became the betrothed spouse of the princess of Scotland."[2]

While Margaret of Anjou, with the formidable activity of a chess queen, was attempting, from her safe refuge in Scotland, to check her adversary's game, she was, with the king her husband and her little son, proscribed and attainted by the parliament of the rival sovereign of England, and it was forbidden to all their former subjects to hold any sort of communication with them, on pain of death.[3] The whole of England was now subjected to the authority of Edward IV.; yet there was still an undying interest pervading the great body of the people in favour of the blameless monarch to whom their oaths of allegiance had been, in the first instance, plighted. Poetry, that powerful pleader to the sympathies of generous natures in behalf of fallen princes, failed not to take the holy Henry for its theme. The following lines from the contemporary verses of John Awdlay, the blind poet, are touchingly interesting, and afford a specimen of the rugged minstrelsy of the period:—

> "I pray you, sirs, of your gentry,
> Sing this carol reverently,

[1] Wyrcester, p. 493. Rymer, vol. xi. p. 438. Lingard.
[2] Hall.
[3] Rolls of Parliament. Rymer's Fœdera.

For it is made of king Henry;
Great need for him we have to pray,
If he fare well, well shall we be,
Or else we may lament full sorely;
For him shall weep full many an eye,
Thus prophesies the blind Awdlay."[1]

And many were the faithful hearts that were still ready to sacrifice fortune and life at the call of the royal heroine of the red rose, who, at the age of thirty-two, was still in the meridian splendour of her beauty, and the full power of her genius.

The devoted nature of the attachment Margaret excited among the Lancastrian chiefs may be gathered from the following letter from two of her adherents, whom she had sent with the duke of Somerset on a private mission to her royal kinsman and friend, Charles VII. These letters, which were intended to break to the luckless queen the calamitous tidings of that monarch's death, were addressed to Margaret, in Scotland, but were intercepted at sea.

"Madam,—Please your good God, we have since your coming hither written to your highness thrice, one by the carvel in which we came, the other two from Dieppe. But, madam, it was all one thing in substance, putting you in knowledge of your uncle's death, (Charles VII.,) whom God assoil, and how we stood arrested, and do yet. But on Tuesday next we shall up to the king, your cousin-german. His commissaires, at the first of our tarrying, took all our letters and writings, and bare them up to the king, leaving my lord of Somerset in keeping (under arrest) at the castle of Arques, and my fellow Whyttingham and me (for we had safe conduct) in the town of Dieppe, where we are yet.

"Madam, fear not, but be of good comfort, and beware ye venture not your person, *ne* my lord the prince, by sea, till ye have other word from us, unless your person cannot be sure where ye are, and extreme necessity drive ye thence. And for God's sake let the king's highness be advised of the same, for, as we are informed, the earl of March is into Wales by land, and hath sent his navy thither by sea. And, madam, think verily, as soon as we be delivered, we shall come straight

[1] We have a little modernized the spelling of this literary curiosity, which is quoted in Mr. Halliwell's clever Introduction to the Warkworth Chronicle, from MS. Douce, Bib. Bodl. Oxon. No. 302, fol. 29, vol. a.

to you, unless death take us by the way, which we trust he will not till we see the king and you peaceably again in your realm; the which we beseech God soon to see, and to send you that your highness desireth. Written at Dieppe the 30th day of August, 1461.

"Your true subjects and liegemen,

"HUNGERFORD and WHYTTINGHAM."[1]

These faithful adherents of Margaret had, with the duke of Somerset, been arrested in the disguise of merchants, by the orders of Louis XI., who, with his usual selfish policy, was willing to propitiate the victorious Edward of York.[2] It was to exert her personal influence with Louis for their liberation, as well as to implore his succour in the cause of her unfortunate husband, that Margaret undertook her first voyage to the continent. Leaving king Henry at the court of Scotland, she, with her young son, the prince of Wales, sailed from Kirkcudbright, and landed in Bretagne, April 8th, 1462.[3]

According to one of her French biographers, "Margaret, being entirely destitute of money, was indebted for the means of performing this voyage to the gratitude of a French merchant, to whom, in her early days, she had rendered an important service at her father's court at Nanci. He had since amassed great wealth, by establishing a commercial intercourse between the Low Countries and Scotland. He was in Scotland at the time of Margaret's sore distress, and provided her with a vessel and money for the purpose she required."[4]

The pecuniary aid supplied by private friendship is, however, seldom proportioned to the exigences of exiled royalty, and Margaret was compelled to make an appeal to the compassion of the duke of Bretagne immediately after she entered his dominions. The duke presented the royal suppliant with the seasonable donation of twelve thousand crowns, with which she was enabled to

[1] Paston Papers, vol. i. p. 247. Sir John Paston has added, by way of note to this letter, "King Henry is at Kirkhowbre with four men and a child. Queen Margaret at Edinburgh with her son."

[2] Paston Papers, vol. i. p. 247. Barante. Leclerque.

[3] Lingard. Hall. [4] Provost.

administer to the necessities of some of her ruined followers, and to pursue her journey to Chinon in Normandy, where Louis XI. was with his court.[1]

Somerset, Hungerford, and Whyttingham had been liberated before the arrival of their royal mistress, and had engaged a carvel, or small merchant vessel, in which they sailed from the inhospitable shores of Normandy, and, unconscious that she had sailed for France, long hovered off the coast of Scotland, in expectation of being able to convey her to some Flemish port.

Queen Margaret of England and Louis XI. of France were the children of a tenderly-attached brother and sister, René and Mary of Anjou, and they had been companions in childhood; but the ties of kindred and affection were little regarded by the cold and selfish son of Charles VII. When the distressed queen, with her disinherited son, threw herself at his feet, and, with floods of tears, implored his assistance in behalf of her dethroned consort, she found him callous to her impassioned eloquence, and not only indifferent to her grief, but eager to profit by the adverse circumstances which had brought her as a suppliant to the foot of his throne. The only condition on which he would even advance a small loan of 20,000 livres in her dire necessity was, that she should, in the name of king Henry, pledge Calais to him as a security for its repayment within twelve months.[2] The exigency of her situation compelled Margaret to accede to these hard terms. Probably she considered, in the very spirit of a female politician, that she made little sacrifice in stipulating to surrender that which was not in her possession.

The agreement into which queen Margaret entered with Louis did not, as her enemies have represented, involve the sale of Calais, but simply amounted to a mortgage of that important place. This is the document by which the arrangement is explained; it is still preserved in the archives of France:—

[1] Paston Papers. Barante. [2] Lingard.

"Margaret, queen of England, being empowered by the king of England, Henry VI., her husband, acknowledges the sum of twenty thousand livres lent to her by the king Louis XI., to the restitution of which she obliges the town and citadel of Calais, promising that as soon as the king, her husband, shall recover it, he will appoint there as captain his brother Jasper, count of Pembroke, or her cousin, Jean de Foix, count of Candale, who will engage to surrender the said town to king Louis XI. within one year as *his own*, or pay to the said king Louis XI. *forty thousand livres*, (double the debt lent.) Sealed at Chinon, Juin, 1462."

This transaction was reported greatly to Margaret's disadvantage in England, and was considered by the great body of the people as an act of treason against the realm. Louis bestowed many deceitful marks of regard on Margaret while this negotiation was in progress, and she was complimented by being united with him in the office of sponsor to the infant son of the duke and duchess of Orleans, afterwards Louis XII. of France, whom she presented at the baptismal font.[1]

It was fruitless for Margaret to look for succour from her own family. King René and his son were engaged in a desperate and ruinous contest with Alphonso king of Arragon, which the resources of Anjou and Provence were over-taxed to support.[2] Kindred and countrymen had failed her in her sore adversity, but her appeal to all true knights to aid her in her attempts to redress the wrongs of her royal spouse, and vindicate the rights of her son, met with a response which proved that the days of chivalry were not ended. "If we are to believe the French historians," says Guthrie, "Pierre Brezé, the seneschal of Normandy, impelled by a more tender motive than that of compassion or ambition, entered as a volunteer with two thousand men into her service."

Brezé had formerly been the minister and favourite of Margaret's uncle, Charles VII. He was one of the commissioners by whom the inauspicious marriage of that princess with Henry VI. was negotiated, and he had greatly distinguished himself at her bridal tournament.

[1] Philip de Comines. Barante. [2] Barante. Villeneuve.

Eighteen years of care and sorrow had passed over the royal beauty in whose honour Sir Pierre de Brezé had maintained the pre-eminence of the "daisye flower" against all challengers in the *Place de Carrière*;[1] and now she, who had been the star and inspiration of the poets and chevaliers of France, had returned, to her native land, desolate, sorrow-stricken, and dis-crowned, Pierre de Brezé manifested a devotion to her interests which proved how little external circumstances had to do with the attachments excited by this princess.

Margaret sailed for England in October, after an absence of five months, and, eluding the vigilance of Edward's fleet, which had been long in waiting to intercept her, she made the coast of Northumberland. She attempted to land at Tynemouth, but the garrison pointed their cannon against her.[2] According to some accounts, she resolutely effected her purpose, but had scarcely set her foot on shore, when the foreign levy, understanding that Warwick was in the field at the head of forty thousand men, fled to their ships in a panic, leaving queen Margaret, her son, and Brezé almost alone. A fisherman's boat was the only vessel that could be obtained for these illustrious fugitives, and in this frail bark they escaped the fury of the storm which dashed the tall ships of the recreants who had forsaken them on the rocky coast of Bamborough. Margaret and Brezé were the first who carried the evil tidings of the loss of her munitions and dearly-purchased treasures to her anxious friends at Berwick.[3] The fate of the Frenchmen, who were cut to pieces by Sir Robert Ogle when they fled to Holy Island, was probably regarded as a minor misfortune.

Hope must have been an undying faculty of Margaret's nature, and at this crisis it animated her to exertions almost beyond the powers of woman. The winter was unusually severe, and she, the native of a southern clime,

[1] Barante. Villeneuve. [2] Holinshed. Trussel. Guthrie. Prevost.
[3] Hall. Holinshed. Trussel. Lingard.

exposed herself unshrinkingly to every sort of hardship. Once more she sought and obtained assistance from the Scotch, and placed her devoted champion, Brezé, at the head of the forces with which she was supplied. She then brought king Henry into the field, who had previously been hidden in her safe refuge at Harlech castle. Their precious boy she left at Berwick,[1] not wishing to expose his tender childhood, though by this time well inured to hardships, to a northern campaign during so inclement a winter. This was her first separation from her son, and doubtless it was keenly felt by Margaret, who was apt at times to forget the heroine in the mother. Success at first attended her efforts; the important fortresses of Bamborough, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh[2] were taken by her, and garrisoned with Scotch and Frenchmen. But these alliances did her more harm than good with the people of England, and popular prejudice is always more terrible to princes than an army with banners.

In the course of this campaign a defection happened among her own party, for which Margaret was unprepared. Somerset, for whom she had sacrificed so much, surrendered the castle of Bamborough to Warwick, on condition of receiving a pension from king Edward, and with Suffolk and Exeter carried his perjured homage to the throne of that monarch. This was followed by the fall of Dunstanburgh and Alnwick. Yet Margaret continued courageously to struggle against fortune, and succeeded in winning back Somerset, Exeter, and Percy, to the banner of the red rose, and also in re-taking those fortresses. In the spring of 1463, Percy was defeated and slain at Hedgely Moor, by Montague, and a few days later "England was again set on a field" at the fatal battle of Hexham. "King Henry," says Hall, "was the best horseman of his company that day, for he fled so fast, no one could overtake him; yet he was so closely pursued that three of his horsemen, or body-guard, with

[1] Hall. Holinshed. [2] Lingard. Hall.

their horses, trapped in blue velvet, were taken—one of them wearing the unfortunate monarch's cap of state, called a bycocket, embroidered with two crowns of gold, and ornamented with pearls."

When the victorious Yorkists broke into the camp at Levels,[1] Margaret, seized with mortal terror for the life of her boy, fled with him on foot into an adjacent forest, where, in momentary dread of being overtaken by the foe, she pursued her doubtful way by the most unfrequented paths. Here she unfortunately fell in with a gang of robbers, who, attracted by the richness of her dress and that of the young prince, surrounded and despoiled them of their jewels and costly robes of estate. While they were quarrelling about the division of the plunder, Margaret, whose intrepidity and presence of mind had been the means of extricating her from a similar peril when captured by lord Stanley's followers after the battle of Northampton, snatched her son up in her arms, and fled to a distant thicket, unobserved by the pitiless ruffians who were deciding their dispute at swords' points.[2]

When the shades of evening closed round, the fugitive queen and her son crept fearfully from their retreat, and, uncertain whither to turn for refuge, began to thread the tangled mazes of the forest, dreading above every other peril, the misfortune of falling into the hands of king Edward's partisans. It was possible that one random turn might lead them into this very danger. While Margaret, bewildered with doubt and alarm, was considering what course to pursue, she perceived, by the light of the moon, another robber of gigantic stature advancing towards her with a drawn sword. Gathering courage from the desperation of her situation, Margaret took her son by the hand, and presenting him to the freebooter, with the dignity of look and bearing that were natural to her, she said, "Here, my friend, save the son of your king."[3]

[1] Hexham Levels, near Dowil Water, vulgarly called "Devil's Water."
[2] Monstrelet. Wassaburg. [3] Monstrelet. Wassaburg. Carte.

Struck with astonishment at the majestic beauty of the mother and the touching loveliness of the boy, the robber dropped his weapon at the feet of the royal suppliants, and offered to conduct them to a place of safety. A few words explained to the queen that this outlaw was a Lancastrian gentleman who had been ruined in king Henry's service, and she frankly committed herself and her son to his care. Taking the prince in his arms, he led the queen to his own retreat, a cave in Hexham forest, where the royal fugitives were refreshed, and received such attention as his wife was able to afford.[1]

Strong confirmation is given to this incident by the local traditions of Hexham, no one who has minutely surveyed the antiquities of that town can doubt of the fact. The cave is in a most secluded spot on the south bank of the little rapid stream which runs at the foot of Blackhill. It is still known by the name of queen Margaret's cave, and at the time it gave shelter to her and the prince of Wales, it must have been surrounded by forest. It is about two miles from Hexham. The entrance to the cave is still very low, and was formerly artfully concealed from sight. Its dimensions are thirty-four by fourteen feet; the height will barely allow a full-grown person to stand upright. A massive pillar of rude masonry in the centre of the cave seems to mark the boundary of a wall which, it is said, once divided it into two distinct apartments. When warmed and cheered by fire and lamp it would not appear quite so dismal a den as at present.

Such was the retreat in which the queen and prince remained perdu for two days of agonizing suspense. On the third morning their host encountered Sir Pierre de Brezé, who, with his squire Barville, and an English gentleman, having escaped the slaughter at Hex-

[1] Monstrelet declares he had this story from the lips of Margaret herself, though his transcriber has miscalled the scene of the adventure Hainault, instead of Hexham Forest. Wassaburg, a contemporary also well acquainted with Margaret, mentions the fact.

ham, had been making anxious search for her and the prince.

From these devoted friends Margaret learned the escape of her royal husband, and the terrible vengeance that had been executed on Somerset and her faithful adherents, the lords Hungerford and Roos.[1] Margaret is said to have received these tidings with floods of tears, the first she had shed since the overthrow of the despairing hopes of Lancaster on the red field of Hexham.[2]

A few hours later, the English gentleman by whom Brezé was accompanied, having gone into the neighbouring villages to gather tidings of public events, encountered the duke of Exeter, and Edmund Beaufort, the brother and successor of the unfortunate Henry duke of Somerset. He conducted them to the retreat of the proscribed queen and the youthful hope of Lancaster.

Margaret's spirits revived at the sight of these princes, whom she had numbered with the slain of Hexham, and she determined to send them to their powerful kinsman, the duke of Burgundy, to solicit an asylum at the court of Dijon, for herself and the prince of Wales; while she once more proceeded to the court of Scotland, where she imagined king Henry had found refuge. On quitting the dwelling of the generous outlaw, from whom she had received such providential succour in her dire distress, she accorded all she had to bestow—her grateful thanks; but the dukes of Somerset and Exeter afforded a portion of their scanty supply of money, as a reward to his wife for the services she had rendered to the queen. With a nobility of soul worthy of a loftier station, she refused to receive anything of that which might be so precious to them at a time of need.

"Of all I have lost," exclaimed the queen, "I regret nothing so much as the power of recompensing such virtue."

Accompanied by Brezé and his squire, and attended

[1] They were beheaded in the market-place at Hexham without trial.
[2] Prevost.

by the outlaw of Hexham in the capacity of a guide, Margaret and the young prince her son took the road to Carlisle, where a passage to Scotland had been previously engaged for them by the care of the gentleman who had accompanied Brezé, and they safely landed at Kirkcudbright. The treaty which had been concluded between king Edward and the Scottish regency, rendered it necessary for Margaret to maintain a strict incognito; but there was an Englishman of the name of Cork who was unfortunately well acquainted with her person, the majestic beauty of which it was scarcely possible to disguise. He was a Yorkist, and determined to open a path to fortune, by delivering the last hope and support of the cause of the red rose to king Edward. He had confederates in the town, and with their assistance he surprised Margaret's brave protectors, Brezé and his squire Barville, and hurried them on board a vessel which he had provided for the purpose, and with less difficulty succeeded in the abduction of the helpless queen and her little son. Neither party were aware of the captivity of the other, till the first rays of the sun enabled the queen and Brezé to recognise each other, and afforded a sad conviction of their peril. The great personal strength of Brezé, however, had enabled him to extricate himself from his bonds in the course of the night, and he watched an opportunity for removing those of his squire. They were then two against five, but having got possession of the oars, they contrived to master their opponents, and, after a desperate struggle, slew some, and threw the others overboard, not without extreme peril of upsetting the boat.

After tossing for some hours in the gulf of Solway, the wind drove the boat on a sand-bank near Cantyre, where there appeared every chance of her being beaten to pieces by the waves. It was, however, so near the shore, that Brezé, wading knee-deep in sand and water, succeeded in conveying the queen on his shoulders to a dry spot, and Barville performed the same service for the prince of Wales.[1] The coast they had gained was wild and bar-

[1] Prevost.

ren; but here, at least, Margaret had no fear of being recognised, since the peasantry were so ignorant that they could not believe any one was a queen, unless she had a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand. In one of the obscure hamlets of this rude country, Margaret remained with her son, under the care of Brezé, while she despatched Barville to Edinburgh, to ascertain from public report the general state of affairs in England, and the fate of king Henry.[1]

The tidings were such as to convince her that she must hoard her energies for better days; and though she privately visited Edinburgh to try the effect of her personal eloquence once more, she only found that her presence caused great uneasiness to the government. All the favour she could obtain was, assistance for returning to her friends in Northumberland, who still continued with determined valour to hold out the fortress of Bamborough. From this place, Margaret, with a heavy heart, embarked for Flanders, with her son and some of her ladies, who had taken refuge there, after the disappearance of their royal mistress. Sir John Fortescue, who had abandoned his office as lord chief justice of England to follow the fortunes of the proscribed queen and his princely pupil, Dr. Morton, afterwards the famous cardinal archbishop of York, and about two hundred of the ruined adherents of Lancaster, shared her flight.

Her usual ill-luck, with regard to weather, attended Margaret on this voyage. The first day she sailed, her vessel was separated by a terrible storm from its consort, and during twelve hours she expected every moment to be engulfed in the tempestuous waves; and when the violence of the hurricane abated, her ship was so greatly damaged that she was forced to put into the port of Ecluse, in the dominions of her hereditary enemy, the duke of Burgundy.[2] The duke was not at Lille, but his eldest son, count de Charolois, whose mother was nearly related to Henry VI., came out of the town to meet Margaret

[1] Prevost. [2] Barante.

with the greatest marks of respect. From Lille she passed on to Bethune to meet the duke, but as he was at St. Pol, he sent a guard of archers for her escort, she having proposed travelling by the way of Hesdin, because she dreaded the skirmishing parties from the garrison of Calais. When she arrived at St. Pol, the duke of Burgundy gave her a very honourable reception, and entertained her with grand festivities.[1] When he understood her great pecuniary distress, and the painful straits to which her faithful followers were reduced, he, with truly princely munificence, presented to each of her ladies a hundred crowns: to Brezé, who had expended the whole of his fortune in her service, a thousand; and to Margaret herself he gave an order on his treasurer to pay her on the spot twelve thousand crowns. The treasurer took a base advantage of the misfortunes of the queen, by endeavouring to defraud her of half the money. Margaret, who was not of a spirit to put up tamely with such a wrong, informed the duke of the villany of his minister. Philip, in a transport of indignation, ordered him to be put to death. The sentence would have been executed but for Margaret's intercession in his favour.[2] She was sensibly touched with the generous treatment she had experienced from the duke of Burgundy, whom, from her cradle, she had regarded with the deepest rooted hostility, and had often been accustomed to say, "that if by any chance he were to fall into her hands, she would make the axe pass between his head and shoulders."[3]

If this unfeminine and impolitic speech reached the ears of Philip the Good, he did not allow it to influence his conduct towards the fallen queen, when she condescended to become a suppliant for his bounty; but, remembering only that they claimed their descent from the same royal stock, he treated her in all respects as a princess of the house of France, and the consort of a king of England.

[1] Barante, Chron. ducs de Bourgogne. Baudier.
[2] Chronicles of Lorraine. MSS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi. Barante's Chronicles.
[3] Barante.

He would not, however, violate his treaty with king Edward, nor suffer his subjects to be involved in her quarrel; but when she had stayed as long as it pleased her to remain his guest, he sent her with an honourable escort to Bar, the dominion of her brother.[1]

King René felt deeply grateful for the hospitable welcome thus afforded to his distressed child by his ancient antagonist and victor. He addressed a letter to Philip of Burgundy, full of thanks, declaring "he could not have expected, nor did he merit, such attentions."

After quitting the court of Burgundy, Margaret travelled to Lorraine; she passed some days at St. Michiel, with fifty nobles and gentlemen of her suite. Part of that year she stayed with her sister, Yolante, countess of Vaudemonte, and her noble-minded brother, John of Calabria.[2] After this time she abode at Amboise.

The distracted state of king René's affairs in his own dominions utterly precluded him from exerting himself in his daughter's service, though not unfrequently solicited to draw his knightly sword in her cause. The Provençal bards took the heroism and misfortunes of their hapless princess for their theme, and René's own minstrel and namesake was accustomed to assail his royal ear, in his festal halls, with these strains:—

"Arouse thee, arouse thee, king René,
Nor let sorrow thy spirit beguile!
Thy daughter, the spouse of king Henry,
Now weeps, now implores with a smile."[3]

René, however, was compelled to remain a passive sympathizer in Margaret's affliction. All he could do for her was to afford her an asylum in her adversity. He gave her the ancient castle of Kuerere, in the diocese of Verdun, near the town of St. Michiel, for her residence, and contributed to her support, as far as his narrow means would allow.[4] Here Margaret, bereaved of all

[1] Barante. [2] Villeneuve.
[3] "Reveille toi, reveille toi, roi René," &c.—*Provençal Ballad.*
[4] Villeneuve.

the attributes of royalty, save those that were beyond the power of adverse fortune to alienate, dwelt with the remnant of her ruined friends, and occupied herself in superintending the education of the last tender bud of the red rose of Lancaster, whom she yet fondly hoped to see restored to his country, and his former lofty expectations. During the seven years of their exile, Sir John Fortescue continued to reside with queen Margaret and her son; and observing that his beloved pupil was too much taken up with martial exercises, he wrote his celebrated work on the constitution of England, "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," to instruct him in a higher sort of knowledge, the true science of royalty.[1]

A deeper shade of gloom pervaded the exiled court of Margaret, when the tidings reached her, through her secret adherents in England, that her unfortunate consort had at length fallen into the hands of his successful rival.

When king Henry fled from the lost battle of Hexham, he gained an asylum among his loyal subjects of Westmorland and Lancashire, where he was many months concealed, sometimes in the house of John Machell, at Crakenthorp, sometimes like a hermit in a cave. There are, even now, traces of his residence in several of the northern halls and castles. The glove, boot, and spoon he left with his kind host, Sir Ralph Pudsay, at Bolton Hall, in Yorkshire, are still preserved. They were the only gifts fortune had left it in his power to bestow. The size of the glove and boot shew that his hands and feet were small. There is also a well which retains the name of King Henry's Well.

King Henry's retreat in Lancashire was betrayed by a monk of Abingdon, and he was taken by the servants of Sir John Harrington as he sat at dinner at Waddington Hall. He was conducted to London in the most ignominious manner, with his legs fastened to the stirrups of the sorry nag on which he was mounted, and an insulting placard affixed to his shoulders. At Islington he

[1] Life of Sir John Fortescue.

was met by the earl of Warwick, who issued a proclamation forbidding any one to treat him with respect, and afforded an example of wanton brutality to the mob, by leading the royal captive thrice round the pillory, as if he had been a common felon, crying aloud, "Treason, treason, and behold the traitor!"

Henry endured these outrages with the firmness of a hero, and the meekness of a saint. "Forsooth, and forsooth, ye do foully to smite the Lord's anointed,"[1] was his mild rebuke to a ruffian who was base enough to strike him in that hour of misery. The following touching lines, which have been attributed to Henry VI., were probably written during his long imprisonment in the Tower:—

"Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay,
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood."

There are preserved two sentences written and given by him to a knight who had the care of him.

"Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly; this meriteth mercy when causeless is suffered sorrow."

"Nought else is war but fury and madness, wherein is not advice, but rashness; not right, but rage, ruleth and reigneth."[2]

Queen Margaret must have felt the indignity and cruelty with which her unoffending consort was treated as the greatest aggravation of all her own hard trials. She was still formidable to the reigning sovereign of England, who established a sort of coast-guard, to prevent her from effecting a sudden descent on the shores of England. It has been confidently asserted that Margaret herself visited England, disguised as a priest, in the

[1] Warkworth Chronicle. Hall.

[2] Nugæ Antiquæ.

train of the archbishop of Narbonne, in 1467.[1] William of Wyrcester records, that various persons who were apprehended on suspicion of having letters from queen Margaret in their possession, were tortured and put to death. Sir Thomas Cook, a London alderman, was accused of treason, and fined eight thousand marks, because Hawkins, one of Margaret's agents, when put to the rack in the Tower, confessed that he had attempted to borrow money for her of this wealthy knight; and though Sir Thomas Cook had refused to lend it, he was brought in great peril of his life, for not having disclosed the attempt of Hawkins.[2] A poor shoemaker was pinched to death with red-hot pincers, for assisting the exiled queen to carry on a correspondence with her adherents in England, but he resolutely refused to betray the parties with whom Margaret was in league.[3] When Harlech castle was taken in the same year, many letters to and from queen Margaret fell into the hands of king Edward.

An emissary of Margaret, who was taken in this stronghold of her outlawed adherents, which had so long held out in defiance of Edward and all his puissance, accused the earl of Warwick of having, in his late mission to the continent, spoken favourably of the exiled queen in his conference with Louis XI., at Rouen. Warwick refused to leave his castle to be confronted with his accuser. Two years afterwards he was in arms with the avowed intention of hurling Edward IV. from the throne, but was forced to retreat to France, where king Louis received him.

Queen Margaret, in the December of 1469, left her lonely castle in Verdun, and came to Tours with prince Edward, to meet Louis XI., her father, her brother, her sister Yolante, and Ferry count of Vaudemonte, who had all assembled there to hold a council on the best means of improving the momentous crisis for the cause of Lancaster. Margaret and her father were so greatly agitated at the prospect that appeared opening for her in

[1] Prevost. [2] Holinshed. [3] Speed. Wyrcester. Stow.

England, that when they met, they embraced with floods of tears. Every one present was moved, not even excepting the cold-hearted Louis XI., who is said to have betrayed unwonted tokens of sensibility on this occasion. He had never shewn the slightest sympathy in the griefs and calamities of his unfortunate kinswoman; but, in the circumstances that excited her hopes, he could perceive a prospect of great political advantages for himself, and now he treated her with all the respect and honour that her high rank and near relationship to himself demanded; and exerted all his influence to effect a personal reconciliation between the exiled queen and the author of all her misfortunes, the earl of Warwick.

So deeply rooted was the animosity which Margaret[1] cherished against this nobleman, that at first she positively refused to see or to speak to him; nor can we greatly wonder at the nature of her feelings, when we reflect that to the bitterness of twenty years of personal provocations against herself, commencing with the murder of the duke of Suffolk, had lately been added the injurious and barbarous usage of her unoffending lord, king Henry. When Warwick arrived at Tours, he was introduced into the presence of Margaret by Louis XI., who, in the character of a mediator between these deadly foes, engaged to procure the offended queen's pardon for the earl. "In this," says the chronicler, "queen Margaret was right difficult, and shewed to the king of France, in presence of the duke of Guienne, that with honour to herself and her son she might not, and she would not, pardon the said earl, who had been the greatest cause of the downfal of king Henry, and that never of her own spirit might she be contented with him, *ne* pardon him. Queen Margaret shewed that it would be greatly prejudicial to pardon the earl of Warwick; for in England she and her son had certain parties and friends which they might likely lose by this means, which would do them more hindrance than

[1] Manner and guiding of the earl of Warwick. Harleian MSS., edited by Sir Henry Ellis. It is apparently written by a spy of Edward IV.

the earl and his allies could do them good. Wherefore she besought the king of France to leave off speaking for the said pardon and alliance.

"The earl of Warwick on this entered into a defence of his conduct, owning it was by his means the queen was dethroned, but that before he had done or thought of doing her any harm, her false counsellors had plotted his destruction, body and goods, and that no nobleman outraged and *despaired*, (driven to desperation,) could have done otherwise."

It does not appear that Warwick mentioned the execution of his father, the earl of Salisbury, which is almost a confirmation of the statements of those historians who deny that he was beheaded by Margaret.

In this scene, Margaret seems to have demeaned herself more like an offended woman than a queen and a political leader. But the more loftily she spoke and looked, the more submissive her former adversary became. "He told her he had been the means of upsetting king Edward and unsettling his realm, and that he would, for the time to come, be as much his foe as he had formerly been his friend and maker.[1] He besought the queen and prince 'that so they would take him, and repute him, and forgive him all he had done against them, offering himself to be bounden by all manner of ways to be their true and faithful subject for the time to come, and he would set for his surety the king of France.' King Louis, being then present, agreed to be surety, praying the queen Margaret 'that at his request she would pardon the earl of Warwick, shewing the great love he had to the said earl, for whom he would do more than any man living.' And so queen Margaret, being likewise urged by the agents of king René her father, after many treaties and messages, pardoned the earl of Warwick, and so did her son also."

The earl of Oxford, who had, by the exigency of circumstances, been compelled to acknowledge the authority

[1] Chronicle in Stow's Collection. Harleian MSS., edited by Sir H. Ellis.

of the white-rose sovereign for a while, came also with Warwick to entreat queen Margaret's forgiveness, and permission to renew his homage to the house of Lancaster. The queen received *his* supplication in a very different spirit from that with which she had accorded her forgiveness, if such it might be called, to Warwick, for she said—"Your pardon is right easy to *purchase*, for well I know you and your friends have suffered much things for king Henry's quarrels."[1]

On the 15th of July, they all proceeded to Angers, where the countess of Warwick and her youngest daughter were presented to queen Margaret, and a marriage between the prince of Wales and the lady Anne was proposed by Louis. Margaret treated the first overtures for this strange alliance with the most unqualified contempt. Edward IV.'s brother Clarence had espoused the lady Isabel, Anne's elder sister, and Margaret appears to have had an intuitive feeling of the danger of the connexion.

"Touching the manner of the marriage," pursues the spy, "the queen would not in anywise consent, or yield to any request the king of France might make her. Sometimes she said, that 'she saw never honour nor profit, *ne* for her, *ne* for her son the prince.' Another time she 'alleged that she would and she should find a more profitable party, and of more advantage with the king of England,' (Edward IV.) Indeed, she shewed to the king of France a letter which she said was sent to her out of England that last week, by the which was offered to her son my lady the princess." This was Elizabeth of York, then the heiress of Edward IV.

Queen Margaret persevered fifteen days before she would consent to the alliance with Warwick; to which, at last, by the advice of the counsellors of her father, king René, she agreed, and the marriage was promised in presence of the king of France and the duke of

[1] Chron. in Stow's Collections. Harleian MSS.

Guienne (brother to Louis XI.) according to the following articles:[1]—

"First, the earl of Warwick swore upon the true cross at Angers, in St. Mary's church, that *without change* he shall always hold the party of king Henry, and serve him, the queen, and prince, as a true and faithful subject oweth to serve his soverèign lord.

"The king of France and his brother, then clothed in canvas robes, in the said church of St. Mary, swore they would help and sustain to the utmost of their power the earl of Warwick in the quarrel of king Henry. Queen Margaret then swore to treat the earl as true and faithful to king Henry and the prince, and for his deeds past *never to make him any reproach.*

"After the recovery of the kingdom of England, the prince was to be regent of all the realm, and the duke of Clarence to have all his own lands and those of the duke of York. *Item,* From that time forth the daughter of the earl of Warwick shall be *put and remain in the hands and the keeping of the queen* Margaret; but the said marriage not to be perfected till the earl of Warwick had been with an army over into England, and recovered the realm in the most part thereof for king Henry. The earl of Warwick affirmed, at the same time, that if he were once over the sea, he should have more than fifty thousand fighters at his commandment; but if the king of France would help him with a few folk, he would pass the sea without delay. Louis gave a subsidy of forty-six thousand crowns, besides two thousand French archers."[2]

According to some of the French chroniclers, the prince of Wales, who had entered his eighteenth year, and was one of the handsomest and most accomplished princes in Europe, was very desirous of becoming the husband of

[1] Chron. in Stow's Collections. Harleian MSS.

[2] The original of Charles duke of Guienne's oath to assist queen Margaret, approving also of the marriage of Anne of Warwick, is to be found in Cottonian MS., Vespasian, F. 111, p. 32, r. o. It is signed by himself, Angers, July 30, 1470.

Anne Neville, whom he had seen at Paris some time before. They were allied in blood, for Anne's great-grandmother, the countess of Westmorland, was Joanna Beaufort, the daughter of John of Gaunt, the patriarchal stem of the royal line of Lancaster. Anne of Warwick was co-heiress to mighty possessions, which rendered her a match, in point of wealth, not unworthy of a spouse in full possession of regal power.

While these negotiations were pending, Louis's queen gave birth to a fair son at Amboise, afterwards Charles VIII. Edward, prince of Wales, was complimented with the office of godfather to the infant dauphin, the other sponsor being Jane of France.[1] Some historians say that Margaret was the godmother; but there had never been any regard between her and the queen of France, Charlotte of Savoy, who, being desirous of marrying her sister Bona of Savoy to Edward IV., had always treated the fallen queen of the Lancastrian sovereign with a contempt that the high spirit of Margaret could scarcely brook.[2]

After the christening of the young dauphin, which was solemnized with great splendour at Amboise, Edward of Lancaster plighted his nuptial troth to Anne Neville, in the presence of queen Margaret, the king of France, king René, and his second wife, Jeanne de Laval, the earl and countess of Warwick, the duke and duchess of Clarence, and the faithful adherents of the cause of the red rose, of whom Margaret's exiled court was composed.[3]

This romantic marriage was celebrated at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August, 1470, and was commemorated with feasts and high rejoicings. Warwick departed from Angers on the 4th of August,[4] leaving his countess and the newly-wedded princess of Wales, as pledges of his fidelity, with queen Margaret and her son. They were entertained with princely hospitality by king

[1] Comines. Wassaburg. Villeneuve. Monstrelet. [2] Hall.
[3] Comines. Wassaburg. Bourdigne. Villeneuve.
[4] Chron. from Harleian MSS.

René till the autumn, when Margaret, her son, and his bride, with the countess of Warwick, proceeded to Paris, with a guard of honour for their escort. They arrived in November, and Margaret was received, by the express orders of Louis XI., with all the honours due to a queen of France. The archbishop of Paris, the university, the parliament, the officers of the Chatelet, the provost of the merchants, all in their habits of ceremony, both received her and conducted her out of the city. All the streets through which she passed, from the gate of St. Jaques to the palace of St. Paul, were hung with rich tapestry, and nothing was omitted that could add to the solemnity of her reception. Maître Nicolle Gilles, in his history,[1] says—"The streets of Paris were gaily dressed to welcome them, and they were lodged in the palace, where they received the news of the landing of the earl of Warwick, and that king Henry was freed, and in possession of his kingdom; upon which queen Margaret with all her company resolved to return to England."

King René made great personal sacrifices, exhausting both money and credit, to assist his energetic daughter in her purveyances for the voyage to England;[2] and in the month of February, 1471, all was ready for her embarkation, but—the wind. The atmospherical influences were always unfavourable to Margaret, and at this momentous crisis of her fate, as on many a previous one, it might have been said, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." Thrice did she, in defiance of all warnings from the men of Harfleur, put to sea with her armament, and as often was she driven back on the coast of Normandy, not without damage to her ships; till many of her followers protested that this strange opposition of winds and waves was caused by sorcery.[3] Others endeavoured to prevail on her to relinquish her intention of proceeding to England, as it appeared in a manner forbidden to her; but Margaret's strong mind

[1] Felibien Histoire de Paris, vol. ii. p. 861. [2] Prevost. [3] Hall.

rejected with equal contempt the superstitious notions of either magic or omens. She knew on how critical a balance hung the fortunes of her husband and her son; and although the people in all the towns through which Warwick had passed, on his triumphant march to London, had tossed the white rose from their caps, shouting, "A Harry! a Harry!—A Warwick! a Warwick!"[1] and celebrated the restoration of holy Henry to the royal power with bonfires and every token of popular rejoicing, yet she had had too sore experience of the fickle nature of popular excitement not to feel the importance of straining every nerve to improve the present favourable juncture. She was not ignorant of the return of king Edward, and the defection of "false, perjured, fleeting Clarence;" and her anxiety to reach the scene of action was proportioned to the desperate nature of the closely-contested game that was playing there. Up to the last moment of her compulsory sojourn on the shores of Normandy, she continued to levy forces and to raise munitions for the aid of Warwick and the king.[2]

On the 24th of March she once more put to sea with her fleet, and despite of all opposing influences of the elements, pursued her inauspicious voyage to England. The passage which, with a favourable wind, might have been achieved in twelve hours, was protracted sixteen tedious days and nights, which were spent by the anxious queen in a fever of agonizing impatience. On Easter-even the long-baffled fleet made the port of Weymouth.[3] Margaret, with her son the prince of Wales, and his newly-espoused consort, the prior of St. John's, called the treasurer of England, Sir John Fortescue, Sir Henry Rous, and many others, landed April 13th. They went immediately to the abbey of Cearne, a small religious house close by, to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the voyage. It was there that queen Margaret, with the prince and princess of Wales, kept their Easter-festival,

[1] Hall. [2] Ibid. [3] Fleetwood's Chronicle, edited by J. Bruce.

at the very time their cause was receiving its death-blow on the fatal heath of Barnet,[1] where the weather, as will be well remembered, once more turned the fortunes of the day against the fated rose of Lancaster.

When the dreadful news of the death of Warwick and the re-capture of king Henry was brought to Margaret on the following day, she fell to the ground in a deep swoon, and for a long time remained in a speechless stupor of despair, as if her faculties had been overpowered by the greatness of this unexpected blow.[2] When she revived to consciousness, it was only to bewail the evil destiny of her luckless consort. "In her agony, she reviled the calamitous temper of the times in which she lived, and reproached herself," says Hall, "for all her painful labours now turned to her own misery, and declared she desired rather to die than live longer in this state of infelicity," as if she foresaw the dark adversities that were yet in store for her.

When the soothing caresses of her beloved son had in some manner restored her to herself, she departed, with all her company, to the famous sanctuary of Beaulieu abbey, where she registered herself and all who came with her as privileged persons.[3] Here she found the countess of Warwick, who had embarked at Harfleur at the same time with her, but, having a swifter sailing vessel, had landed before her at Portsmouth, and proceeded to Southampton, with intent to join the queen at Weymouth; but on the road she received the mournful news of her husband's defeat and death at Barnet, and fearing to proceed, fled across the New Forest,[4] "and so," says Fleetwood, "took her to the protection of the sanctuary of an abbey called Beauleau, which has as great privileges as that of Westminster, or of St. Martin's, at London." A melancholy meeting it must have been between the widowed countess and the despairing

[1] Fleetwood's Chronicle, edited by J. Bruce. [2] Hall. Fleetwood.
[3] Hall, p. 298. [4] Fleetwood's Chronicle, p. 22.

queen and princess of Wales, now so sorrowfully linked in fellowship of woe.

As soon as the retreat of the queen was known, she was visited by the young fiery duke of Somerset, and his brother, Jasper Tudor, the king's half-brother, and many other of the Lancastrian nobles, who welcomed her to England. Finding her almost drowned in sorrow, they strove to rouse her from her dejection, by telling her "they had already a good puissance in the field, and trusted, with the encouragement of her presence and that of the prince, soon to draw all the northern and western counties to the banner of the red rose."[1]

The elastic spirits of Margaret were greatly revived and comforted by the cheering speeches of these ardent partisans, and she proceeded to explain to them the causes that delayed her coming to them in time to support Warwick, and the reasons that had induced her to take sanctuary, which was for the security of the prince her son, for whose precious safety "she passionately implored them to provide." She added, "that it was her opinion no good would be done in the field *this time*, and therefore it would be best for her and the prince, with such as chose to share their fortunes, to return to France, and there to tarry till it pleased God to send her better luck."[2]

But the gallant young prince would not consent to this arrangement,[3] and Somerset told the queen, with some warmth, "that there was no occasion to waste any more words, for they were all determined, while their lives lasted, still to keep war against their enemies." Margaret, overborne by his violence, at last said, "Well, be it so."[4] She then consented to quit her asylum, and proceed with the Lancastrian lords to Bath. It was a peculiarity in Margaret's campaigns that she always kept the place of her destination a profound secret.

[1] Hall. Fleetwood. Lingard.
[2] Hall.
[3] Prevost.
[4] Hall.

Owing to this caution, and the entire devotion of the western counties to her cause, she had got a great army in the field ready to oppose Edward IV., while her actual locality remained unknown to him. He then advanced to Marlborough; but as her army was not equal in strength to his own victorious forces, she retreated from Bath to Bristol, with the intention of crossing the Severn at Gloucester, to form a junction with Jasper Tudor's army in Wales.[1] Could this purpose have been effected, the biographers of Margaret of Anjou might have had a far different tale to record than the events of the dismal day of Tewksbury. But the men of Gloucester had fortified the bridge, and would not permit her to pass neither for threats nor fair words, though she had some friends in the city through whom she offered large bribes; but "they were under the obeisance of the duke of Gloucester," they replied, "and bound to oppose her passage."

Margaret then passed on to Tewksbury. Edward had arrived within a mile of that place before she came, and was ready to do battle with her. Though she had marched seven and thirty miles that day with her army, and was greatly overcome with vexation and fatigue, she was urgent with Somerset to press on to her friends in Wales; but Somerset, with inflexible obstinacy, expressed his determination, "there to tarry, and take such fortune as God should send;" and so, taking his will for reason, he pitched his camp in the fair park, and there entrenched himself, sorely against the opinion, not only of the queen, but all the experienced captains of the army.[2] Somerset and his brother led the advanced guard; the prince of Wales, under the direction of lord Wenlock and that military monk the prior of St. John's, the van; the earl of Devonshire commanded the rereward. When the battle was thus ordered, queen Margaret and her son the prince rode about the field, and

[1] Lingard. Hall. Holinshed.

[2] Hall. Holinshed.

from rank to rank, encouraging the soldiers with promises of large rewards, promotions, and everlasting renown, if they won the victory. The fight commenced on the 4th of May.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of the battle, which was lost either through the treachery of lord Wenlock, or the inconsiderate fury of Somerset, who, finding him inactively sitting on his horse in the market-place of Tewksbury, with his laggard host, when his presence was most required in the field, made fiercely up to him, and calling him "Traitor!" cleft his skull with his battle-axe. The men under Wenlock's banner, panic-stricken at the fate of their leader, fled. The prince of Wales had no experience as a general, and his personal courage was unavailing to redeem the fortunes of the day.

When queen Margaret, who was an agonized spectator of the discomfiture of her troops, saw the day was going against her, she could with difficulty be withheld from rushing into the *melée;* but at length, exhausted by the violence of her feelings, she was carried in a state of insensibility to her chariot by her faithful attendants, and was thus conveyed through the gates of Tewksbury park to a small religious house hard by,[1] where her equally unfortunate daughter-in-law, Anne of Warwick, the countess of Devonshire, and lady Katherine Vaux, had already taken refuge. According to Fleetwood's chronicle, she remained there till Tuesday, May 7th, three days after the battle. Other writers affirm that she was taken on the same day that saw the hopes of Lancaster crushed, with her "gallant springing young Plantagenet," on the bloody field of Tewksbury.

The generally received historical tradition of the manner of the prince of Wales's death has been contested, because two contemporary chroniclers, Warkworth and Fleetwood, have stated that he was slain in

[1] This account is collated from the French historians and our own.

the field, calling on his brother-in-law Clarence for help. In the field he probably was slain, that part of the plain of Tewksbury which, in memory of that foul and most revolting murder, is still called "the bloody field." Sir Richard Crofts, to whom the princely novice had surrendered, tempted by the proclamation "that whoever should bring Edward, called prince, to the king, should receive one hundred pounds a year for life, and the prince's life be spared," "nothing mistrusting," says Hall, "the king's promise, brought forth his prisoner, being a goodly well-featured young gentleman of almost feminine beauty." King Edward, struck with the noble presence of the youth, after he had well considered him, demanded, "How he durst so presumptuously enter his realm with banners displayed against him?"

"To recover my father's crown and mine own inheritance," was the bold but rash reply of the fettered lionceau of Plantagenet.

Edward basely struck the gallant stripling in the face with his gauntlet, which was the signal for his pitiless attendants to despatch him with their daggers. A small, unadorned slab of gray marble, in the abbey church of Tewksbury, points out the spot where the last hope of Anjou's heroine, and the royal line of Lancaster, was consigned without funeral pomp to an unhonoured grave among the meaner victims of his victorious foe.[1]

On the following day queen Margaret's retreat was made known to king Edward as he was on his way to Worcester, and he was assured that she should be at his command. On the 11th of May she was brought to him at Coventry, by her old enemy, Sir William Stanley, by whom, it is said, the first news of the massacre of her beloved son was revealed to the bereaved mother in a manner that was calculated to aggravate the bitterness of this dreadful blow.

Margaret, in the first transports of maternal agony,

[1] Leland's Collectanea.. Lingard.

invoked the most terrible maledictions on the head of the ruthless Edward and his posterity, which Stanley was inhuman enough to repeat to his royal master, together with all the frantic expressions she had used against him during their journey. Edward was at first so much exasperated that he thought of putting her to death; but no Plantagenet ever shed the blood of a woman, and he contented himself by forcing her to grace his triumphant progress towards the metropolis. The youthful widow of her murdered son, Anne of Warwick, who had in one little fortnight been bereaved of her father, her uncle, her young gallant husband, and the name of princess of Wales, was another of the mournful attendants on this abhorrent pageant.

On the 22nd of May, being the eve of the Ascension, Margaret and her unfortunate daughter-in-law entered London together, in the train of the haughty victor, and it is said by the romantic French biographer of Margaret,[1] that they travelled in the same chariot; but, even if it were so, they were separated immediately on their arrival, and Margaret was incarcerated in one of the most dismal of the prison lodgings in that gloomy fortress where her royal husband was already immured—that husband to whom she was now so near after long years of separation, and yet was to behold no more.

The same night that Margaret of Anjou was brought as a captive to the tower of London, she was made a widow. "That night, between eleven and twelve of the clock," writes the chronicler in Leland, "was king Henry, being prisoner in the tower, put to death, the duke of Gloucester and divers of his men being in the tower that night." "May God give him time for repentance, whoever he was, who laid his sacrilegious hands on the Lord's anointed," adds the continuator of the Chronicles of Croyland.[2]

[1] Prevost.

[2] A contemporary historian of the highest authority. The popular historical tradition of Henry VI.'s murder, like that of his son, has been a matter of great dispute among modern writers, on the grounds of Fleet-

Tradition points out an octagonal room in the Wakefield tower as the scene of the midnight murder of Henry VI. It was there that he had for five years eaten the bread of affliction during his lonely captivity from 1465. A few learned MSS., and devotional books, a bird that was the companion of his solitude, his relics, and the occasional visits of one or two learned monks who were permitted to administer to his spiritual wants, were all the solaces he received in his captivity.

About thirty years after his death, a metrical life of Henry VI. was completed by a monk of Windsor, his contemporary. It opens with a beautiful Latin hymn, of which, with the assistance of a learned friend,[1] I am enabled to offer the reader a literal translation in the original metre.

"SALVE, MILES PRECIOSE.

I.

" Hail, Henry, soldier of the Lord!
In whom all precious gifts accord,
Branch of the heavenly vine;
Rooted in charity and love;
Serenely blooming as above,
The saints angelic shine.

II.

" Hail, flower of true nobility!
Honour, and praise, and dignity,
Adorn thy diadem;
Meek father of the fatherless,
Thy people's succour in distress;
The church's strength and gem.

wood's assertion, " that on the news of the utter ruin of his party, the death of his son, and the capture of queen Margaret, he took it in such ire, despite, and indignation, that of pure displeasure and melancholy he died 23rd of May. Mr. Halliwell, in his learned introduction and notes to the Warkworth Chronicle, and Dr. Lingard, in his notes to the reign of Henry VI., have most ably refuted the objections of those writers, who, on the most shadowy reasons, attempt to controvert every murder with which Edward IV. and Richard III. sought to establish their blood-bought thrones. That the death of Henry was pre-determined by king Edward, even when uncertain of the event of the battle of Barnet, may be gathered from his letter to Clarence " to keep king Henry out of sanctuary."—*Leland Coll.* ii, 108.

[1] Philip H. Howard, Esq., M.P. for Carlisle, to whose learning, research, and unwearied kindness, I have been deeply indebted in the course of this work.

III.

" Hail, pious king, in whom we see
The graces of humility
With spotless goodness crown'd;
By sorrow stricken and oppress'd;
To those who vainly sigh for rest,
Mirror of patience found.

IV.

" Hail, beacon of celestial light,
Whose beams may guide our steps aright,
Thy blessed course to trace;
In virtue's paths for ever seen,
Mild, and ineffably serene,
Radiant with every grace.

V.

" Hail, whom the King of endless time
Hath called to angel choirs sublime,
In realms for ever bless'd;
May we, who now admiring raise
These all-unworthy notes of praise,
Share in thy glorious rest!"[1]

King Edward and the duke of Gloucester, as if apprehensive of some outburst of popular indignation, left London early in the morning that the tragic pageant of exposing the corpse of their royal victim to public view was to take place;[2] an exhibition that was a matter of political expediency to prevent any further attempts for his deliverance.

On the day of the Ascension, May 22nd, the last Lancastrian king was "borne barefaced on the bier," surrounded by more glaives and bills than torches, through Cheapside to St. Paul's, that every man might see him; "and there the silent witness of the blood that welled from his fresh wounds upon the pavement gave an indubitable token of the manner of his death."[3] The same awful circumstance occurred when they brought him to Blackfriars, and this is recorded by four contemporary authorities in quaint but powerful language.[4]

[1] The original Latin stanzas are printed in Mr. Halliwell's introduction to his valuable edition of the Warkworth Chronicle, p. 20; published by the Camden Society.

[2] Warkworth Chron., p. 21.

[3] MS. London Chron. Bibl. Cotton. Vitell, A. xvi. fol. 133.

[4] Warkworth, p. 21. Habington. Fabyan. Croyland Chron.

Very brief was the interval between the death and funeral of holy Henry. In the evening his bloody hearse was placed in a lighted barge guarded by soldiers from Calais, "and so, without singing or saying," says the chronicler, "conveyed up the dark waters of the Thames at midnight to his silent obsequies at Chertsey abbey, where it was long pretended that miracles were performed at his tomb."[1]

Whether the widowed Margaret was, from her doleful lodgings in the tower, a spectator of the removal of the remains of her hapless lord, is not recorded, but her extreme anxiety to possess them may be gathered from a curious document among the MSS. in the royal archives at Paris. Just before the melancholy period of her last utter desolation, death had been busy in the paternal house of Margaret of Anjou, her brother John of Calabria, and his young promising heir, her sister's husband, Ferry of Vaudemonte, and her natural sister, Blanche of Anjou, all died within a few weeks of each other. King René had not recovered from the stupor of despair in which he had been plunged by these repeated bereavements, when he received the intelligence of the direful calamities that had befallen his unhappy daughter Margaret, and for her sufferings he shed those tears which he had been unable to weep for his own. Under the influence of these feelings he wrote the following touching letter to Margaret, which she received in the midst of her agonies for the death of her husband and son.

"My child, may God help thee with his counsels, for rarely is the aid of man tendered in such reverse of fortune; when you can spare a thought from your own sufferings, think of mine—they are great, my daughter, yet would I console thee."[2]

The imprisonment of queen Margaret was at first very rigorous, but it was, after a time, ameliorated through the compassionate influence of Edward's queen, Eliza-

[1] Warkworth, p. 21. Babington. Fabyan. Croyland Chron.
[2] Vie de Roi René, by Villeneuve.

beth Woodville, who probably retained a grateful remembrance of the benefits she had formerly received from her royal mistress. Margaret was first removed to Windsor, and afterwards to Wallingford, where she seems to have been under the charge of the noble castellaine, Alice Chaucer, duchess dowager of Suffolk, her old favourite; at least such we think is the inference to be drawn from this observation in one of the Paston Letters, dated July 8th, 1471:—"And as for queen Margaret, I understand that she is removed from Windsor to Wallingford, nigh to Ewelm, my lady Suffolk's place in Oxfordshire."[1]

Five marks a week were allotted by Edward IV. for the maintenance of the unfortunate Margaret during her imprisonment in Wallingford castle. Her tender-hearted father, king René, was unwearied in his exertions for her emancipation, which was at length accomplished at the sacrifice of his inheritance of Provençe, which he ceded to Louis XI. at Lyons, in 1475, for half its value, that he might deliver his beloved child from captivity. Yolante and her son murmured a little at this loss, but they appear, nevertheless, fond of Margaret. The agreement between Edward IV. and Louis XI., for the ransom of Margaret of Anjou, was finally settled, August 29th, 1475, while Edward was in France. Louis undertook to pay fifty thousand crowns for her liberation, at five instalments.[2] The first instalment of her ransom was paid to Edward's treasurer, lord John Howard, November 3rd, the same year, and the bereaved and broken-hearted

[1] Shakspeare, in his tragedy of Richard III., makes grand poetic use of the character of the captive Lancastrian queen, when he represents her roaming at large through the palaces of her foes like an ill-omened sibyl or domestic fiend, denouncing woe and desolation to the princes of the line of York, invoking the retribution of Heaven on the progeny of those who had made her childless, and exulting with phrenzied joy in the calamities of the widowed Elizabeth Woodville, whom she is made to call, "Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my greatness!" But Margaret's broken heart had ceased to vibrate to the agonizing pangs of remembrance and regret before the death of her great enemy, Edward IV.

[2] Rymer, and French Archives.

widow of the holy Henry, after five years' captivity, was conducted from her prison at Wallingford castle to Sandwich. In her journey through Kent she was consigned to the care and hospitality of John Haute,[1] a squire of that county, strongly in the interests of the house of York, who attended her to Sandwich, where she embarked. Her retinue, when she landed in France, according to Prevost, consisted of three ladies and seven gentlemen; but these must have been sent by the king of France, since the miserable sum allotted to Haute for her travelling expenses allows for little attendance. The feelings may be imagined with which she took a last farewell of the English shores, where, thirty years before, she had landed in the pride and flush of youthful beauty, as its monarch's bride, and all the chivalry of the land thronged to meet and do her honour. Now it was treason even to shed a tear of pity for her sore afflictions, or to speak a word of comfort to her. Truly might she have said, "See if any sorrow be like unto my sorrow?"

She safely arrived at Dieppe in the beginning of January, 1476. It was requisite for the validity of the deeds of renunciation she had to sign that she should be at liberty. Therefore, Sir Thomas Montgomery took her to Rouen, and on the 22nd resigned her to the French ambassadors; and on the 29th of January she signed a formal renunciation of all rights her marriage in England had given her.

There is something touching in the very simplicity of the Latin sentence with which the deed begins, that was wrung from the broken-hearted heroine, who had through so many storms of adversity defended the rights of her royal consort and son. While they remained in life, she would have died a thousand deaths rather than relinquished even the most shadowy of their claims; but the dear ones were no more, and now—

> Ambition, pride, the rival names
> Of York and Lancaster,
> With all their long contested claims,
> What were they then to her?

[1] Issue Rolls, Appendix, Edward IV.

Passively, and almost as a matter of indifference, Margaret subscribed the instrument commencing, "Ego Margarita, olim in regno Anglia maritata, &c. I, Margaret, formerly in England married, renounce all that I could pretend to in England by the conditions of my marriage, with all other things there, to Edward, now king of England."[1] This deed did not afford her the title of queen even in a retrospective view. She was simply Margaret, formerly married in England. At the same time she signed a renunciation of her reversionary rights on her father's territories to Louis XI.; but as there were several intermediate heirs, this was no great sacrifice.

Margaret intended to take Paris in her journey home, in order to thank Louis XI. for her liberation; but it did not suit that wily politician to receive her, and he sent a message advising her to make the best of her way to her father. The last spark of Margaret's high spirit was elicited at this discourtesy, and declining the escort Louis XI. had prepared for her at Rouen, she set out on her long wintry journey through Normandy—a resolution which had nearly occasioned the loss of her life.[2] After Normandy had been conquered by Henry V., he had planted some colonies of English settlers in various towns and villages; and one or two of these settlements still remained in a wretched state, being unable to emigrate to their mother country. Margaret, wholly unconscious of these circumstances, meant to rest for the night after her first day's journey from Rouen, in a town containing many of these malcontents. Curiosity led a crowd of them to gaze upon her at the inn, but when the word passed among them that it was Margaret of Anjou returning from England to her father, murmurs arose; they declared "she had been the original cause of the English losing France, and, consequently of all their misery, and that they would now take vengeance upon her." With these words they made a rush to seize her, but fortunately

[1] Rymer, vol. xii. p. 21. Du Tillet, 145: Archives de France, 212.
[2] Prevost.

she had time to gain her apartment, while two English gentlemen, her attendants, held her assailants at bay with their drawn swords, till the French authorities of the town, hearing the uproar, interfered and rescued the unhappy Margaret from this unexpected attack. She retraced her steps immediately to Rouen, and was glad to claim the protection she had before refused.

We now come to that era of Margaret's life in which a noble author of our times, Lord Morpeth, in one exquisite line, describes her as,

"Anjou's lone matron in her father's hall."

Like Naomi, Margaret returned empty and desolate to her native land, but not like her attended by a fond and faithful daughter-in-law, for the unhappy widow of her son had been compelled to wed king Edward's brother, Richard of Gloucester—him whom public report had branded as the murderer of Henry VI.; and the idea of this alliance must have added a drop to the already overflowing cup of bitterness, of which the fallen queen had drunk so deeply.

The home to which her father welcomed Margaret was at that time at Reculée, about a league from Angers, on the river Mayence, where he had a castle that commanded a view of the town, with a beautiful garden, and a gallery of paintings and sculpture, which he took delight in adorning with his own paintings, and ornamented the walls of his garden with heraldic designs carved in marble.[1] It was in such pursuits as these that René, like a true Provençal sovereign, sought forgetfulness of his afflictions. But Margaret's temperament was of too stormy a nature to admit of the slightest alleviation to her grief. Her whole time was spent in painfully retracing the direful scenes of her past life, and in passionate regrets for the bereavements she had undergone. The canker-worm that was perpetually busy within at length made its ravages outwardly visible on her person, and effected a fearful change

[1] Villeneuve.

in her appearance. The agonies and agitation she had undergone turned the whole mass of her blood; her eyes, once so brilliant and expressive, became hollow, dim, and perpetually inflamed from excessive weeping, and her skin was disfigured with a dry, scaly leprosy, which transformed this princess, who had been celebrated as the most beautiful in the world, into a spectacle of horror.[1]

Villeneuve says, Margaret seldom left her retreat at Reculée, with the exception of one or two visits to the court of Louis XI. Another modern French historian mentions her as the person who kept alive the interests of the Lancastrian party for her kinsman the young earl of Richmond, of whom Henry VI. had prophesied that he should one day wear the crown of England. But the generally received opinion is, that she, after her return to her own country, lived in the deepest seclusion.

A Burgundian poet of her own times, Georges Chastelain,[2] wrote a poem called the "Temple of Ruined Greatness," in which Margaret of Anjou is greatly celebrated. A little before his death, king René composed two beautiful canticles on the heroic actions of his beloved daughter, queen Margaret.[3] This accomplished prince died in the year 1480. By his will, which is preserved among the MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi, René bequeathed "one thousand crowns in gold to his daughter Margaret, queen of England, and if she remains in a state of widowhood, an annuity of two thousand livres, and the chateau of Queniez for her abode." He wrote a letter on his death-bed to Louis XI., earnestly recommending to his care his daughter Margaret, and his widow.[4]

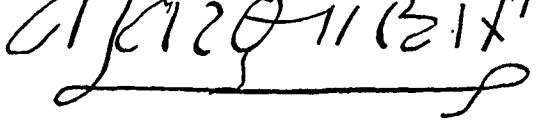
After the death of king René, Margaret sold any reversionary rights which the death of her elder sister and her children might give her to the duchies of Lorraine, Anjou, Maine, Provençe, and Bar, to Louis XI., for a

[1] Villeneuve.
[2] King-at-arms of the Order of the Golden Fleece.
[3] Vie de Roi René d'Anjou.
[4] Villeneuve. Monstrelet. Bibliothèque du Roi.

pension of six thousand livres.[1] She executed this deed on the 19th day of November, 1480, in the great hall of the castle of Reculée, where in her girlhood she had received the ambassadors of England who came to solicit her virgin hand for their sovereign. This pension was so unpunctually paid by Louis that if Margaret had no other resource, she would have been greatly inconvenienced, especially as many of the ruined Lancastrian exiles subsisted on her bounty. King René, with his last breath, had consigned her to the care of an old and faithful officer of his household, Francis Vignolles, lord of Moraens, who had shared all his struggles. This brave soldier took the fallen queen to his own home, the chateau of Damprierre, near Saumur. The last tie that bound Margaret to the world was severed by the death her father, and she wished to end her days in profound retirement. Her efforts to obtain the bodies of her murdered husband and son were ineffectual; but, till the last day of her life she employed some faithful eccle-

[1] Through the kindness of Mr. Beltz, the Lancaster herald, I have been favoured with a copy of Margaret's acknowledgment for the first payment she received of this pension, with a fac-simile of her signature, which is extremely rare.

"Nous Marguerite Royne d'Angleterre confessons avoir eu et receu de Maistre Denis de Bidant, notaire et secrétaire de monseigneur le roy, et receveur general de ses finan., la somme de six mil livres tourn., à nous ordonnée par mon seigneur pour nre. pension de ceste pñte année commencée le prémier jour d'Octobré dernier passé, de laquelle somme de vi^m lr. nous nous tenons pour contente et bien paiée et en avons quitte et quittons mon seign^r le roy le dit receveur gñal et tous autres. En tesmoing de ce nous avons signé ces pñtes. de nre. main et fait scellée du seel de nos armes le douziesme jour de Fevrier, l'an mil cccc quatre vingts et ung.



The above autograph acquittance is in the Register or Collection entitled, Sceaux, vol. v. p. 183, in the MSS. Royal Lib. Paris.

siastics in England, to perform at their humble graves those offices deemed needful for the repose of their souls.

On her deathbed she divided among her faithful attendants the few valuables that remained from the wreck of her fortunes; and, worn out with the pressure of her sore afflictions of mind and body, she closed her troublous pilgrimage at the chateau of Damprierre, August 25th, in the fifty-first year of her age.[1]

She was buried in the cathedral of Angers, in the same tomb with her royal parents, without epitaph or inscription, or any other memorial, excepting her portrait painted on glass in a window of the cathedral. A tribute of respect was for centuries paid to her memory by the chapter of St. Maurice, who, annually, on the feast of All Saints, after the vespers for the dead, made a semicircular procession round her grave, singing a *subvenite*.[2] This was continued till the French revolution.

Margaret's elder sister, Yolante, survived her two years; she had a beautiful daughter called Margaret of Anjou the younger. Maria Louisa, Napoleon's empress, possessed the breviary of this princess, in which there is one sentence supposed to have been written by the once beautiful, powerful, and admired Margaret, queen of England, her aunt:—

"Vanité des vanities, tout la vanité."[3]

[1] Miss Costello, the accomplished author of "the Boccages and Vines," declares she has visited this chateau, which is of fine architecture, and is at present in complete preservation.

[2] Villeneuve. [3] Ibid.

# ELIZABETH WOODVILLE,

## QUEEN OF EDWARD IV.

## CHAPTER I.

Unequal royal marriages—Parents of Elizabeth Woodville—She is maid of honour to Margaret of Anjou—Duke of York writes to Elizabeth—Earl of Warwick writes to her for his friend—She rejects Sir Hugh Johns—Accepts the heir of lord Ferrers, John Gray—Bradgate—Elizabeth's sons—Sir John Gray killed at St. Albans—Elizabeth's destitute widowhood—Captivates Edward IV.—Their meetings—The queen's oak—Private marriage with the king—Opposition of the king's mother—Recognition of Elizabeth as queen—Her sisters—Her brother, Anthony Woodville—Scene at her court—Coronation—Enmity of queen Isabella of Castile—Elizabeth endows Queens' College—Birth of eldest daughter—Warwick's enmity to the queen—Portrait of the queen—Her influence—Her father and eldest brother murdered—Her mother accused of witchcraft—Revolution—Edward IV.'s flight—Queen and her mother at the Tower—Flight to sanctuary—Birth of prince Edward—Queen's distress—Her humble friends—Return of Edward IV.—Queen leaves sanctuary for the Tower—Her brother Anthony defends the Tower—Re-establishment of the house of York—The queen's friends rewarded.

The fifteenth century is, above all other eras, remarkable for unequal marriages made by persons of royal station. Then, for the first time since the reigns of our Plantagenets commenced, was broken that high and stately etiquette of the middle ages which forbade king or kaiser to mate with partners below the rank of princesses. In that century the marriage of the handsome Edward IV. with an English gentlewoman caused as much astonish-

ment at the wondrous archery of Dan Cupid as was fabled of old—

"When he shot so true
That king Cophetua wed the beggar maid."

But the mother of Elizabeth Woodville had occasioned scarcely less wonder in her day, when, following the example of her sister-in-law, queen Katherine, she, a princess of Luxemburgh by birth, and as the widow of the warlike duke of Bedford, the third lady of the realm, chose for her second helpmate, another squire of Henry V., Richard Woodville, who was considered the handsomest man in England. He was afterwards in the service of the duke of Bedford, on whose death he was employed to escort the young widow, who was but seventeen, to England, where she was dowered on the royal demesnes.

The discovery of the duchess of Bedford's marriage took place about the same time as that of the queen with Owen Tudor; and certainly the duke of Gloucester (though his own love affairs were quite as astounding to the nation) must have thought his two sisters-in-law had gone distracted with love for squires of low degree. What scandals, what court gossip, must have circulated throughout England in the year of grace, 1436!

The duchess's dower was forfeited in consequence of her marriage with Woodville, but restored on her humble supplication to parliament, through the influence of her husband's patron, cardinal Beaufort.[1] Grafton castle was the principal residence of the wedded lovers, and here Elizabeth Woodville must have been born about 1431, some years before the discovery of her parent's marriage.[2]

After the death of the unfortunate queen-mother Katherine, and that of the queen-dowager Joanna, the duchess of Bedford became for some time in rank the first lady in England, and always possessed a certain degree of influence in consequence. Her husband was in

[1] Sir Richard Woodville was his partisan, and held out the Tower for him against Humphrey duke of Gloucester.

[2] All history affirms that Elizabeth was thirty-three in 1464.

the retinue sent to escort Margaret of Anjou to England;[1] he was afterwards rapidly advanced at court, made baron, and finally earl of Rivers; and the duchess of Bedford became a great favourite of the young queen. The duchess was still second lady in England, yet her rank was many degrees more exalted than her fortune; therefore, as her children grew up, she was glad to provide for them at the court of her friend, queen Margaret. Her eldest daughter, the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, was appointed maid of honour[2] to that queen, little deeming she was one day to fill her place on the English throne. While yet in attendance on her royal mistress, she captured the heart of a brave knight, Sir Hugh Johns, a great favourite of Richard duke of York. Sir Hugh had nothing in the world wherewithal to endow the fair Woodville, but a sword whose temper had been proved in many a battle in France; he was, moreover, a timid wooer, and very impolitically deputed others to make to the beautiful maid of honour the declaration of love which he wanted courage to speak himself.

Richard duke of York was protector of England when he thus, in regal style,[3] recommended his landless vassal to the love of her who was one day to share the diadem of his heir.

"To dame Elizabeth Wodeville.[4]

"Right trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well.

"For as much as we are credibly informed that our right hearty and well-beloved knight, Sir Hugh John, for the great womanhood and gentleness approved and known in your person—ye being sole (single) and

[1] Breknoke Computus.

[2] Parliamentary History, vol. ii. p. 345. Hall's Chronicle, p. 365. Bucke and Prevost likewise dwell on this circumstance.

[3] Bib. Reg. 17, b. xlvii. fol. 164, vol. 165, &c. This and the following letters, which are not yet named in the catalogue of the British Museum, were discovered by the indefatigable research of Mr. Halliwell, and with great liberality communicated to the author. Their biographical value every one will perceive.

[4] The name is spelled Wodeville, in the MS. letters, which comes very near the popular mode here adopted; one of the addresses is spelled Wodehill, but this is a mere slip of the pen, as it is evident that both are addressed to the same person.

to be married—his heart wholly have; wherewith we are right well pleased. How it be of your disposition towards him in that behalf, as yet is to us unknown. We, therefore, as for the faith true and good lordship we owe unto him at this time, (and so will continue,) we desire and heartily pray ye will on your part be to him well-willed to the performing of this our writing and his desire. Where in ye shall do not only to our pleasure, but we doubt not to your own great weal and worship in time to come; certifying, that if ye fulfil our intent in this matter, we will and shall be to him and you such lord as shall be to both your great weal and worship, by the grace of God, who precede and guide you in all heavenly felicity and welfare.

"Written by RICHARD DUKE OF YORK."

Even if Elizabeth's heart had responded to this earnest appeal of her lover's princely master, yet she was too slenderly gifted by fortune to venture on a mere love-match. She probably demurred on this point, and avoided returning a decisive answer, for her delay elicited a second letter on the subject of Sir Hugh's great love and affection. This time it was from the pen of the famous Richard Neville, earl of Warwick. It is not written as if by a stranger to a stranger; at the same time, by his promises of "good lordship" (patronage) to Elizabeth and her lover, it is very evident he considers himself as the superior of both.

"To dame Elizabeth Wodeville.

"Worshipful and well-beloved. I greet you well, and forasmuch my right well-beloved Sir Hugh John, knight, (which now late was with you unto his full great joy and had great cheer, as he saith, whereof I thank you,) hath informed me how that he hath for the great love and affection that he hath unto your person, as well for the great sadness (seriousness) and wisdom that he hath found and proved in you at that time, as for your great and praised beauty, and womanly demeaning, he desireth with all haste to do you worship by way of marriage before any other creature living, (as he saith.) I (considering his said desire, and the great worship that he had which was made knight at Jerusalem, and after his coming home, for the great wisdom and manhood that he was renowned of, was made knight-marshal of France, and after knight-marshal of England[1] unto his great worship, with other his great and many virtues and desert, and also the good and notable service that he hath done and daily doth to me,) write unto you

[1] This, according to Sir Hugh's Monument, was in 1451, therefore, these letters, which are dateless, must have been written after that year. A fact which proves that Elizabeth was single then.

at this time, and pray you *effectuously* that ye will the rather (at this my request and prayer) to condescend and apply you unto his said lawful and honest desire, wherein ye shall not only *purvey* (provide) right notably for yourself unto your weal and worship (profit and honour) in time to come, as I hereby trust, but also cause me to shew unto you such good lordship (patronage) as ye by reason of it shall hold you content and pleased, with the grace of God; which everlastingly have you in his bliss, protection, and governance.

"Written by the EARL OF WARWICK."

No one can read this epistle without the conviction that the great earl of Warwick had some ambition to become a match-maker as well as a king-maker. Nevertheless, Sir Hugh met with the usual fate of a lover who has not the spirit to speak for himself, and deputes his wooing to the agency of friends—he was rejected by the fair Elizabeth. He married a nameless damsel, and in course of time died possessor of a single manor.[1] A far different destiny was reserved for the lady of his love.

The foregoing letters could not have been written till 1452; Elizabeth was that year twenty-one, and she was then, as Richard of York says, "sole and to be married"—that is, she was single and disengaged; a remarkable crisis of her life, when in her maiden beauty she was eagerly wooed by the vowed partisans of the "pale and of the purple rose." Some worldly considerations, besides her duty to her royal mistress, queen Margaret, seems to have led Elizabeth to reject the Yorkist partisan, Sir Hugh Johnes, and accept the hand of the heir of the illustrious and wealthy lordship of Ferrers of Groby, a cavalier firmly attached to the house of Lancaster.

[1] See the copy of the monumental brass of Sir Hugh Johnes, in Sir R. C. Hoare's edition of the Itinerary of Giraldus Cambrensis. He was lord of the manor of Landymo, which it is expressly affirmed was given him by John the Good, duke of Norfolk; his bravery and the orders of knighthood he won are detailed nearly in the words of the earl of Warwick, but the monument adds dates which throw some light on the above correspondence. It declares his wife was Maud, but mentions no surname or descent. Sir Hugh Johnes was the father of five children. His name appears as a second in one of those legalized duels which heralded the wars of the Roses. In the year 1553, he was second on appeal of battle for Lyalton, who accused John Norris of treason.—*Privy Council*, vol. vi. p. 129.

The time is not distinctly specified of the marriage of Elizabeth Woodville with John Gray; it probably took place soon after her rejection of the Yorkist champion. This wedlock was certainly a great match for the penniless maid of honour; for it was equal to several of the alliances of the Plantagenet princesses. John Gray was son and heir to lord Ferrers of Groby, possessor of the ancient domain of Bradgate, which was hereafter to derive such lustre from being the native place of Elizabeth's descendant, lady Jane Gray. Bradgate was Gray's patrimony by reason of his descent from the proudest blood of our Norman nobility.[1]

Tradition declares this was a most happy marriage,[2] although Elizabeth and Gray must have been frequently separated by the ferocious contest between York and Lancaster, which commenced directly after their union.

An adventure connected with the struggle for the crown in the last stormy years of Henry VI.'s reign placed young Edward Plantagenet, then earl of March, and earl Rivers, the father of Elizabeth, in extraordinary collision. The earl of Rivers, and his son Sir Anthony, ardent partisans of Lancaster, were fitting out ships at Sandwich, by orders of queen Margaret, in order to join the duke of Somerset's naval armament in 1458. At this time Sir John Dinham, a naval captain in the service of Warwick, made a descent at Sandwich, and surprising the earl of Rivers and his son in their beds, carried them prisoners to Calais. How they were received there, Wil-

[1] See Dugdale, collated by Edward Brayley, with other genealogical proofs (Historical Perambulator.) Bradgate had been part of the inheritance of Petronilla, daughter of Grantmesnil, one of the Conqueror's great tenants *in capite;* it descended from her through a co-heiress of Blanchmains, earl of Leicester, to the line of Ferrers of Groby, and by the heiress of the Ferrers to Sir Edward Gray, father to the husband of Elizabeth. It was the chance of war alone that made Elizabeth a poor suppliant widow.

[2] There is a well-known and amusing paper, called the "Journal of Elizabeth Woodville," when courted by Sir John Gray, which makes her fill a very pastoral situation as a country lady at Grafton; it is a palpable fabrication, and therefore not to be quoted here.

liam Paston[1] shall tell in one of his letters to a Norfolk knight, his brother:—

"To my right worshipful brother be this letter delivered. As for tidings, the lord Rivers was brought to Calais, and before the lords by night, with eight score torches, and there my lord of Salisbury rated him, calling him 'Knave's son, that such as *he* should be so rude as to call him and these other lords traitors, for they should be found the king's true liegemen when such as he should be found a traitor!' And my lord of Warwick rated him, and said, 'His father was but a little squire brought up with king Henry V., and since made himself by marriage, and also made a lord, and it was not *his* part to have held such language to those who were of king's blood!' And my lord March rated him likewise. And Sir Antony Woodville was likewise rated for his language by all the three lords."

All this rating seems to have been the dénouement of some old quarrel at court with the earl of March. As the duke of York had not yet claimed the crown, but only the right of succession, his son dared not take the lives of Henry VI.'s subjects in cold blood; therefore the Woodvilles escaped with the payment of ransom.

Edward lord Ferrers, the father-in-law of Elizabeth, died December 18th, 1457. The distraction of the times was such that her husband had no opportunity of taking his place as lord Ferrers in the house of peers;[2] he was then twenty-five, handsome, brave, and manly, the leader of queen Margaret's cavalry, and an ardent and faithful partisan of her cause. Elizabeth had brought her husband two sons; one, born just before the death of lord Ferrers, was named Thomas, the other's name was Richard. These children were born at Bradgate, which, during the lifetime of her lord, was the home of Elizabeth.

There is reason to believe that Elizabeth followed her lord in the campaign which queen Margaret made in 1460. Prevost states that previously to the second battle of St. Albans, queen Margaret persuaded Elizabeth to visit Warwick's camp, under pretence of requesting some little favour or assistance for herself, as it was known the

[1] Paston Papers. Hall, Holinshed, and Rapin mention the incident.
[2] Dugdale.

stout earl was very partial to her; but in reality Elizabeth acted as a spy for her royal mistress. Elizabeth's husband, Gray lord Ferrers, commanded the cavalry of queen Margaret during that furious charge which won the day for Lancaster at the second battle of St. Albans. The red rose was for a brief space triumphant, but the young victorious leader died of his wounds the 28th of February, 1461, and his beautiful Elizabeth was left desolate. Fortunately her mother was near the army, if not with queen Margaret.[1] Several chroniclers declare that Henry VI. knighted Elizabeth's husband at the village of Colney; therefore Gray must have survived the battle.

A rancour so deep and deadly was cherished against the memory of Elizabeth's gallant husband, that his harmless infants, the eldest not more than four years old, were deprived of their inheritance of Bradgate, and Elizabeth herself remained a mourning and destitute widow in her native bowers of Grafton, at the accession of Edward IV.

The mother of Elizabeth was a *diplomatiste* of most consummate ability, insomuch that the common people attributed her influence over the minds of men to sorcery. The manner in which she reconciled herself to young Edward, when she had so lately been aiding and abetting queen Margaret, after the stormy scene that had occurred between that prince and her lord and son at Calais, and after her son-in-law had by his valour almost turned the scale of victory against the house of York, is really unaccountable; but the effect of her influence remains in no equivocal terms on the Issue Rolls of Edward's exchequer. In the first year of his reign there is an entry declaring "that the king, affectionately considering the state and benefit of Jaquetta, duchess of Bedford, and lord Rivers, of his especial grace, not only pays her the annual stipend of her dower, three hundred and thirty-

[1] Guthrie and Whethemstede. The abbot of St. Albans petitioned the duchess of Bedford to intercede with that queen to prevent her northern troops from firing his stately abbey; a proof that the mother of Elizabeth was near queen Margaret.

three marks, four shillings, and a third of a farthing," but actually pays £100 in advance;[1] a strong proof that Edward was on good terms with the father and mother of Elizabeth three years before he was ostensibly the lover of their daughter.

Is it possible that the fair widow of Sir John Gray first became acquainted with the victor in the depths of her distress for the loss of her husband, and that Edward's sudden passion for her induced his extraordinary profession of affection for her mother and father, who were, till the death of Sir John Gray, such staunch Lancastrians? If this singular entry in the Issue Rolls may be permitted to support this surmise, then did the acquaintance of Elizabeth and Edward commence two or three years earlier than all former histories have given reason to suppose. Whatever be the date of this celebrated triumph of love over sovereignty, tradition points out precisely the scene of the first interview between the lovely widow and the youthful king. Elizabeth waylaid Edward IV. in the forest of Whittlebury, a royal chase, when he was hunting in the neighbourhood of her mother's dower-castle at Grafton. There she waited for him under a noble tree still known in the local traditions of Northamptonshire by the name of the Queen's Oak.[2] Under the shelter of its branches the fair widow addressed the young monarch, holding her fatherless boys by the hands, and when Edward paused to listen to her, she threw herself at his feet and pleaded earnestly for the restoration of Bradgate, the inheritance of her children. Her downcast looks and mournful beauty not only gained her suit, but the heart of the conqueror.

The Queen's Oak, which was the scene of more than one interview between the beautiful Elizabeth and the enamoured Edward, stands in the direct track of communication between Grafton Castle and Whittlebury forest; it now rears its hollow trunk, a venerable witness

[1] Issue Rolls, Appendix 480. [2] Baker's Northamptonshire.

of one of the most romantic facts that history records. If the friendly entry in the Issue Rolls be taken for data of Elizabeth's acquaintance with Edward IV., he became acquainted with her soon after the battle of Towton; thus she was little more than twenty-nine[1] when she first captivated him, and her delicate and modest beauty was not yet impaired by time.

Edward tried every art to induce Elizabeth to become his own on other terms than as the sharer of his regal dignity, but the beautiful widow made this memorable reply: "My liege, I know I am not good enough to be your queen, but I am far too good to become your mistress."

She then left him to settle the question in his own breast; for she knew he had betrayed others whose hearts had deceived them into allowing him undue liberties. Her affections in all probability still clave to the memory of the husband of her youth, and her indifference increased the love of the young king. The struggle ended in his offering her marriage. The duchess of Bedford, when she found matters had proceeded to this climax, took the management of the affair, and, pretending to conceal the whole from the knowledge of her husband, arranged the private espousals of her daughter and the king. In the quaint words of Fabyan, the marriage is thus described:—"In most secret manner, upon the 1st of May, 1464, king Edward spoused Elizabeth, late being wife of Sir John Gray. Which spousales were solemnized early in the morning at the town called Grafton, near to Stoney Stratford. At which marriage was none present but the spouse, (Edward,) the spousesse, (Elizabeth,) the duchess of Bedford her mother, the priest, and two gentlewomen, and a young man to help the priest sing.[2] After the

[1] Edward, according to his own account in the Fragment Chronicle at the end of Sprott, (Hearne's edition,) was born at Rouen, during his father's regency, 1440.

[2] The Fragment Chronicle, printed by Hearne, at the end of the Sprott

spousailles the king rode again to Stoney Stratford, as if he had been hunting, and then returned at night. And within a day or two the king sent to lord Rivers, father to his bride, saying that he would come and lodge with him for a season, when he was received with all due honour, and tarried there four days, when Elizabeth visited him by night so secretly that none but her mother knew of it. And so the marriage was kept secret till it needs must be discovered, because of princesses offered as wives to the king. There was some obloquy attending this marriage—how that the king was enchanted by the duchess of Bedford, or he would have refused to acknowledge her daughter."

In the course of the summer of 1464 the king's marriage was discussed at court, though he yet delayed its public acknowledgment. His great desire was to prove to his peers that Elizabeth, being a descendant of the house of Luxemburg,[1] was as worthy to share his throne as her mother was to marry the brother of Henry V. With this idea he sent an embassy to his ally, Charles count of Charolois, asking him to induce some of the princes of the house of Luxemburg to visit England and

Chronicle is written by a person who appears to have been a secretary to Thomas duke of Norfolk, the second duke of the Howard line. The author of this remarkable history solemnly calls on duke Thomas as witness of these events. He says many circumstances were from Edward IV.'s own mouth. The narrative is very, easy and perspicuous. This Chronicle dates the marriage of Elizabeth Woodville much earlier than other authors, and adds to the date he gives, 1463, the words "in the *third year of Edward IV.*, which puts us out of doubt of accident regarding a slip of the pen in the date. He gives the important fact, "The priest that wedded Elizabeth and Edward lies buried before the altar at the church of the Minoresses, at London Bridge." He implies that the passion of Edward had long preceded his marriage with the fair widow, whom he wedded because she was the most virtuous woman he found; likewise because foreign princesses would not marry him, fearing the restoration of the house of Lancaster.

[1] The house of Luxemburg was coeval with the Frankish monarchy, and the head of the family was on the imperial throne of Germany. The princesses of this line were remarkable for the charms of their persons and manners. These fascinations, it was fabled, were inherited from Melusina, a beautiful water-nymph of the Rhine, who, it is pretended, was the

claim kindred with his wife. From the remarks Monstrelet makes on this head it may be gathered that the house of Luxemburg had wholly forgotten and lost sight of the mother of Elizabeth, for they were incensed at her marriage with Richard Woodville, though he adds, "Richard was the handsomest man in all England, and Jaquetta was an exceedingly handsome gentlewoman; yet they never could visit the continent, or her brother count Louis St. Pol would have slain them both." Thus was Jaquetta gradually forgotten, till the extraordinary advancement of Elizabeth and the message of her royal lord revived the remembrance of her French relatives, and the count of Charolois sent word that the coronation of Elizabeth would be attended by her kindred.

Of all persons, the marriage of Elizabeth gave the most offence to the mother of Edward IV. This lady, who had assumed all the state of a queen before the fall of her husband, Richard duke of York, at Wakefield, was infuriated at having to give place to the daughter of a man who commenced his career as a poor squire of ordinary lineage. Among other arguments against her son's wedlock was, that the fact of Elizabeth being a widow ought to prevent her marriage with a king, since the sovereignty would be dishonoured by such bigamy. The king merrily answered, "She is indeed a widow and hath children, and by God's blessed lady, I, who am but a bachelor, have some too. Madame, my mother, I pray you be content, for as to the bigamy the priest may lay it in my way if ever I come to take orders, for I understand it is forbidden to a priest, but I never wist it was to a king."[1]

This is the version king Edward's courtiers chose to

ancestress of the family. The serpent of Melusina was by some of the Luxemburg princes borne as a device on their shields. Perhaps this tradition gave rise to the accusations of sorcery against the duchess of Bedford; however, the pretended fairy Melusina herself could scarcely have been more successful in bewitching the minds of men than were Jaquetta and her daughter, Elizabeth Woodville.

[1] Camden's Remains.

give of the conversation; but there is little doubt the duchess of York[1] reproached her son with the breach of his marriage contract with Elizabeth Lucy, the predecessor of Elizabeth Woodville in the affections of Edward. Bitterly was this perfidy afterwards visited on the innocent family of the royal seducer. Edward was likewise supposed to be married to lady Eleanor Butler, the daughter of the great earl of Shrewsbury. Possibly this was a betrothment entered into in Edward's childhood.

It was at the ancient palace of Reading, on Michaelmas-day, 1464, that Edward IV. finally declared Elizabeth to be his wedded wife. A council of the peers was convoked there, when the king took Elizabeth by the hand, and presented her to them as his rightful queen. She was then led by the young duke of Clarence, in solemn pomp, to the stately abbey church of Reading, where she was publicly declared queen, and having made her offering, received the congratulations of all the nobility assembled there, among whom, some authorities declare, was the earl of Warwick.[2]

[1] Cicely of Raby, the youngest daughter of Ralph Neville, earl of Westmoreland, by Joanna Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt. Cicely married Richard duke of York, in whom centred the Mortimer title to the throne, he was the ward of her father and mother; by him she had Edward IV. and a large family. The duchess of York was remarkable for her beauty, and still more so for her indomitable pride. In the north she was called the Rose of Raby, but in the neighbourhood of her baronial residence of Fotheringay Castle the common people called her "Proud Cis." She had a throne-room at Fotheringay, where she gave receptions with the state of a queen. Curious portraits in painted glass of Cicely and her husband are still to be seen in the south window of the chancel of Penrith church; they have been engraved in Mr. Jefferson's valuable History and Antiquities of Leath Ward, Cumberland. Cicely is decorated with a garland of gems, and gives the idea of a very handsome woman in the decline of life. Her reputation has not descended to posterity unscathed. Philip de Comines scandalizes her with derelictions from her duty during the duke of York's regency in France. Hence Charles the Bold and Louis XI. always, in private, called the handsome Edward IV. "the son of an archer."

[2] Dr. Lingard rejects the story of Warwick's embassy for the hand of Bona of Savoy at the time of Edward's marriage.

A portrait of Elizabeth Woodville, to be found in a fine illumination in the Harleian collection in the British Museum, represents her in the costume in which she first appeared as a royal bride, at Reading. The manner in which Elizabeth's hair is arranged proves that the limning was drawn while she was a bride. She wears a lofty crown of peculiar richness, the numerous points of which are finished by fleur-de-lis; her hair, with the exception of a small ring in the middle of the forehead, is streaming down her back, and reaches to her knees. It is pale yellow, and its extreme profusion agrees with the description of chroniclers; she is very fair, her eyelids are cast down with an affected look of modesty, which gives a sinister expression to her face. Her attire is regal; the material of her dress is a splendid kind of gold brocade, in stripes called baudekins, which was solely appropriated to the royal family; it is garter blue, of a column pattern, alternately with gold; the sleeves are tight, the boddice close fitting, with robings of ermine turning back over the shoulders; it is girded round the waist with a crimson scarf, something like an officer's sash. The skirt of the dress is full, with a broad ermine border, and finishes with a train many yards in length; this is partly held up by the queen, while the extremity is folded round the arms of a train-bearer, who is probably one of Elizabeth's sisters. A rich blue satin petticoat is seen beneath the dress, and the shoes are of the pointed form called sometimes cracows, and sometimes pigacies. The queen wears a pearl necklace strung in an elaborate pattern, called a device.

Although Edward IV. was at times notoriously unfaithful to his queen, and other women occasionally seduced him from her, yet over his mind Elizabeth, from first to last, certainly held potent sway,—an influence most dangerous in the hands of a woman who possessed more cunning than firmness, more skill in concocting a diplomatic intrigue than power to form a rational resolve. She was ever successful in carrying her own pur-

poses, but she had seldom a wise or good end in view; the advancement of her own relatives, and the depreciation of her husband's friends and family, were her chief objects. Elizabeth gained her own way with her husband by an assumption of the deepest humility; her words were soft and caressing, her glances timid.

The acknowledgment of Elizabeth's marriage was followed by a series of the most brilliant fêtes and tournaments that had been witnessed in England since the establishment of the Order of the Garter by Edward III. At these scenes Elizabeth presided, surrounded by a virgin train of lovely sisters, who were the cynosure of the eyes of the unmarried baronage of England. Although these nobles had suffered all the portionless daughters of the duchess of Bedford to reach ages from twenty to thirty unwooed and unwedded, yet they now found that no beauties were comparable to the sisters of her whom the king delighted to honour.

The exaltation of so many fair rivals did not add to the new-made queen's popularity with the female nobility of England; while her heroic brother, Anthony Woodville, by his beauty, his learning, and his prowess in the tilt-yard, with better reason, raised considerable envy among his own sex.

Elizabeth incensed the ancient nobility by the activity with which she mated her numerous tribe among the greatest heirs and heiresses of the realm.[1] Anthony Woodville married the orphan of lord Scales, the greatest heiress in the kingdom, whom the duchess of York de-

[1] Sir John Paston's mother advises him "to marry right nigh to the queen's blood, so that he could get his land again"—a popular proof of the great favouritism of her family. Margaret Woodville, the October after Elizabeth was acknowledged queen, married lord Maltravers, heir of the earl of Arundel. Soon afterwards, Henry duke of Buckingham married Katharine Woodville; Jaquetta married the earl of Essex, and the fourth sister married the heir of the earl of Kent. In the next September, the queen's sister Mary married the heir of lord Herbert, and from this wedlock proceeded the first affront given to the earl of Warwick, for Herbert was promoted to some office which interfered with his interests.

signed for her son Clarence.[1] Neither infantine juvenility nor the extreme of dotage seems to have been objected by the Woodvilles, if there were a superfluity of the goods of this world; for the queen's eldest brother, a fine young man, wedded, for her great jointure, Katharine the dowager duchess of Norfolk, then in her eightieth year,—"a diabolical marriage,"[2] wrathfully exclaims William of Worcester.

Soon after the queen had made the match between the young heiress of Scales and her brother Anthony, the ladies of England chose that gallant knight to sustain the honour of his country at the tournament they expected would be proclaimed in celebration of Elizabeth's coronation. On the Wednesday before Easter-day, 1465, on the return of Sir Anthony Woodville from high mass with his royal sister at the chapel of the Shene palace, a bevy of her ladies surrounded him, and by the presentation of a golden knee-band figured with SS, and ornamented with a Forget-me-not, gave some mystical intimation that he was expected to remember his knightly devoir of high emprise at the coronation of his sister. The antagonist he selected was the most renowned champion in Europe, being count de la Roche, illegitimate son of Philip of Burgundy, and the constant companion of all the rash enterprises of his brother Charles the Bold, whether in field or tourney. To this opponent Anthony Woodville, who had now adopted the title of lord Scales in right of his lady, thus wrote,[3] from the palace of Shene.

[1] Some represent this lady as a child, others as a widow. She might in those days have been both.

[2] This alludes to an old English proverb on marriage, "That the marriage of a young woman and a young man is of God's making, as Adam and Eve; an old man and young woman, of our Lady's making, as Mary and Joseph; but that of an old woman and a young man, is made by the author of evil."

[3] Excerpta Hist. 186. The extract of this letter is, for the sake of brevity, limited to the passage in which the queen is a personal agent. The original is in French; it is of course translated into perspicuous orthography.

"Truth it is, that the Wednesday next before the solemn and devout resurrection of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer, for certain causes I drew me near toward the queen of England and of France, my sovereign lady, to whom I am right humble servant, subject, and brother. And as I spoke to her highness on my knees, my bonnet off my head, according to my duty, I know not how it happened, but all the ladies of her court environed me about, and anon I took heed that they had tied above my left knee a band of gold garnished with precious stones which formed a letter, (it was a collar of SS, meaning souvenance, or remembrance,) which when I perceived, truth to say, it came nigher to my heart than to my knee; and to this collar was hanging a noble flower of souvenance, enamelled, and in manner of emprise. And then one of the ladies said to me full sweetly, 'that I ought to take a step fitting for the time;' and then each of them withdrew demurely to their places. And I, all abashed at this adventure, rose up to go and thank them for their rich and honourable present, but when I took up my cap I found in it a letter written on vellum, only closed and bound with a golden thread. Now I thought this letter contained the will of the ladies expressed in writing, and that I should know the adventure which the Flower of Souvenance was given me to undertake. Then humbly did I thank the queen, who of her grace had permitted such honour to be done me in her noble presence, and especially did I thank the ladies for their noble present. I went forthwith to the king of England, my sovereign lord, to shew him the emprise, and that he would give me leave and licence to accomplish the contents of the said letter, to bring the adventure of the Flower of Souvenance to a conclusion."

King Edward broke the thread of gold; he read the articles of combat, and permitted the jousts;[1] his brother-in-law forwarded the articles and the enamelled jewel of Forget-me-not to the count de la Roche by a herald, requesting him to touch the flower[2] with his worthy and knightly hand, in token of his acceptance of the challenge; the count did so, and expected to be one of the knights sent by Charles the Bold to do honour to the coronation tournament of the queen.

The coronation of Elizabeth was appointed at Westminster Abbey, Whitsunday, the 26th of May. On Whit-

[1] Excerpta, p. 136.

[2] No tournament, until the Eglintoun tournament, was ever held without the express licence of the sovereign, and very heavy penalties (if we mistake not) still exist against such proceedings, which are considered tantamount to "levying war in the land."

sun eve the queen entered London from Eltham palace, the mayor and city authorities meeting her at the foot of Shooter's hill, and conducting her through Southwark to the Tower. That morning Edward kept court at the Tower, where he knighted thirty-two persons, among whom were five judges and six citizens, and behaved with the utmost popularity in order to obtain the favour of the citizens for his queen. She was carried through the city to her palace of Westminster in a litter borne on long poles, like a sedan chair, supported by stately pacing steeds. The new-made knights all rode on this occasion in solemn procession before the queen's litter. She was crowned next day with great solemnity in Westminster Abbey, the young duke of Clarence officiating as high steward. After the coronation, the queen sat in state at a grand banquet in Westminster-hall, where the bishop of Rochester, who sang the mass at her consecration, took his place at the king's right hand, and the duke of Buckingham, now the king's brother-in-law by reason of his wedlock with Katherine Woodville, sat at his left. Charles the Bold fulfilled his promise of sending to England a sovereign prince of Elizabeth's kin, to convince the Londoners that Edward had taken to himself a helpmate of princely alliances. Count James of St. Pol, uncle to the duchess of Bedford, landed at Greenwich some days before the coronation, and brought with him, not the champion of Burgundy challenged by the queen's brother,[1] but a hundred knights with their servants. These Flemish chevaliers constituted an armed band of mercenaries, ready to aid in enforcing obedience, if any opposition had occurred at the recognition of Elizabeth as queen-consort. The king regularly paid them for their attendance, for he presented the count de St. Pol

[1] The combat at Smithfield between the queen's brother and the champion of Burgundy did not take place till two years afterwards, when Anthony Woodville gained great honour by a decided personal advantage over the Burgundian. The duke of Clarence, afterwards the mortal foe of Anthony, carried his basnet.

with three hundred nobles, and each of his chevaliers with fifty.[1]

Elizabeth's marriage with Edward IV. drew upon them the enmity of no less a person than the celebrated Isabel of Castile, queen of Spain. In the Harleian MSS. is a letter from the Spanish ambassador, Granfidius de Sasiola, who uses these remarkable words:[2] "The queen of Castile was turned in her heart from England in time past for the unkindness she took of the king of England, (Edward IV.,) whom God pardon, for his refusing her and taking to wife a widow woman of England, for which cause there was mortal war between him and the earl of Warwick even to his death."

The benefactions which Margaret of Anjou had bestowed upon Cambridge were continued by her successor; for early in 1465 Elizabeth appropriated a part of her income to the completion of the good work of her former mistress, and Queen's College owes its existence to these royal ladies—

> Anjou's heroine and the paler rose,
> The rival of her crown and of her woes.

The enmity between Elizabeth and Warwick had not at this time amounted to anything serious, since he stood godfather to her eldest daughter, born at Westminster Palace, 1466. The baptism of this princess for a while conciliated her two grandmothers, Cicely duchess of York, and Jaquetta duchess of Bedford, who were likewise her sponsors. The christening was performed with royal pomp, and the babe received her mother's name of Elizabeth,—a proof that Edward was more inclined

[1] Monstrelet.

[2] Dated August 8th, 1483. When this was written, the Spanish ambassador was at the court of Richard III. (See *Second Series of Sir Henry Ellis's Letters.*) By this letter it is evident Warwick was negotiating for the hand of Isabel of Castile, who it appears, from her history by Bernaldes Andrés, a Spanish MS. in the library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Middle Hill, was fourteen in 1464, not a little girl of six years, as Hall represents her. A Spanish maiden of that age would feel all the indignation her countryman describes.

to pay a compliment to his wife than to his haughty mother.

Some months after the queen had brought an heiress to the throne, she ventured on another affront to the all-powerful minister, general, and relative of her royal lord. Warwick had set his mind on marrying Anne, the heiress of the duke of Exeter, to his nephew, George Neville. Meantime the queen slily bought the consent of the rapacious duchess of Exeter[1] for four thousand marks, and married the young bride to her eldest son by Sir John Gray, at Greenwich Palace, October 1466. The queen's eagerness for wealthy alliances was punished by the loss of her purchase-money, for the heiress of Exeter died in her minority.

As prime minister, relative, and general of Edward IV., Warwick had, from 1460 to 1465, borne a sway in England almost amounting to despotism. This influence was gradually transferred to the queen's family.[2] Edward had likewise so far forgotten gratitude and propriety as to have offered some personal insult to a female relative of Warwick, generally supposed to be Isabel, his eldest daughter, who was, as the old chroniclers declare, the finest young lady in England. This conduct was the more aggravating, since Warwick had certainly delayed his master's marriage with various princesses, in hopes that, as soon as Isabel was old enough, Edward would have made her his queen, a speculation for ever disappointed by the exaltation of Elizabeth Gray. War-

[1] William of Worcester, p. 501. Anne of York, eldest child of Richard duke of York and Cicely Neville, was, according to the Friar's Genealogy, wedded in early youth to Henry Holland, duke of Exeter, the legitimate descendant of the line of Lancaster, by Elizabeth, sister of Henry IV. The duchess of Exeter was an atrocious character; she divorced and despoiled her first husband, and caused the death of her second. By Exeter she had this one daughter, who was the next heir of Lancaster after Edward, son of Henry VI.

[2] Lord Rivers was, at the time of the revolution of 1469, lord treasurer, (Paston Papers, vol. iv.;) he had been tampering with the coin and circulation, which occasioned the fury of the great body of the people.—See *Carte.*

wick's hostility afterwards knew no bounds, and England was soon in a state of insurrection. As popular fury was especially directed against the queen's family, the Woodvilles were advised to abscond for a time.

The first outbreak of the muttering storm was a rebellion in Yorkshire, under a freebooter called Robin of Redesdale, whom some declare to have been a noble outlawed for the cause of the red rose. The insurgent defeated Edward IV.'s forces at Edgecote, and pursuing the fugitives from the battle into the forest of Dean, found there concealed the queen's father, who was then high treasurer,[1] with his eldest son John; they were, in the names, if not by the order, of Clarence and Warwick, hurried to Northampton, and beheaded without judge or jury. For the queen's mother a still more fearful doom was intended. One of those terrific accusations of witchcraft was prepared against her, which were occasionally aimed at ladies of royal rank, whose conduct afforded no mark for other calumny. This was the third accusation of the kind that had taken place in the royal family since the year 1419.

The queen was preparing to accompany her husband in a progress into Norfolk, when this astounding intelligence reached her. The murder of her father and brother appears to have taken place in the middle of harvest, 1469. The blow must have fallen with great severity on Elizabeth, whose affections were knit so strongly to her own family.

When the king advanced to the north, in order to inquire into these outrages, he was made a prisoner by Warwick and his brother, and detained at Warwick Castle, where an experiment was tried to shake his affections to Elizabeth, by the insinuation that her whole in-

[1] The Sprott Fragment (which ought to be called the Howard Chronicle) declares the two Rivers were seized at Grafton. The Fragment asserts, that Warwick and Clarence likewise attempted the life of Anthony Woodville in the same manner some time after, but he escaped murder almost miraculously—a circumstance never yet considered in connexion with the subsequent death of Clarence.

fluence over him proceeded from her mother's skill in witchcraft. For this purpose, Thomas Wake, a partisan of the Neville faction, brought to Warwick castle part of the stock in trade of a sorceress, which he declared was captured at Grafton.[1] Edward was far from being proof against such follies, yet this accusation seems to have had no effect on his mind. After being carried to Middleham Castle, (Warwick's stronghold in the north,) where he was detained some time, he entered into negotiations for the marriage of his infant heiress, Elizabeth of York, with young George Neville. This scheme greatly pleased the uncle and godfather of the boy, the archbishop of York, who persuaded his brothers to let Edward stay with him at his seat called the More, in Hertfordshire. Warwick sent up Edward, very severely guarded, from Middleham castle.

From the More, Edward escaped speedily to Windsor,[2] and was soon once more in his metropolis, which was perfectly devoted to him, and where it appears his queen had remained in security during these alarming events. Again England was his own; for Warwick and Clarence, in alarm at his escape from the More, betook themselves to their fleet and fled. But the queen's gallant brother,

[1] This information is gathered from the memorial of the queen's mother, who, after all these distractions were composed, thought it prudent to defend herself in the following terms:—"Jaquetta duchess of Bedford to her sovereign lord the king thus humbly complaineth—That when she at all time hath, and yet doth, truly believe on God according to the faith of holy church, as a true Christian woman ought to do, yet Thomas Wake, esq., hath caused her to be brought into a common noise and disclaunder (slander) of witchcraft. At your last being at Warwick, sovereign lord, (he was then in the custody of the three Nevilles, Warwick, Montague, and the archbishop of York,) Wake brought to Warwick castle, and exhibited to divers lords there present, an image of lead, made like to a man-at-arms, containing the length of a man's finger, and broken in the middle, and made fast with a wire, saying it was made by your said oratress to use with sorcery and witchcraft, when she never saw it before, God knoweth." *Parl. Rolls*, vol. vi. p. 232.

[2] Fragment Chronicle. At this time England presented the strange spectacle of two kings both in captivity; Henry VI. was still prisoner to the York party, which seems, till a late period of this revolution, to have kept possession of the metropolis.

Anthony Woodville, who had the command of the Yorkist navy, intercepted and captured all the rebel ships,[1] excepting that in which Warwick and Clarence with their families escaped with difficulty to France.

Elizabeth was placed by the king in safety in the Tower[2] before he marched to give battle to the insurgents. Her situation gave hopes of an addition to the royal family; she was the mother of three girls, but had not borne heirs male to the house of York.

Edward soon found that a spirit of disaffection was busy in his army; he narrowly escaped being surrendered once more into the power of Warwick, who had returned to England; but being warned by his faithful serjeant of minstrels, Alexander Carlile,[3] he fled half-dressed from his revolting troops in the dead of night, and embarked at Lynn with a few faithful friends.

Elizabeth was thus left alone with her mother to bide the storm. She was resident at the Tower, where her party still held Henry VI. a prisoner. While danger was yet at a distance, the queen's resolutions were remarkably valiant; she victualled and prepared the metropolitan fortress for siege with great assiduity. But the very day that Warwick and Clarence entered London, in a truly feminine panic Elizabeth betook herself to her barge, and fled up the Thames to Westminster, not to her own palace, but to a strong, gloomy building called the Sanctuary, which occupied a space at the end of St. Margaret's churchyard.[4] Here she registered herself,

[1] Warkworth Chronicle, edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq., p. 9.

[2] Fragment Chronicle.

[3] The Sprott Fragment ceases in the midst of this information, which was doubtless one of the circumstances the author heard from Edward's own mouth.

[4] At a short distance from Westminster palace stood the Sanctuary, a massive structure, of strength sufficient to stand a siege. It had a church built over it, in the form of a cross. Such is the description given by Dr. Stukely, who had seen it standing. It was a place of such vast strength, built by Edward the Confessor, that the workmen employed in its demolition almost despaired of ever being able to level it. To the west of the Sanctuary stood the Almonry, where the alms of the Abbey

her mother, her three little girls, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, with the faithful lady Scrope, her attendant, as sanctuary women; and in this dismal place she awaited with a heavy heart the hour in which the fourth child of Edward IV. was to see the light.

On the 1st of November, 1470, the long-hoped-for heir of York was born, during this dark eclipse of the fortunes of his house. The queen was in want of every thing; but mother Cobb, a well-disposed midwife resident in the Sanctuary, charitably assisted the distressed queen in the hour of maternal peril, and acted as nurse to the little prince. Nor did Elizabeth, in this fearful crisis, want friends: for master Serigo, her physician, attended herself and her son; while a faithful butcher, John Gould, prevented the whole sanctuary party from being starved into surrender, by supplying them with "half a beef and two muttons every week."

The little prince was baptized, soon after his birth in the Abbey, with no more ceremony than if he had been a poor man's son. Thomas Milling, the abbot of Westminster, however, charitably stood godfather for the little prisoner, and the duchess of Bedford and lady Scrope were his godmothers. The sub-prior performed the ceremony, and they gave him the name of his exiled sire.

Early in March the queen was cheered by the news that Edward IV., her royal lord, had landed at Ravenspur, and soon after that his brother, Clarence, had forsaken Warwick. From that moment the revolution of his restoration was as rapid as that of his deposition.

When Edward drew near the capital, "he sent, on the 9th of April, 1470, very comfortable messages to his queen, and to his true lords, servants, and lovers, who avised and practised secretly how he might be received

were distributed; and on this spot was erected the first printing-press, where Caxton published the first printed book known in England, called "The Game of Chess," under the patronage of Elizabeth's brother, and Tiptoft earl of Worcester. Anthony Woodville likewise translated and printed, at the Caxton press, the works of Christine of Pisa.

and welcomed in his city of London."[1] The result was, that the metropolis opened its gates for Edward IV., and the Tower, with the unresisting prisoner, king Henry, was surrendered to him. Edward hurried to the Sanctuary, "and comforted the queen, that had a long time abided there, the security of her person resting solely on the great franchises of that holy place; sojourning in great trouble, sorrow, and heaviness, which she sustained with all manner of patience belonging to any creature, and as constantly as ever was seen by any person of such high estate to endure, in the which season natheless she had brought into this world, to the king's greatest joy, a fair son, a prince, wherewith she presented her husband at his coming, to his heart's singular comfort and gladness, and to all them that him truly loved."[2]

The very morning of this joyful meeting, Elizabeth, accompanied by her royal lord, left the Sanctuary. Never before had Westminster Sanctuary received a royal guest, and little was it ever deemed a prince of Wales would first see the light within walls that had hitherto only sheltered homicides, robbers, and bankrupts. The ruthless wars of the roses, indeed, made the royal and the noble acquainted with strange house-mates; but never did the power of sanctuary appear so great a blessing to human nature as when the innocent relatives of the contending parties fled to the altar for shelter. Like all benefits, sanctuary was abused, but, assuredly, it sheltered many a human life in these destructive and hideous contests.

The same day that Edward IV. took Elizabeth out of sanctuary, he carried her to the city, where he lodged her and her children in his mother's palace, Castle Baynard, a Bastille-built fortification, which had been held in his father's time, when the Tower of London was untenable. Here Edward and his queen heard divine service that

[1] Fleetwood's Chronicle (edited by J Bruce, esq.) has been, in this narrative, collated with the valuable Warkworth Chronicle, edited by J. O. Halliwell, esq., both published by the Camden Society.

[2] Fleetwood's Chronicle, edited by J. Bruce, esq., p. 17.

night, and kept Good Friday solemnly next day. On Easter Sunday, Edward gained the battle of Barnet, and the deaths of Warwick and Montague assured the ultimate success of the house of York. Elizabeth remained at the Tower while her husband gained the battle of Tewksbury, and the news of his success had scarcely reached her before the Tower was threatened with storm by Falconbridge, a relative of the earl of Warwick, and "therein," says Fleetwood, "was the queen, my lord prince, and the ladies the king's daughters, all likely to stand in the greatest jeopardy that ever was," from the formidable attack of this last partisan of Lancaster. But the queen's valiant brother, Anthony Woodville, was there, and the queen, relying on his gallant aid, stood the danger this time without running away; but assuredly nature had never intended Elizabeth for an Amazon.

After Edward had crushed rebellion almost by exterminating his opponents, he turned his attention to rewarding the friends to whom he owed his restoration. He sagaciously considered that the interesting situation in which his wife had placed herself during his exile, had greatly contributed to his ultimate success. Indeed, the feminine helplessness of Elizabeth Woodville, and the passive resignation with which she endured the evils and inconveniences of the Sanctuary-house in the hour of maternal weakness and agony, had created for her a tender regard throughout the realm, that actually did more benefit to the cause of York than the indomitable spirit of Margaret of Anjou effected for the opposite party. Wonder and affection were awakened for Elizabeth, and, during the winter of 1470-1, tidings of the queen's proceedings in Sanctuary were the favourite gossip of the matrons of London. Edward IV. bestowed princely rewards on those humble friends[1] who had aided "his Elizabeth," as he calls her, in that fearful crisis.

[1] He pensioned Margaret Cobb, with £12 per annum; Dr. Serigo with £40, and likewise rewarded butcher Gould by leave to load a ship with hides and tallow.—*Rymer's MSS.*, vol. xiv.

# ELIZABETH WOODVILLE,

## QUEEN OF EDWARD IV.

## CHAPTER II.

Elizabeth's court at Windsor—Described by her guest—Her evening amusements—Banquet in her apartments—Her arrangements for her guest—Court at Westminster—Queen's visit to Oxford—Marriage of her second son—Death of Clarence—Queen's robes of the Garter—Death of Edward IV.—Elizabeth's widowhood—Her troubles—Opposed in council—Duke of Gloucester's letter to the queen—She sends for the young king—Receives news of her brother's and son's arrest—Takes sanctuary—Given the great seal—Surrenders her son, the young duke of York—Her son, Richard Gray, beheaded—Her marriage declared illegal—Usurpation of Richard III.—Murder of Edward V. and Richard of York—News of their death brought to the queen—Her despair and agony—Promises her eldest daughter to Henry of Richmond—Leaves sanctuary—Under control of John Nesfield—Forbids her daughter's marriage with Richmond—Relieved from her difficulties by the death of Richard III.—Her daughter brought to her—Restored to her rank as queen-dowager—Is godmother to prince Arthur—Receives French Ambassador—Retires to Bermondsey—Her will—Her poverty—Funeral—Place of burial discovered.

ELIZABETH's court is described in a lively manner by an eye-witness, who was her guest, both at Windsor and Westminster, in 1472. This person was Louis of Bruges, lord of Grauthuse, governor of Holland,[1] who had hos-

[1] He was deputy in the Low Countries for his master, Charles the Bold. Louis of Bruges seems to have united the characters of nobleman, merchant, and man of letters. Most of the precious MSS. of the Bibliothèque du Roi are of his collecting. He was likewise an author.

pitably received Edward, when he fled, in the preceding year, from England, and landed with a few friends at Sluys, "the most distressed company of creatures," as Comines affirms, "that ever was seen;" for Edward had pawned his military cloak, lined with martin fur, to pay the master of his ship, and was put on shore in his waistcoat. The lord of Grauthuse fed and clothed him, and finally lent him money and ships, without which he would never have been restored to his country and queen. After his restoration, Edward invited his benefactor to England, in order to testify his gratitude, and introduce him to his queen. A journal, written either by this nobleman or his secretary,[1] has been lately brought to light, containing the following curious passages:—"When the lord of Grauthuse came to Windsor, my lord Hastings received him, and led him to the far side of the quadrant, (the quadrangle of Windsor castle,) to three chambers, where the king was then with the queen. These apartments were very richly hung with cloth of gold arras; and when he had spoken with the king, who presented him to the queen's grace, they then ordered the lord chamberlain Hastings to conduct him to his chamber, where supper was ready for him."

After his refreshment, the king had him brought immediately to the queen's own withdrawing-room, where she and her ladies were playing at the marteaux;[2] and some of her ladies were playing at closheys of ivory,[3] and some at divers other games: the which sight was full pleasant. Also king Edward danced with my lady Elizabeth, his eldest daughter. "In the morning, when matins where done, the king heard in his own chapel, (that of St. George, at Windsor Castle,) Our Lady mass, which was most melodiously sung. When the mass was done, king Edward gave his guest a cup of gold, gar-

[1] Narrative of Louis of Bruges, lord Grauthuse, edited by Sir F. Madden. Archæologia. 1836.

[2] A game with balls, probably resembling marbles.

[3] Nine pins, made of ivory.

nished with pearl. In the midst of the cup was a great piece of unicorn's horn, to *my* estimation seven inches in compass; and on the cover of the cup a great sapphire. Then the king came into the quadrant. My lord prince, also, borne by his chamberlain, called master Vaughan,[1] bade the lord Grauthuse welcome." (The innocent little prince was then only eighteen months old.) "Then the king took his guest into the little park, where they had great sport, and there the king made him ride on his own horse, a right fair hobby,[2] the which the king gave him. The king's dinner was ordained ordered) in the lodge in Windsor Park. After dinner, the king shewed his guest his garden and vineyard of pleasure. Then the queen did ordain a great banquet in her own apartments, at which king Edward, her eldest daughter, the duchess of Exeter, the lady Rivers,[3] and the lord of Grauthuse, all sat with her at one mess; and, at another table, sat the duke of Buckingham, my lady, his wife,[4] my lord Hastings, chamberlain to the king, my lord Berners, chamberlain to the queen, the son of lord Grauthuse, and master George Barthe, secretary[5] to the duke of Burgundy. There was a side table, at which sat a great *view* of ladies, all on one side of the room. Also on one side of the outer chamber sat the queen's gentlewomen. And when they had supped, my lady Elizabeth, the king's eldest daughter, danced with the duke of Buckingham."

[1] This faithful chamberlain, who carried the prince, in his infancy, everywhere after his father's steps, is the same Sir Richard Vaughan who testified his fidelity to his beloved charge in the bloody towers of Pontefract, during the usurpation of Richard of Gloucester. He belonged to a very fierce and hardy clan of Welsh Marchmen.

[2] A cobb pony, trained to war or field sports. In Norfolk and Suffolk, ponies, especially shooting ponies, are constantly called hobbies to this hour.

[3] Heiress of lord Scales, wife of Anthony, second earl Rivers.

[4] Katherine, sister to Elizabeth Woodville, queen of England.

[5] Supposed to be the author of the Journal.

It appears to have been the etiquette of this court, that this young princess, then but six years old, should only dance with her father or uncles.

"Then about nine of the clock, the king and the queen, with her ladies and gentlewomen, brought the lord of Grauthuse to three chambers of plesaunce, all hanged with white silk and linen cloth, and all the floors covered with carpets. There was ordained a bed for himself, of as good down as could be gotten. The sheets of Rennes cloth;[1] also fine festoons; the counterpane cloth of gold, furred with ermines. The tester and *ceiler* also shining cloth of gold; the curtains of white sarcenet; as for his head-suit and pillows, they were of the queen's own ordering. In the second chamber was likewise another state-bed, all white. Also in the chamber was made a couch with feather beds, and hanged above like a tent, knit like a net, and there was a cupboard. In the third chamber was ordained a bayne (bath) or two, which were covered with tents of white cloth."

Could the present age offer a more luxurious or elegant arrangement in a suite of sleeping-rooms, than in those provided by Elizabeth for her husband's friend?

"And when the queen, with all her ladies, had shewed him these rooms, the queen, with the king and attendants, turned again to their own chambers, and left the said lord Grauthuse there with the lord chamberlain Hastings, which *despoiled* him, (helped him undress,) and they both went together to the bath. And when they had been in their baths as long as was their pleasure, they had green ginger, divers syrups, comfits, and ipocras, served by the order of the queen. And in the morning he took his cup[1] with the king

[1] The best linen woven at Rennes, in Brittany, superior, it seems, to that of Holland.

[2] Walton calls the breakfast refreshment *taking his cup*, it being generally of ale, before the introduction of tea and coffee.

and queen, and returned to Westminster again. And on St. Edward's day, 13th of October, king Edward kept his royal state at Westminster Palace. In the forenoon he came into the parliament in his robes, on his head a cap of maintenance, and sat in his most royal majesty, having before him his lords spiritual and temporal. Then the speaker of the Common parliament, named William Allington, declared before the king and his nobles the intent and desire of his Commons, especially in their commendation of the womanly behaviour and great constancy of his queen when he was beyond sea; also the great joy and surety of his land in the birth of the prince; and the great kindness and humanity of the lord Grauthuse, then present, shewn to the king when in Holland." Grauthuse was then, with all due ceremony, created Earl of Winchester,—Occleve, the poet, reading aloud his letters patent. Then the king went into the Whitehall, whither came the queen crowned; also the prince, in his robes of state, borne after the queen, in the arms of his chamberlain, master Vaughan. And thus the queen, the king, with the little prince carried after them, proceeded into the abbey church, and so up to the shrine of St. Edward, where they offered. Then the king turned down into the choir, where he sat in his throne. The new earl of Winchester bare his sword unto the time they went to dinner. As a finale to the entertainments, king Edward created a king-at-arms, baptizing him Guienne. Norroy was forced to proclaim the largess of the new earl of Winchester, since "Master Garter had an impediment in his tongue,"—a circumstance affording much mirth to the king. A void[1] of light refreshments was then served to the king, and the lord of Grauthuse made his *congé*."

[1] The meal now called tea, was, at this era, termed "a void," from being the dismissal of the company. It was served on a tray, since called a v. ider.

The queen's visit to Oxford soon after was long remembered there; she dined at Woodstock, and arrived after sunset with the king, her mother, and the duchess of Suffolk. They entered Oxford with a great crowd of people running before the royal charrettes, bearing torches. The queen's brother, Mr. Lionel Woodville, the new chancellor, received and harangued the royal party, who tarried till after dinner the next day. King Edward viewed the new buildings of Magdalen, and made an oration in praise of Oxford, declaring he had sent his nephews, the sons of the duchess of Suffolk, to be educated there, as a proof of his esteem.[1]

The queen presided over the espousals of her second son, Richard duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, the infant heiress of the duchy of Norfolk. St. Stephen's chapel, where the ceremony was performed, January 1477, was splendidly hung with arras of gold on this occasion. The king, the young prince of Wales, the three princesses, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, were present; the queen led the little bridegroom, who was not five, and her brother, earl Rivers, led the baby bride, scarcely three years old. They afterwards all partook of a rich banquet, laid out in the Painted Chamber. The innocent and ill-fated infants, then married, verified the old English proverb, which says,

"Early wed, early dead."[2]

Soon after this infant marriage, all England was startled by the strange circumstances attending the death of the duke of Clarence.

Edward IV., though deeply stained with crime, was

[1] The Memorials of Oxford date this royal visit 1481, at the completion of Magdalen; but the mention of the duchess of Bedford, the queen's mother, who died in 1472, proves that Elizabeth's visit to Oxford took place before that year.

[2] By the early death of the heiress of the line of Mowbray, the royal title of Norfolk reverted to John lord Howard, the next representative of the heiress of Thomas Plantagenet, earl marshal, and earl of Norfolk.

in the earlier periods of his life, susceptible of the tenderest feelings of natural affection and disinterested love; he had acted the part of a kind parent to his father's unprotected younger children.[1] Clarence was not more than twelve years old at the battle of Towton; it is therefore evident that he owed his high station wholly to the valiant arm of his elder brother. The best feelings of Edward were outraged by the unprovoked revolt of Clarence, nor did his return to allegiance, prompted as it was by the most sordid motives, raise him in his brother's esteem. Edward possessed, in an exaggerated degree, the revengeful spirit of the royal line of Plantagenet. "He shall repent it through every vein of his heart,"[2] was his usual expression if any one crossed his will; and he too often kept his word. But if the misdeeds of a brother he had once so fondly loved were not likely to be forgiven by Edward, they were still less likely to be forgotten by the queen, who had been cruelly injured by Clarence. Her beloved father and her brother had been put to death in his name; her next brother, the pride of his country, had narrowly escaped a similar fate, at a time when Clarence was a more active and responsible agent; and her mother had been accused of sorcery by his party. Towards the spring of 1477, he commenced a series of agitations, being exasperated because the queen opposed his endeavour to obtain the hand of Mary of Burgundy. Although so anxious for a wealthy marriage, his grief at the loss of his wife had almost unsettled his reason, and he had illegally put one of her attendants to death, whom he accused of poisoning her. He brought accu-

[1] The cherishing care he took of his young brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, and of his little sister Margaret, when concealed in Paston's chambers, before the battle of Northampton, is proved by Sir John Fenn's letters, "My lord March cometh daily to visit lord George and lord Richard in the Temple." These children were then of the ages of nine, seven, and five. Edward was a fine young man of eighteen.

[2] Fenn's Paston Papers.

sations of sorcery against the queen, in which he implicated king Edward.[1]

The queen was at Windsor with her royal lord when news was brought him that his brother Clarence, after sitting at the council board for many days doggedly silent, with folded arms, had rushed into the room and uttered most disrespectful words against the queen and his royal person, concerning the deaths of his friends Burdett and Stacy. The comments of the queen did not soothe Edward's mind, who hurried to Westminster, and the arrest, arraignment, and sentence of the unhappy Clarence soon followed. He was condemned to death, but the king demurred on his public execution. Clarence had, since the death of his beloved Isabel, desperately given himself over to intemperance, in order to drown the pain of thought. In his dismal prison a butt of malmsey was introduced, where he could have access to it. The duke was found dead, with his head hanging over the butt, the night after he had offered his mass-penny at the chapel within the Tower. Probably Clarence was the victim of his own frailty. He was beset with temptation; despair, loneliness, a vexed conscience, a habit of drinking, and a flowing butt of his favourite nectar at his elbow, left little trouble either to assassins or executioners.[2] The partisans of the queen and the

[1] Parliamentary Rolls, vol. vi.

[2] History has little more than the traditions of this mysterious fact to relate. The Bowyer Tower is one of the most retired of that circle of gloomy fortresses which surround the white Donjon, emphatically called the Tower of London; it is declared by Mr. Bayley (History of the Tower) to be the scene of Clarence's death. It consists of a strong prison-room, with a most suspicious-looking recess, and vaulted door walled-up; a store-room for bows and arrows, and a dungeon. As neither the offices of cook nor butler could have been performed there, the malmsey could not have been the remnant of some festivity. For the purpose of Clarence's destruction, in some way or other, this butt of liquor must have been introduced into his lodging; the very fumes of the butt, with the head knocked out, would have destroyed a delicate person. After his death the story went among the common people, that being permitted to choose how he would die, he requested to be drowned in a butt of malmsey. This tale evidently was invented from the position in which the corpse was found.

duke of Gloucester mutually recriminated his death on each other. Gloucester was certainly absent from the scene of action, residing in the north.

On the St. George's day succeeding this grotesque but horrible tragedy, the festival of the Garter was celebrated with more than usual pomp, and the queen took a decided part in it, and wore the robes as chief lady of the order.

The queen kept up a correspondence by letter with the duchess of Burgundy, with the ambitious hope of obtaining the hand of Mary of Burgundy for her brother, lord Rivers. When the duchess visited the court of England in August, 1480, the queen's youngest brother, Sir Edward Woodville, was sent with a fleet to escort her. The duchess sojourned at Cold Harbour, the city residence which lately belonged to her deceased brother Clarence. Among other gifts, she was presented, at her departure, with a magnificent side saddle.[1]

The queen's accomplished brother, lord Rivers, continued his patronage to the infant art of printing. In the archbishop of Canterbury's library there is an illuminated MS., representing earl Rivers introducing his printer Caxton and a book to king Edward and queen Elizabeth, who are seated in state, with their son, the prince of Wales, standing between them. The prince is very lovely, with flowing curls.[2]

The last years of king Edward's life were passed in repose and luxury, which had most fatal effects on his health. He had long given the queen's place in his affections to his lovely mistress, Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in the city, whom he had seduced from her duty.

The death of Edward IV. is said to have been hurried by the pain of mind he felt at the conduct of Louis XI.,

[1] See Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV., edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, p. xii., who has reasoned in a luminous historical manner on the fallacious inferences drawn by Walpole regarding the absence of Margaret from England since her eleventh year.

[2] This illumination furnishes the only portrait of Edward V.

who broke the engagement he had made to marry the dauphin to the princess Elizabeth of York. An intermittent fever was the immediate cause of the king's death. When expiring, he made his favourites, Stanley and Hastings, vow reconciliation with the queen and her family; and, propped with pillows, the dying monarch exhorted them to protect his young sons. He died with great professions of penitence.

If the king left any directions for the government of his kingdom during his son's minority, they were not acted upon, for no will of his is extant, but one made at the time of his invasion of France, 1475. Excepting the control of his daughter's marriages, this document gives no authority to the queen;[1] though it secures to her, with many affectionate expressions, all the furniture, jewels, and other moveables she had used at various palaces, and the possession of her dower, which was, unfortunately for her, appropriated to her from the confiscated possessions of Lancaster.

Edward expired at Westminster, April 9th, 1483. The day of his death, his body, with the face, arms, and breast uncovered, was laid out on a board for nine hours, and all the nobility, and the lord mayor and aldermen of London, sent for to recognise it, and testify that he was really dead. Afterwards, he was robed and clad royally, and the whole psalter was said over the body, and it was watched by bannerets and knights, in long black gowns and hoods.[2] At the mass of requiem, the queen's chamberlain, lord Dacre, offered for her; her son, the marquis of Dorset, and lord Hastings, bore distinguished parts at the funeral; but the earl of Lincoln, son of the duchess of Suffolk, Edward IV.'s sister, attended as chief mourner at his uncle's burial. The royal corpse was finally taken by water to Windsor, and interred with great pomp, in the beautiful chapel of St. George.

Skelton, the unworthy laureate of Henry VII. and

[1] Excerpta Historica, p. 366. [2] Sandford.

Henry VIII., has made Edward IV. the subject of a poem, which probably first brought him into notice at the court of Elizabeth of York, daughter to the deceased monarch.

> "I made the Tower strong, I wist not why,—
> Knew not for whom? I purchased Tattersal;[1]
> I strengthened Dover on the mountain high,
> And London I convoked to fortify her wall;
> I made Nottingham a place royal,
> Windsor, Eltham, and many other mo;
> Yet at the last I went from them all,
> *Et ecce nunc in pulvere dormio!*
> Where is now my conquest and royal array?
> Where be my coursers and my horses high?
> Where is my mirth, my solace, and my play?
> As vanity is nought—all is wandered away?"

Then, addressing his widowed queen by the familiar epithet which tradition says he was accustomed to call her, Edward is supposed to say—

> "Oh, Lady Bessee, long for me may ye call,
> For I am departed until the doomsday;
> But love ye that Lord who is sovereign of all."

Elizabeth was left, in reality, far more desolate and unprotected in her second than in her first widowhood. The young king was pursuing his studies at Ludlow castle, under the care of his accomplished uncle Rivers, and the guardianship of his faithful chamberlain Vaughan, the same person whom we have seen carry him in his arms after the queen and his royal father on all public occasions, when the little prince was a lovely babe of eighteen months old.

Elizabeth sat at the first council after the death of her husband, and proposed that the young king should be escorted to London with a powerful army. Fatally for himself and his royal master's children, jealousy of the Woodvilles prompted Hastings to contradict this prudent measure. He asked her insolently, "Against whom the

[1] A stately castle in Lincolnshire.

young sovereign was to be defended? Who were his foes? Not his valiant uncle Gloucester? Not Stanley or himself? Was not this proposed force rather destined to confirm the power of her kindred, and enable them to violate the oaths of amity they had so lately sworn by the death-bed of their royal master?" He finished by vowing that he would retire from court, if the young king was brought to London surrounded by soldiers.

Thus taunted, the hapless Elizabeth gave up, with tears, the precautionary measures her maternal instinct had dictated; the necessity for which not a soul in that infatuated council foreboded but herself, and even she was not aware of her real enemy. The turbulent and powerful aristocracy, at the head of whom was Hastings, and who had ever opposed her family, were the persons she evidently dreaded. The duke of Gloucester had been very little at court since the restoration, and never yet had entered into angry collision with the Woodvilles. He was now absent at his government of the Scottish borders. When he heard of the death of the king, he immediately caused Edward V. to be proclaimed at York; and wrote a letter of condolence[1] to the queen, so full of deference, kindness, and submission, that Elizabeth thought she should have a most complying friend in the first prince of the blood. The council commanded earl Rivers to bring up the young king unattended by the militia of the Welsh border,—those hardy soldiers, who had more than once turned the scale of conquest in favour of York; and if they had now been headed by the gallant Rivers, they would have ensured the safety of Edward V.

The astounding tidings that the duke of Gloucester, abetted by the duke of Buckingham, had intercepted the young king, with an armed force, on his progress to London, had seized his person, and arrested earl Rivers and lord Richard Gray, on the 29th of April,

[1] Carte. Hall.

were brought to the queen at midnight on the 3rd of May. Elizabeth then bitterly bewailed the time that she was persuaded from calling out the militia. In that moment of agony she, however, remembered, that while she could keep her second son in safety, the life of the young king was secure. "Therefore," says Hall,[1] "she took her young son, the duke of York, and her daughters, and went out of the palace of Westminster into the Sanctuary, and there lodged in the abbot's place, and she, and all her children and company, were registered as sanctuary persons." Dorset, the queen's eldest son, directly he heard of the arrest of his brother, weakly forsook his important trust as constable of the Tower, and came into sanctuary to his mother. "Before day broke, the lord chancellor, then the archbishop Rotherham,[2] who lived in York-place, beside Westminster Abbey, having received the news of the duke of Gloucester's proceedings, called up his servants, and took with him the great seal, and went to the queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, and business, with conveyance of her (household) stuff into sanctuary. Every man was busy to carry, bear, and convey household stuff, chests, and fardels, (packages;) no man was unoccupied, and some walked off with more than they were directed, to other places. The queen sat alone below, on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed." Another chronicler adds to this picturesque description, that her long fair hair, so renowned for its beauty, escaped from its confinement, and, streaming over her person, swept the ground: a strange contrast with the rigid etiquette of royal widows' costume, which commanded not only that such profusion of glittering tresses should be hid under hood and veil, but that even the queen's forehead should be covered with a white frontlet, and her chin, to the upper lip, with a piece of lawn called a barb. The faithful archbishop acquainted

[1] Quarto edit., p. 350.

[2] Archbishop of York.

the sorrowing queen with a cheering message sent him by lord Hastings in the night.

"Ah, woe worth him!" replied Elizabeth, "for it is he that goeth about to destroy me and my blood."

"Madame," said the archbishop, "be of good comfort; I assure you, if they crown any other king than your eldest son, whom they have with them, we will, on the morrow, crown his brother, whom you have with you here. And here is the great seal, which in like wise as your noble husband gave it to me, so I deliver it to you, for the use of your son."[1]

"And therewith he delivered to the queen the great seal, and departed from her in the dawning of day; and when he opened his window and looked forth on the Thames, he saw the river covered with boats full of the duke of Gloucester's servants, watching that no one might go to the queen's asylum." Sir Thomas More (and he ought to be good authority for anything relating to chancellors' seals) affirms, that the archbishop, alarmed at the step he had taken, went afterwards to Elizabeth, then in sanctuary, and persuaded her to return the great seal; but Gloucester never forgave him for its original surrender.

The apartments of the abbot of Westminster are nearly in the same state, at the present hour, as when they received Elizabeth and her train of young princesses.[2] The noble stone-hall, now used as a dining-room by the students of Westminster school, was, doubtless, the place where Elizabeth seated herself in her despair "*alow* on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed." Still may be seen the circular hearth in the midst of the hall, and the remains of a louvre in the roof, at which such portions of smoke as chose to leave

[1] Hall, p. 350.

[2] Hall's expression is, that the queen fled to the *abbot's place*, or palace, within Westminster Abbey; an assertion which proves that Elizabeth was not an inmate of the Sanctuary building. It must be remembered that the whole of the Abbey garden, cemetery, dwellings, and precincts, were sanctuary ground, as well as the building called the Sanctuary.

the room departed. But the merry month of May was entered when Elizabeth took refuge there, and round about the hearth were arranged branches and flowers, while the stone floor was strewn with green rushes. At the end of the hall is oak panelling latticed at top, with doors leading by winding stone stairs to the most curious nests of little rooms that the eye of antiquarian ever looked upon. These were, and still are, the private apartments of the dignitaries of the abbey, where all offices of buttery, kitchen, and laundry, are performed under many a quaint gothic arch, in some places, even at present, rich with antique corbel and foliage. This range, so interesting as a specimen of the domestic usages of the middle ages, terminates in the abbot's own sanctum or private sitting-room, which still looks down on his lovely quiet flower-garden. Nor must the passage be forgotten, leading from this room to the corridor, furnished with lattices, now remaining, where the abbot might, unseen, be witness of the conduct of his monks in the great hall below. Communicating with these are the state apartments of the royal abbey, larger in dimensions and more costly in ornament, richly dight with painted glass and fluted oak panelling. Among these may be noted especially the organ-room, and the antechamber to the great Jerusalem-chamber, which last was the abbot's state reception-room, and retains to this day, with its gothic window of painted glass, of exquisite workmanship, its curious tapestry, and fine original oil portrait of Richard II.[1]

Such are the principal features of the dwelling whose monastic seclusion was once broken by the mournful plaints of the widowed queen, or echoed to the still more unwonted sounds of infant voices; for, with the

[1] The fireplace, before which Henry IV. expired, had been enriched by Henry VII. with elaborate wood entablatures, bearing his armorial devices; an addition which is the most modern part of this exquisite remnant of domestic antiquity. The authors of this work are indebted for the examination of the secluded portions of Westminster Abbey to the courteous permission of the Rev. Henry Milman.

exception of the two beautiful and womanly maidens, Elizabeth and Cicely, the royal family were young children. The queen took with her into sanctuary, Elizabeth, seventeen years old at this time, afterwards married to Henry VII. The next princess, Mary, had died at Greenwich a twelvemonth before this calamitous period. Cicely, whom Hall calls less "fortunate than fair," was in her fifteenth year; she afterwards married lord Welles. These three princesses had been the companions of their mother in 1470, when she had formerly sought sanctuary. Richard duke of York, born at Shrewsbury in 1472, was at this time eleven years old. Anne, born in 1474, supposed after the date of her father's will, in which only the eldest daughters are named; she was about eight years old. Katharine, born at Eltham about August 1479; then between three and four years old; she afterwards married the heir of Devonshire. Bridget, born at Eltham, 1480, Nov. 20th, then only in her third year; she was devoted to the convent from her birth, and was afterwards professed a nun at Dartford.

The queen had in council appointed May 4th for her son's coronation; his false uncle, however, did not bring him to London till that day. Edward V. then entered the city, surrounded by officers of the duke of Gloucester's retinue, who were all in deep mourning for the death of the late monarch. At the head of this posse rode Gloucester himself, habited in black, with his cap in his hand, ofttimes bowing low, and pointing out his nephew (who wore the royal mantle of purple velvet) to the homage of the citizens. Edward V. was at first lodged at the bishop of Ely's palace;[1] but as the good bishop, in common with all the high clergy, was faithful to the heirs of Edward IV., the young king was soon transferred to the regal apartments in the Tower, under

[1] Its site was the spot now called Ely Place, close to Hatton Garden. It was from these once famous gardens that Richard asked for the strawberries on the eventful morning of the 13th of June.

pretence of awaiting his coronation. Gloucester's next object was to get possession of prince Richard, then safe with the queen. After a long and stormy debate between the ecclesiastical peers and the temporal peers, at a council held in the Star-chamber, close to Elizabeth's retreat, it was decided that there might be sanctuary men and women, but as children could commit no crime for which an asylum was needed, the privileges of sanctuary could not extend to them; therefore the duke of Gloucester, who was now recognised as lord protector, could possess himself of his nephew by force, if he pleased. The archbishop of Canterbury was unwilling that force should be used, and he went with a deputation of the temporal peers to persuade Elizabeth to surrender her son. When they arrived at the Jerusalem-chamber, the archbishop urged that the young king required the company of his brother, being melancholy without a playfellow. To this Elizabeth replied,—

"Troweth the protector (ah, pray God he may prove a protector!) that the king doth lack a playfellow?[1] Can none be found to play with the king, but only his brother, which hath no wish to play because of sickness? as though princes, so young as they be, could not play without their peers—or children could not play without their kindred, with whom (for the most part) they agree worse than with strangers!"

At last she said, "My lord, and all my lords now present, I will not be so suspicious as to mistrust your truths." Then, taking young Richard by the hand, she continued, "Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me, if I were permitted; and well do I know there be some such deadly enemies to my blood, that if they wist where any lay in their own bodies, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred; brothers have been brothers' bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children are safe while they be

[1] Hall, p. 355.

asunder. Notwithstanding, I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful ye be I wot well, and power ye have, if ye list, to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little!" And therewithal continued she to the child, "Farwell, mine own sweet son! God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again!"

And therewith she kissed and blessed him, and turned her back and wept, leaving the poor innocent child weeping as fast as herself.[1]

When the archbishop and the deputation of lords had received the young duke, they brought him into the Star-chamber, where the lord protector took him in his arms with these words, "Now, welcome, my lord, with all my very heart!" He then brought him to the bishop's palace at St. Paul's, and from thence honourably through the city to the young king at the Tower, out of which they were never seen abroad.

Meantime, preparations went on, night and day, in the abbey and the vicinity, for the coronation of Edward V. Even the viands for the banquet were bought, which Hall declares were afterwards spoilt and thrown away.[2] On the 13th of June, Richard of Gloucester called a council at the Tower, ostensibly to fix the precise time of the coronation, but in reality to ascertain which of the lords were in earnest to have young Edward for their king. The first attack on Elizabeth took place at this

[1] Sir Thomas More, and Hall, p. 358. These historians, with great appearance of truth, place Elizabeth's surrender of the duke of York some days before the executions of her son Richard Gray and her brother, at Pontefract.

[2] Harl. MSS. 433, 1651, is a note of £14. 11*s.* 5*d.* paid to John Belle, being a composition for his charges of £32 for the supply of wild-fowl bought for the intended coronation of "Edward, the bastard son of King Edward IV." He was thus designated in the charge the court tailor made for his dress prepared for this ceremony. The partisans of Richard III. have made some odd mistakes, as if he wore the dress at his uncle's coronation; but he no more wore the dress than he ate this wild-fowl.

council table, when Gloucester, after finding Hastings incorruptible in his fealty to the heirs of Edward IV., broke out into a strain of invective against him as leagued with that "witch dame Gray, called his brother's wife, who, in conjunction with Jane Shore, had by their sorceries withered his arm." He shewed his arm, which all present well knew had been long in that state. Hastings being about to deny any alliance with the queen and the powers of darkness, was rudely interrupted, dragged forth to the Tower-yard and beheaded, without trial, before Gloucester's dinner was served. The same morning, the news had been told to Hastings, and he had inhumanly exulted in the same, that lord Richard Gray, the queen's son, and earl Rivers, her brother, whom he especially hated, had been put to death at Pontefract.

From that moment Elizabeth found her worst anticipations more than realized. The next blow was the attempt made at St. Paul's Cross, by Dr. Shaw, to prove her marriage invalid, and her children illegitimate. This man, however, overshot his mark, by attacking Cicely of York,[1] Richard's mother; he repeated the scandals her son Clarence had cast upon her name, and reaped no fruits but disgrace for his blundering malice.

Soon after, the faction of the duke of Gloucester presented a petition to prevent the crown from falling to the issue of "the pretended marriage between king Edward and Elizabeth Gray, made without the assent of the lords of the land, and by the sorcery of the said Elizabeth and her mother Jaquetta, (as the public voice is through the land,) privily and secretly, in a chamber, without proclamation by banns, according to the laudable custom of

[1] All Richard's private councils were held at the dower residence of his mother at Baynard's Castle, where she was then abiding. He wrote to her accounts of most of his proceedings, (see *Walpole's Historic Doubts*,) and from the tenour of his letters there is little doubt she favoured his usurpation. Shaw's attack was that of an officious partisan, eager to be busy before he had sufficient information of what was required from him. He was brother to Richard's friend, the lord mayor.—See *Archæologia*, on the subject of Cicely of York.

the Church of England; the said king Edward being married and troth-plight a long time before to one Eleanor Butler, daughter to the old earl of Shrewsbury."[1] A forced recognition of Richard as king, in the hall of Crosby-house, his town residence, followed the presentation of this petition, and from that day, June 26th, the son of Elizabeth was considered deposed. The coronation of Richard III. took place ten days after.

Among the gloomy range of fortresses belonging to the Tower, tradition has pointed out the Portcullis Tower as the scene of the murder of the young princes. The royal children were probably removed to this building when their uncle came to take possession of the regal apartments in the Tower, on the 4th of July.[2] "Forthwith the two young princes were both shut up, and all their people removed, but only one, called Black Will, or Will Slaughter, who was set to serve them, and four keepers to guard them. The young king was heard to say, sighingly, 'I would mine uncle would let me have my life, though he taketh my crown.' After which time the prince never tied his points, nor anything attended to himself, but with that young babe, his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness till the traitorous deed delivered them from wetchedness."

During Richard's progress to the north he roused Sir

[1] Neither this petition, nor the copy of it in the act of parliament, casts a slur on the character of dame Eleanor; it was probably a marriage in early youth. *Eleanor* has been an enigma to the genealogy of Talbot; but Milles, in his Catalogue of Honour, clearly identifies her (p. 743). She was daughter to the brave son of the great earl of Shrewsbury, young John Talbot, as he is called by Shakspeare, and of his first wife Joan Chedder, who left him only daughters. Her elder sister married John Mowbray, third duke of Norfolk. Eleanor married Thomas Butler, lord of Sudley, and seems to have lived and died a stainless character; she was a great benefactress to St. Bennet's College, Cambridge. Her niece, Anne Talbot, likewise married a lord Sudley, which has occasioned some mistakes.

[2] Hall, after Sir T. More, p. 375, whose words, somewhat modernized and abbreviated, have been followed. Later discoveries have shewn that Tyrrel was vice-constable of England, under Edward IV. and used to put illegal executions into effect.

James Tyrrel from his pallet bed in his guard-chamber one night at Warwick, and sent him to destroy the royal children. Sir Robert Brakenbury refused to co-operate, but gave up the keys of the Tower for one night to the usurper's emissary.

"Then Sir James Tyrrel devised that the princes should be murdered in bed, to the execution whereof he appropriated Miles Forest, one of their keepers, a fellow flesh-bred in murder; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square knave. All their other attendants being removed from them, and the harmless children in bed, these men came into their chamber, and suddenly lapping them in the clothes, smothered and stifled them till thoroughly dead; then laying out their bodies in the bed, they fetched Sir James to see them, who caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. Then rode Sir James in great haste to king Richard, and shewed him the manner of the murder, who gave him great thanks, but allowed not their burial in so vile a corner, but would have them buried in consecrated ground. Sir Robert Brakenbury's priest then took them up, and where he buried them was never known,[1] for he died directly afterwards.

[1] Sir Thomas More has, in these accounts, followed the deposition of the criminals who perpetrated the dark deed. Tyrrel was condemned so late as 1499, for some minor Yorkist plot, and gave this information before his execution. His evidence, and that of his satellites, was fully corroborated by the bones discovered under the stairs of the Record Office in 1664, which office was no other *than the chapel within the Tower;* a spot which embraced the two requisite objects of concealment and consecration. The murderous usurper, whose first pang of conscience originated in the unchristian manner of his victim's burial, ordered them to be exhumed from under the stairs where they were first put, and *laid in a hallowed* place. The priest of the Tower found no spot equally sacred and secret as the entrance to his own chapel, in which service was then performed every day. The desecration of the chapel and the change of its name to that of the Record Office, have prevented historians from identifying it as a consecrated spot, perfectly agreeing with Richard's directions. Henry VII., who could only gain intelligence of the *first* burial, vainly searched for the bodies, as the priest of the Tower, who could have

"But when," continues Sir Thomas More, "the news was first brought to the unfortunate mother, yet being in sanctuary, that her two sons were murdered, it struck to her heart like the sharp dart of death; she was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tare and pulled in pieces, and calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary for his uncle to put him to death. After long lamentation, she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance, "who," she said, "she nothing doubted would remember it;" and when in a few months Richard unexpectedly lost his only son, the child for whose advancement he had steeped his soul in crime, Englishmen declared that the imprecations of the agonized mother had been heard.[1]

The wretched queen's health sank under the load of intense anguish inflicted by these murders, which had been preceded by the illegal execution of her son, lord Richard Gray, and of her noble-minded brother, at Pontefract. She was visited in sanctuary by a priest-physician, Dr. Lewis,[2] who likewise attended Margaret Beaufort, mother to Henry Tudor, earl of Richmond, then an exile in Brittany.[3] The plan of uniting the princess Elizabeth with this last scion of the house of Lancaster was first suggested to the desolate queen by

directed him, had died soon after he had transferred the bodies, and the secret died with him; till the alteration of the chapel into a depôt for papers revealed it in the reign of Charles II.

[1] This dreadful scene is noted by Sir Thomas More as happening during Richard III.'s absence at York, where he was crowned in September, 1484.

[2] Hall, pp. 390, 391, 392. His priesthood is proved by the appellation, "Sir." It must have given him peculiar facilities for conferring with Elizabeth in the abbey of Westminster.

[3] Grandson to Katherine of Valois, queen of Henry V. See her Memoir.

Dr. Lewis. She eagerly embraced the proposition, and the good physician becoming, by means of daily visits, the medium of negotiation between the two mothers, the queen finally agreed to recognise Henry Tudor as king of England, if he were able to dispossess the usurper and obtain the hand of her daughter.

Buckingham having been disgusted by Richard, his partner in crime, rose in arms. The queen's son, Dorset, who had escaped out of sanctuary by the agency of his friend Lovel, one of the tyrant's ministers, raised an insurrection in Yorkshire with the queen's valiant brother, Sir Edward Woodville, but on Buckingham's defeat fled to Paris, where he continued the treaty for the marriage of his half-sister, the princess royal, and Henry Tudor.

After the utter failure of Buckingham's insurrection, Elizabeth was reduced to despair, and finally was forced to leave sanctuary, and surrender herself and daughters into the hands of the usurper, March, 1484. For this step she has been blamed severely by those who have not taken a clear and close view of the difficulties of her situation. She had probably, in the course of ten months, exhausted her own means, and tired the hospitality of the monks of Westminster. Moreover, though the king could not lawfully infringe the liberties of sanctuary, he could cut off supplies of food, and starve out the inmates,[1] and he kept a guard of soldiers round the abbey, commanded by John Nesfield, who watched all comers and goers. Elizabeth, however, would not leave her retreat without exacting a solemn oath, guaranteeing the safety of her children, from Richard; which the usurper took in presence of the lord mayor and aldermen, as well as the lords of the council. The terms of Elizabeth's surrender are peculiarly bitter; for it is evident that she and her daughters not only descended into the rank of mere private gentlewomen, but the queen herself was held in personal restraint, since the annuity of seven

[1] Hubert de Burgh was nearly starved to death by Henry III. There have been instances of actual starvation.

hundred marks allotted by act of parliament for her subsistence was to be paid, not to her, but to John Nesfield, squire of the body to king Richard, for the finding, exhibition, and attendance of Dame Elizabeth Gray, (late *calling herself* queen of England.)" Thus Elizabeth had not a servant she could call her own, for this myrmidon of king Richard was to find her not only with food and clothes, but attendance.

After leaving sanctuary, some obscure apartments in the palace of Westminster are supposed to have been the place of her abode. From thence she wrote to her son Dorset at Paris to put an end immediately to the treaty of marriage between the earl of Richmond and the princess Elizabeth, and to return to her. The parties who had projected this measure were at the same time struck with consternation, and greatly incensed at the queen's conduct; but these steps were the evident result of the personal restraint she was then enduring.

If Richard III. chose to court her daughter as his wife, queen Elizabeth ought to be acquitted of blame; for it is evident that if she had been as yielding in the matter as is commonly supposed, she would not have been under the control of John Nesfield.

The successful termination of the expedition undertaken by the earl of Richmond to obtain his promised bride and the crown of England, at once avenged the widowed queen and her family on the usurper, and restored her to liberty. Instead of being under the despotic control of the royal hunchback's man-at-arms, the queen made joyful preparation to receive her eldest daughter, who was brought to her at Westminster from Sheriff Hutton with honour, attended by a great company of noble ladies.[1]

Queen Elizabeth had the care of her daughter till the January following the battle of Bosworth, when she saw her united in marriage to Henry of Richmond, the acknowledged king of England.

[1] Lord Bacon's Life of Henry VII. p. 2.

One of Henry VII.'s first acts was to invest the mother of his queen with the privileges and state befitting her rank as the widow of an English sovereign. She had never been recognised as queen-dowager excepting in the few wrangling privy councils that intervened between the death of her husband and her retreat into the abbey of Westminster; and, even during these her advice had been disregarded and her orders defied; therefore to Henry VII., her son-in-law, she owed the first regular recognition of her rights as widow of an English sovereign. Unfortunately Elizabeth had not been dowered on the lands usually appropriated to the queens of England, but on those of the duchy of Lancaster, which Henry VII. claimed as heir of John of Gaunt. However, a month after the marriage of her daughter to Henry VII., the queen-dowager received possession of some of the dower-palaces, among which Waltham, Farnham, Masshebury, and Baddow, may be noted.[1] Henry likewise adds a pension of £102 per annum from his revenues. The scandalous entries on the Parliamentary Rolls, whereby she was deprived of her dower in the preceding reign, were ordered by the judges to be burnt, their first lines only being read, "because from their falseness and shamefulness they were only deserving of utter oblivion."

Although so much has been said in history regarding Henry VII.'s persecution of his mother-in-law, this, the only public act passed regarding her which appears on the Rolls, is marked with delicacy and respect. If she were deprived of her rights and property once more, no evidence exists of the fact excepting mere assertion. Nor are assertions even of contemporaries to be credited without confirmatory documents, at any era when a country was divided into factions furious as those which kept the reign of Henry VII. in a continual ferment. It is possible that Henry VII. personally disliked his

[1] Memoir of Elizabeth of York, by Sir Harris Nicolas.

mother-in-law; and in this he was by no means singular, for there never was a woman who contrived to make more personal enemies; but that he ever deprived her of either property or dignity, remains yet to be proved.

This queen had passed through a series of calamities sufficient to wean the most frivolous person from pleasure and pageantry; she had to mourn the untimely deaths of three murdered sons, and she had four daughters wholly destitute, and dependent on her for their support; it can therefore scarcely be matter of surprise that in the decline of life she seldom shared in the gaieties of her daughter's court. Nevertheless, she appeared there frequently enough to invalidate the oft-repeated assertions that she fell into disgrace with the king for encouraging the rebellions of the earl of Lincoln and Lambert Simnel. Was such conduct possible? The earl of Lincoln had been proclaimed heir to the throne by Richard III., and as such was the supplanter of all her children; and Lambert Simnel represented a youth[1] who was the son of Clarence, her enemy, and the grandson of the mighty Earl of Warwick, the sworn foe of all the house of Woodville. However, at the very time she is declared to be in disgrace for such unnatural partiality, she was chosen by the king, in preference to his own beloved mother, as sponsor to his dearly-prized heir prince Arthur. "On September 20th, 1486, Elizabeth of York gave birth to an heir, and on Sunday following, her mother, the queen-dowager, stood godmother to him in Winchester Cathedral." After describing the procession, in which the princess Cicely carried the infant, the historian adds, "Queen Elizabeth was in the cathedral, abiding the coming of the prince; she gave a rich cup of gold, covered, which was borne by Sir Davy Owen. The earl of Derby gave a gold salt, and the

[1] The existence of the young earl of Warwick was a profound court secret till the imposture of Lambert Simnel obliged Henry VII. to shew the real person to the public.

lord Maltravers gave a coffer of gold; these standing with the queen as sponsors."[1]

Soon afterwards, Henry VII. sought to strengthen his interest in Scotland by negotiating a marriage between James III. and his mother-in-law, a husband certainly young enough to be her son, yet his violent death alone prevented her from wearing the crown matrimonial of Scotland, when she would have been placed in a situation to injure her son-in-law, if such had been her wish.

The last time the queen-dowager appeared in public was in a situation of the highest dignity; her daughter, the queen-consort, had taken to her chamber previously to her accouchement, in the close of the year 1489, when she received the French ambassador[2] in great state, assisted by Margaret, the king's mother.

The next year Henry VII. presented his mother-in-law with an annuity of 400*l.*[3] No surrender of lands of equal value has yet been discovered; yet, strange to say, historians declare she was stripped of everything, because about this time she retired into the convent of Bermondsey. Here she had every right to be, not as a prisoner, but as a cherished and highly-honoured inmate; for the prior and monks of Bermondsey were solemnly bound by the deeds of their charter to find hospitality for the representatives of their great founder, Clare, earl of Gloucester, in the state-rooms of the convent.[4] Now Edward IV. was heir to the Clares, and Elizabeth, queen-dowager, had every right, as his widow, to appropriate the apartments expressly reserved for the use of the founder.[5] She had a right of property there; and as

[1] Leland. Collectanea, vol. iv. p. 249. [2] Ibid.

[3] Memoir of Elizabeth of York, by Sir Harris Nicolas.

[4] Quoted in Londona Illustrata by Malcolm, from Annales Abbatæ de Bermondsey, formerly belonging to the Howard family, now in the British Museum.

[5] The noble panelled halls and state-chambers in this convent were, in 1804, standing nearly in the same state as when Elizabeth occupied them.

it was the custom in the middle ages for royal persons to seek monastic seclusion, when health declined, not only for devotional purposes, but for medical advice, where could Elizabeth better retire than to a convent bound by its charter to receive her? Eighteen months after, she was seized with a fatal illness at Bermondsey, and on her death-bed dictated the following will:—

"In the name of God, &c., 10th April, 1492, I, Elizabeth, by the grace of God queen of England, late wife to the most victorious prince of blessed memory, Edward IV.

"*Item.* I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, without pompous interring or costly expenses done thereabout. *Item.* Whereas I have no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind, I beseech God Almighty to bless her grace with all her noble issue, and, with as good a heart and mind as may be, I give her grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. *Item.* I will that such small stuff and goods that I have, be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts, and for the health of my soul, as far as they will extend. *Item.* That if any of my blood will wish to have any of my said stuff to me pertaining, I will they have the preferment before all others. And of this my present testament I make and ordain my executors—that is to say, John Ingilby, prior of the Charter-house of Shene, William Sutton and Thomas Brent, doctors. And I beseech my said dearest daughter, the queen's grace, and my son, Thomas, marquis of Dorset, to put their good wills and help for the performance of this my testament. In witness whereof to this my testament, these witnesses—John, abbot of Bermondsey, and Benedict Cun, doctor of physic. Given the year and day aforesaid."

The daughters of Elizabeth attended her death-bed, and paid her affectionate attention; the queen alone was prevented, having taken to her chamber preparatory to the birth of the princess Margaret. Elizabeth died the Friday before Whitsuntide, and as she expressed an earnest wish for speedy and private burial, her funeral took place on Whitsunday, 1492. Her will shews that she died destitute of personal property; but that is no proof of previous persecution, since several of our queens who were possessed of the undivided dower appanage, and whose children were provided for, died not much

richer.[1] Indeed, it was not easy in that era, for persons who had only a life income to invest their savings securely; therefore they seldom made any. Elizabeth had four daughters wholly dependent on her for support, since the calamities of the times had left them dowerless; and after the death of their mother, the queen, their sister, was much impoverished by their maintenance. The great possessions of the house of York were chiefly in the grasp of the old avaricious duchess Cicely of York, who survived her hated daughter-in-law several years. Edward IV. had endowed his proud mother as if she were a queen-dowager; while his wife was dowered on property to which he possessed no real title.

Some discontented Yorkist, who witnessed the parsimonious funeral of Elizabeth, has described it, and preserved the interesting fact, that the only lady who accompanied the corpse of the queen, on its passage from the river to Windsor Castle, was one Mistress Grace, a natural daughter of Edward IV.[2]

"On Whitsunday, the queen-dowager's corpse was conveyed by water to Windsor, and there privily through the little park conducted unto the castle, without any ringing of bells or receiving of the dean, but only accompanied by the prior of the Charter-house and Dr. Brent, Mr. Haute,[3] and Mistress Grace, a bastard-daughter of king Edward IV., and no other gentlewoman; and, as it was told to me, the priest of the college received her in the castle (Windsor), and so privily, about eleven of the clock, she was buried, without any solemn dirge done for her obit. On the morn thither came Audley, bishop of Rochester, to do the office, but that day nothing was done solemnly for her

[1] See volume ii., lives of Eleanora of Castile and Marguerite of France, whose creditors were not paid till long after their deaths. Queen Philippa died in debt.

[2] Arundel MSS. 30.

[3] This name is not very legible.

saving; also a hearse, such as they use for the common people, with wooden candlesticks about it, and a black (pall) of cloth of gold on it, four candlesticks of silver gilt, every one having a taper of no great weight.

"On the Tuesday hither came by water king Edward's three daughters, the lady Anne, the lady Katherine, and the lady Bridget, (the nun-princess,) from Dartford, accompanied by the marchioness of Dorset, the daughter of the duke of Buckingham, the queen's niece,[1] the daughter of the marquis of Dorset; lady Herbert, also niece to the queen; dame Katherine Gray, dame Guilford (governess to the children of Elizabeth of York); their gentlewomen walked behind the three daughters of the dead. Also that Tuesday came the marquis of Dorset, son to the queen; the earl of Essex, her brother-in-law; and the viscount Welles, her son-in-law. And that night began the dirge. But neither at the dirge were the twelve poor men clad in black, but a dozen divers old men,"—that is, old men dressed in the many-coloured garments of poverty,—"and they held old torches and torches' ends. And the next morning one of the canons, called Master Vaughan, sang Our Lady mass, at the which the lord Dorset offered a piece of gold; he kneeled at the hearse head. The ladies came not to the mass of requiem, and the lords sat about in the quire. My lady Anne came to offer the mass penny, and her officers-at-arms went before her; she offered the penny at the head of the queen, wherefore she had the carpet and the cushion. And the viscount Welles took his (wife's) offering, and dame Katherine Gray bare the lady Anne's train; every one of the king's daughters offered. The marquis of Dorset offered a piece of gold, and all the lords at their pleasure; the poor knights of Windsor, dean, canons, yeomen, and

[1] Daughter of her sister Katherine, who married Buckingham.

officers-at-arms, all offered, and after mass the lord marquis paid the cost of the funeral."

At the east end of St. George's chapel, north aisle, is the tomb of Edward IV., being a monument of steel representing a pair of gates between two towers, of ancient gothic architecture.[1] On a flat stone at the foot of this monument are engraven, in old English characters, the words,

King Edward and his Queen, Elizabeth Widville.

In 1810, when the place of sepulchre for the family of George III. was in course of preparation at the east end of St. George's chapel, an excavation was formed in the solid bed of chalk of the full size of the edifice above, when two stone coffins, containing the bodies of queen Elizabeth Woodville and her son prince George,[2] were discovered fifteen feet below the surface: thus realizing the emphatic words of Southey—

"Thou, Elizabeth, art here:
Thou, to whom all griefs were known,
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on a throne."

[1] This beautiful work of art is said to be by the hand of Quentin Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith-painter; it has the appearance of black lace.

[2] The third son of Elizabeth, who died in infancy. The coffin of her second daughter, the princess Mary, a beautiful girl of fifteen, who died the year before her father, was soon after discovered. A curl of hair of the most exquisite pale gold had insinuated itself through the chinks of the coffin; it was cut off, and is in fine preservation.

# ANNE OF WARWICK,

## QUEEN OF RICHARD III.

Anne of Warwick, last Plantagenet queen—Place of her birth—Coronets of York and Lancaster—Her armorial bearings—Parentage—Childhood—Richard of Gloucester—His early acquaintance with Anne—Anne at Calais—Marriage of her sister—Returns to England—Embarks with her family—Naval battle—Distress before Calais—Lands in France—Marriage with Edward prince of Wales—Remains with queen Margaret—Tewksbury—Richard of Gloucester wishes to marry her—Her aversion—She is concealed by Clarence—Richard discovers her—Resides with her uncle—Disputes regarding her property—Compelled to marry Richard—Divorce meditated—Birth of her son—Residence at Middleham—Death of Edward IV.—Gloucester departs for London—Anne's arrival at the Tower—Coronation—Her progress to the north—Her son—Re-coronation of Richard and Anne at York—Bribe to the queen—Death of her son—Her fatal grief—Rumours of divorce—Conversation of her husband regarding her—Rumours of her death—Her alarm and complaints—Her kindness to Elizabeth of York—The queen's death and burial.

ANNE OF WARWICK, the last of our Plantagenet queens, and the first who had previously borne the title of princess of Wales,[1] was born at Warwick Castle in the year

[1] There have been but six princesses of Wales in England: the three first were left widows; and it is singular, that although two of them were afterwards queen-consorts, neither of them derived that dignity from the prince of Wales she had wedded. The first princess of Wales, Joanna, the widow of Edward the Black Prince, died of a broken heart. The miseries of Anne of Warwick, the widow of Edward of Lancaster, prince of Wales, this memoir will shew. The misfortunes of Katherine of Arragon, consort of Henry VIII., and widow to Arthur prince of Wales, will be related in the course of the next volume. Caroline of Anspach,

1454.[1] On each side of the faded, melancholy portrait of this unfortunate lady, in the pictorial history of her maternal ancestry, called the Rous Roll, two mysterious hands are introduced, offering to her the rival crowns of York and Lancaster; while the white bear, the cognizance assumed by her mighty sire, Warwick the king-maker, lies muzzled at her feet, in token that the royal lions of Plantagenet had quelled the pride of that hitherto tameless bear, on the blood-stained heath of Barnet.

The principal events which marked the career of her father have been traced in the memoirs of the two preceding queens. Richard Neville, surnamed the king-making earl of Warwick, was heir, in right of the countess his mother, to the vast inheritance of the Montagues, earls of Salisbury. He aggrandized himself in a higher degree by his union, in 1448, with Anne, the sister of Beauchamp earl of Warwick, who had become sole heiress of that mighty line by the early death of her niece the preceding year. Richard was soon after summoned to the House of Lords, in right of his wife, as earl of Warwick. He possessed an income of 22,000 marks per annum, but had no male heir, his family consisting but of two daughters; the eldest, lady Isabel,[2] was very handsome. Bucke calls lady Anne "the better woman of the two," but he gives no reason for the epithet.

When, on the convalescence of king Henry, Margaret of Anjou recovered her former influence in the government, Warwick, having good reason to dread her vengeance, withdrew with his countess and young daughters to his government of Calais, where much of the child-

consort of George II., after a lapse of two hundred years, was the only princess of Wales who succeeded happily to the throne-matrimonial of this country. Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, widow to Frederic prince of Wales, lost a beloved husband in the prime of life, and never was queen. The troublous career of the sixth princess of Wales, Caroline of Brunswick, is still in public memory.

[1] Rous Roll, Herald's College. This represents the great earl of Warwick with the Neville bull at his feet, though after his marriage he assumed the Beauchamp bear and ragged staff.

[2] Born at Warwick Castle, 1451. Rous Roll, Herald's College.

hood and early youth of the lady Anne were spent. Occasionally, indeed, when the star of York was in the ascendant, Warwick brought the ladies of his family either to his feudal castle, or his residence in Warwick-lane. The site of this mansion is still known by the name of Warwick-court. Here the earl exercised semi-barbarous hospitality in the year 1458,[1] when a pacification was attempted between the warring houses of York and Lancaster; six hundred of the retainers of Anne's father were quartered in Warwick-lane, "all dressed alike in red jackets, with the bear and ragged staff embroidered both before and behind. At Warwick-house, six oxen were daily devoured for breakfast, and all the taverns about St. Paul's and Newgate-street were full of Warwick's meat, for any one who could claim acquaintance with that earl's red-jacketed gentry might resort to his flesh-pots, and, sticking his dagger therein, carry off as much beef as could be taken on a long dagger."

At this period the closest connexion subsisted between the families of the duke of York and the earl of Warwick. Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Richard III., was two years older than the lady Anne; he was born Oct. 2nd, 1452, at his father's princely castle of Fotheringay. He was the youngest son of Richard duke of York and his duchess Sicily, the earl of Warwick's aunt. "At his nativity," says Rous, a contemporary chronicler, "the scorpion was in the ascendant; he came into the world with teeth, and with a head of hair reaching to his shoulders. He was small of stature, with a short face and unequal shoulders, the right being higher than the left."[2]

Passing over events already related, that led to the deposition of Henry VI., positive proof may be found that Anne of Warwick and Richard of Gloucester were companions when he was about fourteen and she twelve years

[1] Stow's London.

[2] The oft-quoted testimony of the old countess of Desmond ought not to invalidate this statement; for many ladies would think any prince handsome who had danced with them. Rous knew Richard well; he not only delineated him with the pen, but with pencil.—See the Rous Roll.

old. After Richard had been created duke of Gloucester at his brother's coronation, it is highly probable he was consigned to the guardianship of the earl of Warwick, at Middleham Castle; for, at the grand enthronization of George Neville, the uncle of Anne, as archbishop of York, Richard is found as a guest at York palace, seated in the place of honour in the chief banqueting-room, upon the dais, under a cloth of estate or canopy, with the countess of Westmoreland, his grandmother, on his left hand; his sister, the duchess of Suffolk, on his right; and the noble maidens his cousins, the lady Anne and the lady Isabel, seated opposite to him.[1] These ladies must have been placed there expressly to please the prince, by affording him companions of his own age, since the countess of Warwick, their mother, sat at the second table, in a place much lower in dignity. Richard being the son of lady Anne's great aunt, an intimacy naturally subsisted between such near relatives. Majerres, a Flemish annalist, affirms that Richard had formed a very strong affection for his cousin Anne, but succeeding events proved that the lady did not bestow the same regard on him that her sister Isabel did on his brother Clarence, nor was it to be expected, considering his disagreeable person and temper. As lady Anne did not smile on her crook-backed cousin, there was no inducement for him to forsake the cause of his brother, king Edward.

It was in vain his brother Clarence said, in a conference with Warwick, "By sweet St. George I swear, that if my brother Gloucester would join me, I would make Edward know we were all one man's sons, which should be nearer to him than strangers of his wife's blood."[2]

Anne was at this juncture with her mother and sister at Calais. "For," continues Hall,[3] "the earl of Warwick and the duke of Clarence sailed directly thither, where they were solemnly received and joyously entertained by the countess of Warwick and her two daughters; and

[1] Leland's Collectanea, vol. vi. p. 4. [2] Hall, p. 272.
[3] Hall, p. 271, 272.

after the duke had sworn on the sacrament ever to keep part and promise with the earl, he married Isabel in the Lady Church of Calais, in the presence of the countess and her daughter Anne."

The earl of Warwick, accompanied by his countess and lady Anne, returned with the newly-wedded pair to England, where he and his son-in-law soon raised a civil war that shook the throne of Edward IV. After the loss of the battle of Edgecote, the earl of Warwick escaped with his family to Dartmouth, where they were taken on board a fleet of which he was master.

On the voyage they encountered the young earl of Rivers, with the Yorkist fleet, who gave their ships battle, and took all excepting the vessel containing the Neville family. While this ship was flying from the victorious enemy, a dreadful tempest arose, and the ladies on board were afflicted at once with terror of wreck and the oppression of sea-sickness. To add to their troubles, the duchess of Clarence was taken in labour with her first child.[1] In the midst of this accumulation of disasters, the tempest-tossed bark made the offing of Calais; but in spite of the distress on board, Vauclere, whom Warwick had left as his lieutenant, held out the town against him, and would not permit the ladies to land; he, however, sent two flagons of wine on board for the duchess of Clarence, with a private message, assuring Warwick that the refusal arose from the townspeople, and advising him to make some other port in France.[2] The duchess of Clarence soon after gave birth, on board ship, to the babe who had chosen so inappropriate a time for his entrance into a troublesome world, and the whole family landed safely at Dieppe the beginning of May, 1470. When they were able to travel, the lady Anne, her mother and sister, attended by Clarence and Warwick, journeyed across France to Amboise, where they were graciously received by Louis XI., and that treaty was finally com-

[1] Hall, p. 279. [2] Comines.

pleted which made Anne the wife of Edward, the gallant heir of Lancaster.[1]

This portion of the life of Anne of Warwick is so inextricably interwoven with that of her mother-in-law, queen Margaret, that it were vain to repeat it a second time. Suffice it to observe that the bride was in her seventeenth, the bridegroom in his nineteenth year, and that Prevost affirms that the match was one of ardent love on both sides. The prince was well educated, refined in manners, and, moreover, his portrait in the Rous Roll bears out the tradition that he was eminently handsome. The ill-fated pair remained in each other's company from their marriage at Angers, in August, 1470, till the fatal field of Tewksbury, May 4th, 1471.[2]

Although the testimony of George Bucke must be received with the utmost caution,[3] yet he quotes a contemporary Flemish chronicler,[4] who affirms that "Anne was with her husband, Edward of Lancaster, when that unfortunate prince was hurried before Edward IV., after the battle of Tewksbury, and that it was observed, Richard duke of Gloucester was the only person present who did not draw his sword on the royal captive, out of respect to the presence of Anne, as the near relative of his mother, and a person whose affections he had always desired to possess."

English chroniclers, however, affirm that at this very moment Anne was with her unhappy mother-in-law, queen Margaret. After Margaret was taken away to the tower of London, Clarence privately abducted his sister-in-law, under the pretence of protecting her. As he was her sister's husband, he was exceedingly unwilling to di-

[1] Comines. [2] Hall, p. 280.

[3] Sir John Bucke was in the service of Richard III., and high in his favour; he was beheaded at Leicester after the battle of Bosworth, and his family nearly ruined. For this reason the utmost degree of personal prejudice guides the pen of Richard's historian, his descendant, when vindicating the usurper, and aspersing the reputation of every connexion of Henry VII.

[4] W. Kennet. Bucke, vol. i. p. 549.

vide the united inheritance of Warwick and Salisbury, which he knew must be done if his brother Gloucester carried into execution his avowed intention of marrying Anne. But very different was the conduct of the young widow of the prince of Wales from that described by Shakspeare. Instead of acting as chief mourner to the hearse of her husband's murdered father, she was sedulously concealing herself from her abhorred cousin; enduring every privation to avoid his notice, and concurring with all the schemes of her self-interested brother-in-law, Clarence, so completely, as to descend from the rank of princess of Wales, to the disguise of a servant, in a mean house in London, in the hopes of eluding the search of Gloucester; incidents too romantic to be believed without the testimony of a Latin chronicler of the highest authority,[1] who affirms it in the following words:—"Richard duke of Gloucester wished to discover Anne, the youngest daughter of the earl of Warwick, in order to marry her; this was much disapproved by his brother the duke of Clarence, who did not wish to divide his wife's inheritance. He, therefore, hid the young lady. But the cunning of the duke of Gloucester discovered her in the disguise of a cook-maid in the city of London, and he immediately transferred her to the sanctuary of St. Martin's le Grand." She needed this asylum, because she was under the attainder in which her hapless mother and queen Margaret were included.

The unfortunate widow of prince Edward was, after this, removed to the protection of her uncle George, the archbishop of York,[2] and was even permitted to visit and comfort her mother-in-law, queen Margaret, at the Tower;

[1] Continuator of Croyland Chronicle, p. 557. This person, from some of his expressions, appears to have at one time belonged to the privy council of Edward IV.

[2] Edward IV. had, since his restoration, pretended to shew some favour to the archbishop, had hunted with him at Windsor, and even invited himself to dine with him at the More; upon which the archbishop foolishly took from its hiding-place all the plate and jewels he had concealed before the battles of Tewksbury and Barnet, and borrowed much more

but as she still resisted marrying Richard, she was deprived of her uncle's protection, her last refuge against her hated cousin.

The unfortunate mother of Anne remained in the sanctuary she had first taken till the same year. A letter of Paston's, dated 1473, observes, that the "countess of Warwick is out of Beaulieu sanctuary, and that Sir James Tyrrel,[1] conveyeth her northwards; but the duke of Clarence liketh it not." And on April 2nd, 1473, he notifies that "the world seemeth queasy, for all the persons about the king's person have sent for their armour, on account of the quarrel regarding the inheritance of Anne."[2]

The dispute was debated in council, and the king made an award, assigning certain lands to the duke of Gloucester, and adjudging the rest of the estate to Clarence. This award was made at the expense of Anne countess of Warwick, the mother of the young ladies, and the true heiress of the vast estates of De Spencer and Beauchamp. The act of parliament specified "that the countess of Warwick was no more to be considered in the award of her inheritance than if she were dead."[3] In fact, Rous accuses Richard of incarcerating, during his life, the venerable countess Anna, the rightful mistress of the Warwick patrimony, when in her distress she fled to him, as her son-in-law, for protection, an ill deed which has not commonly been enumerated in the ample list of Richard's iniquities.

The marriage of the lady Anne and Richard duke of Gloucester took place at Westminster,[4] 1473, probably a few days before the date of Paston's letter. Prevost affirms

of his acquaintance. Edward, instead of visiting, arrested him, seized all these riches, and sent him prisoner to Hammes. Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 509.

[1] The same functionary who afterwards murdered the princes of York.

[2] Parliamentary Rolls, 1473.

[3] Carte, Reign of Edward IV., 1473.

[4] Sprott Fragment, as to place; but it gives date, 1474. Hutton gives 1473, as the date.

she was compelled by violence to marry Richard. Some illegalities were connected with this ceremony, assuredly arising from the reluctance of the bride, since the Parliamentary Rolls of the next year contain a curious act, empowering the duke of Gloucester to continue the full possession and enjoyment of Anne's property, even if she were to *divorce him*, provided he did his best to be reconciled and re-married to her—ominous clauses relating to a wedlock of a few months!—but which prove that Anne meditated availing herself of some informality in her abhorred marriage; but if she had done so, her husband would have remained in possession of her property. The informalities most likely arose from the want of the proper bulls to dispense with relationship; and as the free consent of both bride and bridegroom was an indispensable preliminary to such dispensation, the absence of these legal instruments negatively prove that the unfortunate Anne Neville never consented to her second marriage. The birth of her son Edward at Middleham Castle, 1474, probably reconciled the unhappy duchess of Gloucester to her miserable fate; but that her marriage was never legalised may be guessed by the rumours of a subsequent period, when the venomous hunchback, her cousin-husband, meditated in his turn divorcing *her*.

Richard and Anne lived chiefly at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, an abode convenient for the office borne by the duke as governor of the northern marches. As a very active war was proceeding with Scotland, in the course of which Richard won several battles and captured Edinburgh,[1] his reluctant wife was not troubled much with his company, but devoted herself to her boy, on whom all her affections were centred, and the very springs of her life wound up in his welfare. During her abode at Middleham she lost her sister, who died Dec. 12th, 1476.

The death of Edward IV. caused a great change in the life of Anne. The duke of Gloucester, who had very

[1] Holinshed.

recently returned from Scotland, left Anne and his boy at Middleham when he departed with a troop of horse to intercept his young nephew, Edward V., on his progress to London. Richard's household book[1] at Middleham, affords some notitia regarding the son of Anne of Warwick during his father's absence. Geoffry Frank is allowed 22*s.* 9*d.* for green cloth, and 1*s.* 8*d.* for making it into gowns for my lord prince and Mr. Neville; 5*s.* for choosing a king of West Witton in some frolic of rush-bearing, and 5*s.* for a feather for my lord prince, and Dirick, shoemaker, had 13*s.* 1*d.* for his shoes; and Jane Collins, his nurse, 100*s.* for her year's wages. Among the expenses which seem to have occurred on the progress of the young prince up to London, on the occasion of the coronation of his parents, are his offerings at Fountain's Abbey, and other religious houses. For mending his whip, 2*d.*, and 6*s.* 8*d.* to two of his men, Medcalf and Pacok, for running on foot by the side of his carriage.

After a succession of astounding crimes, Richard effected the usurpation of his nephew's throne, and Anne of Warwick was placed in the situation of consort to an English monarch. She arrived in London with her son in time to share her husband's coronation, but we should think her arrival was but just before that event, as her rich dress for the occasion was only bought two days preceding the ceremony. There is an order to "Piers Curteys,[2] to deliver for the use of the queen, four and a half yards of *purpille* cloth of gold, upon damask, July 3rd." Short time had the tirewomen of Anne of Warwick to display their skill in the fitting of her regal robes, since this garment was to be worn on the 5th of the same month. Sunday, July 4th, Richard, who had previously been proclaimed king, conducted his queen and her son in great state by water from Baynard's castle to the Tower, where his hapless little prisoners were made to vacate the royal apartments, and were consigned to a tower near the

[1] Harleian MS., 433. [2] Ibid. 433, 1598.

Water Gate, since called the Bloody Tower.[1] The same day Anne's only child, Edward, was created prince of Wales.[2] The grand procession of the king and queen and their young heir, through the city took place on the morrow, when they were attended from the Tower by four thousand northern partisans whom the king and queen called gentlemen of the north, but who were regarded by the citizens as an ungentle and suspicious-looking pack of vagabonds. The next day, July 5th, the coronation of Richard and his queen took place with an unusual display of pageantry, great part of which had been prepared for the coronation of the hapless Edward V.

"On the following day," says Grafton, "the king, with queen Anne his wife, came down out of the Whitehall into the great hall of Westminster, and went directly to the King's Bench, where they sat some time, and from thence the king and queen walked *barefoot* upon striped cloth unto king Edward's shrine, all their nobility going before them, every lord in his degree."

The duke of Norfolk bore the king's crown before him between both his hands, and the duke of Buckingham, with a white staff in his hand, bore the royal hunchback's train. "Queen Anne had both earls and barons preceding her. The earl of Huntingdon bore her sceptre; viscount Lisle the rod with the dove; and the earl of Wiltshire her crown." "Then came," continues a contemporary manuscript,[3] "our sovereign lady the queen, over her head a canopy, and at every corner a bell of gold; and on her head a circlet of gold, with many precious stones set therein; and on *every side* of the queen went a bishop; and my lady of Richmond[4] bare the queen's train. So they went from St. Edward's shrine to the seats

[1] Hutton's Bosworth. Hutton affirms, from Tyrrel and Dighton's confessions, that this tower was the scene of the deaths of Edward V. and his brother, in the July Richard III. was crowned.

[2] Hall and More.

[3] Harleian MSS., 2115. Communicated by John Bruce, Esq.

[4] Mother of Henry Tudor, afterwards Henry VII.

of state by the altar, and when the king and queen were seated, there came forth their highnesses' priests and clerks, singing, most delectably, Latin and pricksong,[1] full royally. This part of the ceremonial concluded, "the king and queen came down from their seats of estate, and the king had great observance and service." Our authority states, the king and queen "put off their robes, and stood all naked from their waists upwards,[2] till the bishop had anointed them. Their majesties afterwards assumed their robes of cloth of gold, and cardinal Morton crowned them both with much solemnity. The priests and clerks sang "Te Deum" with great royalty. The *homage* was paid at that part of the mass called the offertory, during which time the queen sat with the bishops and peeresses while Richard received the kiss of fealty from his peers. The bishops of Exeter and Norwich stood on each side the queen; the countess of Richmond was on her left hand, and the duchess of Norfolk knelt behind the queen with the other ladies. Then the king and queen came down to the high altar and kneeled, and anon the cardinal turned him about with the holy sacrament in his hand, and parted it between them both, and thus they received the good Lord."

Their crowns were offered, as usual, at St. Edward's shrine. The king proceeded out of the abbey church, and the queen followed, bearing the sceptre in her right hand, and the dove with the rod in her left, so going forth till they came to the high dais at Westminster-hall; and when they came there, they left their canopies standing, and retired to their chamber. Meantime, the duke

[1] Meaning they sang from musical notes set in alternate parts.

[2] This expression, which appears startling at first, merely implies the fact that Richard and Anne were then divested of their regal mantles and insignia, preparatory to being anointed, and remained in their under garments. The attire in use, during the administration of that rite, is particularly described in the "Order for the coronation of the kings of France," as close-fitting tunics of silk, having apertures on the breast, and between the shoulders, which at the time prescribed were drawn aside, in order that the consecrating prelate might trace the sign of the cross, with the tip of the thumb moistened in the chrism, as ordained in the pontifical.

of Norfolk[1] came riding into Westminster-hall, his horse trapped with cloth of gold down to the ground, and he voided it of all people but the king's servants. And the duke of Buckingham called to the marshal, saying how "the king would have his lords sit at four boards in the hall;" and at four o'clock the king and the queen came to the high dais. On the queen's right hand stood my lady Surrey, and on her left the lady Nottingham, holding a canopy of state over her head.

"The king sate at the middle of the table, the queen at the left hand of the table, and on each side of her stood a countess, holding a cloth of pleasance when she listed to drink. The champion of England after dinner rode into the hall, and made his challenge without being gainsayed. The lord mayor served the king and queen with ipocras, wafers, and sweet wine, and by that time it was dark night. Anon came into the hall great lights of wax torches and *torchettes*, and as soon as the lights came up the hall, the lords and ladies went up to the king and made their obeisance; and anon the king and queen rose up and went to their chambers, and every man and woman departed and went their ways where it liked them best."[2]

After the coronation, queen Anne went to Windsor Castle with the king and her son. Here Richard left her, while he undertook a devious progress, ending at Tewksbury. The queen and prince then commenced a splendid progress, in which they were attended by many prelates and peers, and the Spanish ambassador, who had come to propose an alliance between the eldest daughter of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the son of Richard III. The queen took up her abode at Warwick Castle, the place of her birth, and the grand feudal seat of her father, which belonged to the young earl of Warwick, the son of her sister Isabel and the duke of Clarence,

[1] Grafton asserts that there were three duchesses of Norfolk present; if so, the infant wife of Richard duke of York must have been one of them.

[2] Grafton, collated with the Harleian MSS., p. 2115.

and it is especially noted that the queen brought him with her.[1] Richard III. joined his queen at Warwick Castle, where they kept court with great magnificence for a week. It must have been at this visit that the portraits of queen Anne, of Richard III., and their son, were added to the Rous Roll. The popular opinion concerning Richard's deformity is verified by the portrait; for his figure, if not crooked, is decidedly hunchy; nor must this appearance be attributed to the artist's lack of skill in delineating the human form, for the neighbouring portrait by the same hand, representing Anne's father, the great earl of Warwick, is as finely proportioned as if meant for a model of St. George. Richard, on the contrary, has high thick shoulders, and no neck. Surely, if the king's ungainly figure had not been matter of great notoriety, an artist capable of making such a noble sketch as that of the earl would not have brought the king's ears and shoulders in quite such close contact.[2] Warwick was dead, Richard was alive, when this series of portraits closes; therefore, if any pictorial flattery exists, in all probability Richard had the advantage of it.

Among other contemporary describers of Richard not generally known is the following metrical portrait.[3] The author seems inclined to apologize for drawing him as he really was:—

[1] The whole paragraph is from Rous's Latin Chronicle. Rous himself was at Warwick Castle at this time; for he was a priest belonging to the Neville family, and lived at Guy's Cliff.

[2] Richard's ugliness, frowardness, and ill-temper, from his birth, are mentioned by Holinshed, (quarto edition, p. 362, vol. iii., 1806,) likewise his deformity. Holinshed's authority must have been a contemporary, since he mentions the princess Katherine, daughter to Edward IV., as still alive in the preceding page. Sir Thomas More likewise asserts the same; his father, Sir John More, who was an old judge, must have seen Richard, and had no great reason to be fond of Henry VII., since that king had sent him to prison because his son, Sir Thomas More, as speaker of the Commons, opposed some of his pecuniary extortions.

[3] A curious MSS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillips, of Middle Hill, supposed to be written by R. Glover, a herald; it is called "The Honour of Cheshire"

" The king's own brother, he, I mean,
Who was deformed by nature,
Crook-backed and ill conditioned,
Worse faced—an ugly creature;
Yet a great peer, for princes peers
Are not always beauteous."

From Warwick castle queen Anne and king Richard went to Coventry, where was, dated August 15, 1483, a memorandum of an account of 180*l.* owed to Richard Gowles, mercer, London, for goods delivered for the use of queen Anne, as specified in bills in the care of John Kendal, the king's secretary. The court arrived at York, August 31. The re-coronation of the king and queen, likewise the re-investiture of prince Edward of Glouces-ter as prince of Wales, took place soon after at this city; measures which must have originated in the fact, that the sons of Edward IV. having been put to death during the northern progress of the court, the usurper considered that the oaths of allegiance taken at the re-coronation would be more legal than when they were alive. The overflowing paternity of Richard, which perhaps urged him to commit some of his crimes, thus speaks in his patents for creating his son prince of Wales: "Whose singular wit and endowments of nature wherewith (his young age considered) he is remarkably furnished, do portend, by the favour of God, that he will make an honest man."[1] But small chance was there for such a miracle, if his life had been spared. It is curious that Richard III. should express hopes for his son's future honesty, at the very moment he was putting him in pos-session of his murdered cousins' property.

After the coronation had been performed in York ca-thedral, queen Anne walked in grand procession through the streets of the city, holding her little son by the right hand; he wore the demi-crown appointed for the heir of England.

[1] White Kennet's notes to Bucke. The prince was seven years old, according to Rous.

The Middleham household book mentions that five marks were paid to Michell Wharton for bringing the prince's jewels from York for this occasion. The same document proves that the court were at Pontefract, September 15th; that fearful fortress, recently stained with the blood of Richard's victims. Richard gave, by the way, in charity to a poor woman, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the charge of baiting the royal charette was 2*d.*; and the expenses of the removal of my lord prince's household to Pontefract, 24*s.*

A formidable insurrection, headed by the duke of Buckingham, recalled Richard to the metropolis; he left his son for security among his northern friends, but queen Anne accompanied her husband.

It is a doubtful point whether Anne approved of the crimes which thus advanced her son. Tradition declares she abhorred them, but parliamentary documents prove she shared with Sir James Tyrrel the plunder of Richard's opponents, after the rebellion of Buckingham was crushed. She received one hundred marks, the king seven hundred marks, and Sir James Tyrrel two manors from Sir William Knyvet, being the purchase-money for his life. Anne's share of this plunder amounts to considerably more than her proportion of queen-gold.

If Anne had even passively consented to the unrighteous advancement of her family, punishment quickly followed; for her son, on the last day of March, 1484, died at Middleham castle "an unhappy death."[1] This expression, used by Rous, his family chronicler, leads his readers to imagine that this boy, so deeply idolized by his guilty father, came by his end in some sudden and awful manner. His parents were not with him, but were as near as Nottingham castle when he expired. The

[1] Continuator of Croyland. The June following the death of the prince, Richard III. added in his own hand to the audit of expenses paid for the clothing of his son, "whom God pardon"—a proof that a lively remembrance of the boy was still active in the father's heart, and that he lost no opportunity of offering prayer for the small sins the object of his guilty ambition might have committed.—See *White Kennet's Notes to Bucke.*

loss of this child, in whom all Anne's hopes and happiness were garnered, struck to her heart, and she never again knew a moment's health or comfort; she seemed even to court death eagerly. Nor was this dreadful loss her only calamity. Richard had no other child; his declining and miserable consort was not likely to bring another; and if he did not consider her in the way, his guilty and ruffianly satellites certainly did; for they began to whisper dark things concerning the illegality of the king's marriage, and the possibility of its being set aside. If Edward IV.'s parliament considered that it was possible for Anne to divorce Richard in 1474, can it be doubted that Richard, in 1484-5, could have resorted to the same manner of getting rid of the queen?

Her evident decline, however, prevented Richard from giving himself any trouble regarding a divorce; yet it did not restrain him from uttering peevish complaints to Rotherham archbishop of York, regarding his wife's sickliness and disagreeable qualities. Rotherham, who had just been released from as much coercion as a king of England dared offer to a spiritual peer who had not appeared in open insurrection, ventured to prophesy from these expressions that Richard's queen would suddenly depart from this world. This speech got circulated in the guard-chamber, and gave rise to a report that the queen, whose personal sufferings in a protracted decline had caused her to keep her chamber for some days, was actually dead.

Anne was sitting at her toilette, with her tresses unbound, when this strange rumour was communicated to her. She considered it was the forerunner of her death by violent means, and in a great agony ran to her husband, with her hair dishevelled as it was, and with streaming eyes and piteous sobs asked him, "What she had done to deserve death?" Richard, it is expressly said, soothed her with fair words and smiles, bidding her "be of good cheer, for, in sooth, she had no other cause."[1]

[1] Holinshed. Sir Thomas More.

The next report which harassed the declining and dying queen was, that her husband was impatient for her demise, that he might give his hand to his niece, the princess Elizabeth of York. This rumour had no influence on the conduct of Anne, since the continuator of Croyland mentions the queen's kindness to her husband's niece in these words:—"The lady Elizabeth (who had been some months out of sanctuary) was sent by her mother to attend the queen at court, at the Christmas festivals kept with great state in Westminster-hall. Elizabeth and her four sisters were received with all honourable courtesy by queen Anne, especially the lady Elizabeth was ranked most familiarly in the queen's favour, who treated her as a sister; but neither society that she loved, nor all the pomp and festivity of royalty, could cure the languor or heal the wound in the queen's breast for the loss of her son."[1] The young earl of Warwick was, after the death of Richard's son, proclaimed heir to the English throne, and as such, took his seat at the royal table[2] during the life time of his aunt queen Anne. As these honours were withdrawn from the ill-fated boy directly after the death of the queen, it is reasonable to infer he owed them to some influence she possessed with her husband, since young Warwick, as her sister's son, was her heir as well as his.

Within the year that deprived Anne of her only son, maternal sorrow put an end to her existence by a decline, slow enough to acquit her husband of poisoning her, a crime of which he is accused by most writers. She died at Westminster palace, on March 16th, 1485, in the midst of the greatest eclipse of the sun that had happened for many years. Her funeral was most pompous and magnificent. Her husband was present, and was observed to shed tears,[3] deemed hypocritical by the bystanders, but those who knew that he had been brought up with Anne might suppose that he felt some instinctive

[1] Continuator of Croyland Chronicle.
Rous Chronicle. [3] Baker's Chronicle.

yearnings of long companionship, when he saw her laid in that grave where his ambitious interests had caused him to wish her to be. Human nature, with all its conflicting passions and instincts, abounds with such inconsistencies, which are often startlingly apparent in the hardest characters.

The queen was interred near the altar at Westminster, not far from the monument of Anne of Cleves. No memorial marks the spot where the broken heart of the hapless Anne of Warwick found rest from as much sorrow as could possibly be crowded into the brief span of thirty-one years.

END OF VOL. III.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.

00141858

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016